

JUNE

ROOSEVELT AND HUGHES AT CHICAGO

CURRENT OPINION

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EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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ROBERT A. PARKER

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

ISSUES AND MEN ON THE EVE OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

FOR the first time in the memory of living men, it looks as tho we are about to have a national political campaign in which neither the tariff nor the currency nor any other domestic issue is to play the leading rôle. The old question: "What have we to do with abroad?" has gone by the board with a vengeance. The "preparedness" parade of 125,000 civilians in New York City last month gave one form of answer to that question. The headlines in all the newspapers for the last twenty-two months have given another form. The national conventions next month and the campaign that will follow are certain to furnish another answer. Our foreign relations—Germany, Mexico, Great Britain, Japan—and our naval and military ability to meet whatever situations may come out of them in the near future seem destined to be the "dominant issues" in the coming election. Yet in such a seething world as we see to-day nothing can be predicted with certainty. The gravity of the situation appears to the Springfield *Republican* to be unequaled since the campaign of '64, and the events of a single day may range those who are now political opponents "shoulder to shoulder in a common cause." Just how far these "dominant issues" may be made into partisan issues remains to be seen. The *N. Y. World*, in all apparent seriousness, is calling upon the Republican party to join with the Democratic in nominating Wilson for another term on the ground that "there is not a legitimate partisan issue between them except the tariff, which is dead." It goes on to say: "There is no partisan question in Mexico. There is no partisan question in foreign relations. There is no partisan question in preparedness. There is no partisan question in the Philippines, or the Shipping

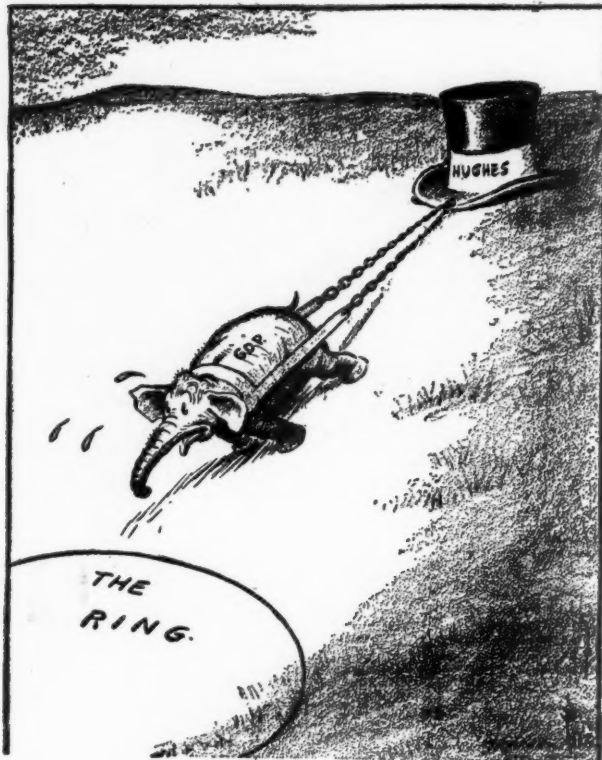
Bill or rural credits, or in any of the other things which professional politicians strain to twist into partisan issues." It is reported from Washington that the Democrats are making no arrangements to start the campaign until late in the summer, as the President's view is that there is no real issue to fight over until the Republicans succeed in making one, and that the developments abroad may any day make lines of battle drawn to-day obsolete long before the election is held.

A Fight for the Soul of the Republican Party.

INTEREST continues to center upon the Republican and Progressive conventions, which are called to meet on the same day—June 7th—in Chicago. What most observers see on the eve of these conventions is a confused and rather chaotic struggle between an unprecedented number of contestants with many irreconcilable battle-cries. Here is the way Frederick M. Davenport, staff correspondent of the *Outlook*, puts it: "The Republican party is fighting within itself for its soul, for a policy and a leadership of national altruism and powerful Americanism. Upon the outcome of the struggle depends the question as to whether, as in the days of its origin, it can further aid the nation to find its own soul." Mr. Davenport sees in this a real spiritual conflict of tremendous import. A writer in the *N. Y. Evening Post* sees simply "Republican fumbling." He writes:

"We used to laugh, in the days when Mr. Bryan was not himself running for the Presidency, at the list of Democratic eligibles he would gravely bring out. Most of them were absolutely unknown outside of the remote swamp from

which Mr. Bryan dug them. But we are now rapidly getting a catalog of Republican Great Unknowns worthy to rank with Mr. Bryan's. In all parts of the country Republicans are rushing into print to nominate this or that hero of their private knowledge. . . . Estabrook or Grant Web-



A HARD PULL
—Fitz in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

ster, John Hays Hammond or T. C. du Pont, General Wood or Private Dalzell—the list of happy-thought candidates is really endless."

The *North American*, Philadelphia, sees Republican purposes in an "utterly chaotic" condition. On the eve of the conventions, it observes, "with a large majority of the delegates already chosen, the Republican party is disunited, distracted and demoralized." No pronounced sentiment for any presidential candidate has developed, and the party, as a whole, "is without any definite policy or coherent program." The old issues, the Philadelphia paper goes on to say, will not serve. The tariff and an appeal to labor are not likely to prove effective with wages the highest in history. On the issue of a vigorous Americanism, Republican leadership in the Senate is divided and in the House it is contemptibly anti-American. On "preparedness" it is split geographically. The situation this Progressive critic finds full of peril to the party and of grave danger to the country.

Lack of Leadership Among Republicans.

A REMARK made recently by the Boston *Transcript* has led to much sarcastic comment. It speaks hopefully of the nomination at Chicago of "the strongest non-Democrat that can be found to oppose Mr. Wilson." This leads the N. Y. *Evening Post* to rechristen the party as "the grand old non-Democratic party," and the Omaha *World-Herald* (Dem.) asks how Republicans can feel pride in a party which "has sunk to the low estate of being the 'non-Democratic'

party—only that and nothing more?" The truth, as the *New Republic* sees it, is that "the Republicans need an aggressive candidate and a sharp issue, and at present they see no way of getting what they need without paying a dangerously high price for it. The candidate"—meaning Mr. Roosevelt—"and the issue which will contrast them most sharply with the Democrats is the candidate and the issue which may divide them most completely one from another." The same journal declares that it has searched the Republican press almost in vain, as the issues growing out of the European war have arisen, "for a decisive commitment on any immediate issue." The critics of the President's foreign policy "have consistently arrived after the shooting was over." Mr. Root and Mr. Lodge were in the Senate when Belgium was invaded and "they discovered America's duty to Belgium more than a year later." Mr. Roosevelt's magazine articles "are historical essays, not indications of policy for the future." Except on preparedness, the Republican leaders have all been wise after the event:

"If foreign policy is the failure of the Wilson administration, it is no less the failure of its critics. There is no Roosevelt-Root-Republican foreign policy at this moment. No man can say what they believe. We know their temper, we know their devotion to honor, to patriotism, to national self-assertion, but we do not know what they wish to see done, what concretely they believe is the policy America ought to pursue in the bewildering facts of the present moment."

New Life in the Candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt.

ONE reason for the apparent confusion of the Republican party on the eve of the convention may be found in the presidential primaries, which are a new factor in politics and which have developed at least fourteen different candidates for the Republican nomination, namely: Roosevelt, Hughes, Cummins, Weeks, Fairbanks, Sherman, Burton, Ford, Root, La Follette, McCall, Phillipp, Borah and du Pont. To these may be added others like General Wood and Leslie M. Shaw,



THE APPEAL
—Ireland in Columbus Evening Dispatch

whose names have not figured in the primary contests. Despite the long list of candidates, two-thirds of the delegates go to Chicago unpledged and there is the usual talk of "dark horses." In the pre-convention discussions, however, Roosevelt and Hughes continue to lead all others, with Root a poor third. One quick turn in tactics that has put new life into the Roosevelt canvass, which seemed to languish several weeks ago, is that of presenting him as the best of all guardians of peace. Mr. Hand seems to have started this new strategy in an article in the *Metropolitan*. Following this lead, four advertising pages were filled in one issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* (Phila.) by the "Roosevelt Non-Partisan League" in telling "Why Roosevelt Would Be Our Best Guarantee of Peace." The Philadelphia *North American* in reproducing most of this broadside adds a half-page editorial written along the same line. "Roosevelt's Peace Record" is the title of a 32-page pamphlet by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, former secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

Roosevelt as the Greatest of All Pacifists.

THE burden of all this literature that has suddenly descended on the country is that in the seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency "not an American rifle was fired in war," tho on seven different occasions "diplomacy just a shade less firm, just a word less friendly, just a thought less wise, might have produced war." Three of these occasions were "major occasions": with Great Britain (Alaska boundary), Germany (Venezuelan debts), and Japan (California schools). Four were "minor occasions": Santo Domingo, Cuba, Panama, and Morocco. In each case, as the stories are retold, Mr. Roosevelt, by a combination of firmness, tact and preparation, averted trouble, guarded the nation's interests and enabled the other nation to "save its face." To this list of achievements are added the receipt of the Nobel Peace Prize for bringing Russia and Japan together in a peace conference, and the receipt of a tribute from 250 eminent men of France for having vitalized the Hague Tribunal. "Were he President to-day," we are assured, "he would be the one man to whom Europe would turn in this awful hour as a trusted counselor." While his friends have been thus emphasizing his pacific achievements, Mr. Roosevelt himself has been denouncing what he calls the "pacifists" and stressing what he calls "Americanism." In his Chicago speech he came out for universal military training and service as "an anti-

septic to militarism." Depriving ourselves of the means of national defense he termed an effort "to put a pig-tail on Uncle Sam." The International League to Enforce Peace advocated by Mr. Taft, President Lowell,



A CRUEL JOKE

—Webster in Houston Post

Hamilton Holt and others he discountenanced, saying: "Before going into any more grandiose promises, let us keep the moderate promises we made at the Hague Conventions."

The Race Between Hughes and Roosevelt.

PRIOR to that Chicago speech and the activities of the Non-Partisan Roosevelt League, the Roosevelt tide seemed to be ebbing. The *Los Angeles Times* declared early last month that he had been "utterly eliminated from consideration as a possible nominee." The primaries in Massachusetts and California resulted in the defeat of delegates pledged to him and the election of unpledged delegates. The Roosevelt demand, the *Springfield Republican* announced, had "reached its height and had begun to recede," settling strongly and steadily toward Justice Hughes. The *New Republic*, commenting on the "prodigious momentum" of Roosevelt's candidacy up to that time, saw him nevertheless "breasting without overcoming what seem to be insuperable obstacles." Since then, as we have said, his candidacy seems to have taken on a new lease of life, and the most common political observation has come to be that the race is between him and Hughes. "The Republican leaders," says *Collier's*, "will probably do the safe thing—name either Hughes or Roosevelt." "Those are the only names heard among the rank and file of the party," said a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, writing from Chicago. Of the Republican sentiment in the Middle West, 90 per cent. of it, he stated, was for Hughes or Roosevelt. The *N. Y. World* still declares that Roosevelt is the man, inasmuch as Hughes will not make the deals that must be made and Roosevelt will. Some unexpected accessions to the Roosevelt "boom" are reported. Chancellor Day,



THE PRODIGAL SON

—Thomas in Detroit News

of Syracuse University, commenting on the Chicago speech, declared that "if he follows out that policy, the country would be safe in his hands." Robert C. Morris, vice-president of the Union League of New York City, former president of the Republican Club, a staunch



"A PERISCOPE!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

supporter of Taft in 1912, declares of Roosevelt that no other man can so well restore the prestige of the United States. Thomas A. Edison, a crony of Henry Ford, declares Roosevelt "absolutely the only man that should be considered at this crucial time."

Who Is Back of Hughes—the People or the Old Guard?

STRANGEST of all, the N. Y. Times comes out in several editorials not indeed endorsing Roosevelt's candidacy but lauding his tremendous force, his multi-form engaging personality, his popularity entirely apart from politics, his deep democratic feeling, his various education in men and nature and books, his humor and subtlety, his mastery of crowds, the passion of his Americanism, etc. It declares that the Hughes "boom" is an expedient designed by the Old Guard of the Republican party to check the "real candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt." The Charleston News and Courier takes the same view, that "Hughes has been played off against Roosevelt to ruin the latter" and that the Old Guard are now engaged in killing off Hughes, "who is really

Will the Republican and Progressive conventions at Chicago mutually respect the principles of visit and search?—N. Y. Sun.

A favorite son is a candidate who feels just as good coming back as he did going out.—Baltimore American.

Henry Ford is the only candidate to get more votes than he expected.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

more distasteful to them than Roosevelt." On the other hand, Colonel George Harvey maintains that the Republican rank and file have been forcing Hughes to the front against the will of the leaders. "Nobody wants Hughes," he says—"nobody but the people." The Milwaukee Sentinel says the same thing—"it is not the politicians who want Hughes; it is the people." George W. Wickenham, Taft's Attorney General, lays stress on the fact that Hughes is "not the candidate of a party organization—he is the candidate of the people composing the party." While he deprecates the necessity of going to the Supreme Court for a candidate, he favors it in this case and does not see how Hughes could possibly refuse the nomination if it is tendered to him. "If ever there was a case of the people themselves demanding a candidate," says President Schurman, of Cornell, "surely this is it. . . . The supreme duty of the Chicago convention is to draft Hughes."

The Silence of Justice Hughes and Its Effect.

BUT the sceptic sneer is still heard in regard to the genuineness of the Hughes candidacy. The Omaha World-Herald (Dem.), while admitting that the drift is toward him, denies that it is a drift of the rank and file: "The bosses, the politicians, the medicine-makers, the patronage-hunters—these are the Republicans that are turning to Hughes." Another Democratic paper, the N. Y. World, finds four serious obstacles to the nomination of Hughes. The first one is "the undisguised opposition of the Old Guard"—just reversing in this the Omaha paper's view. The second is Theodore Roosevelt, who knows that the nomination of Hughes "would end his own political career." The third is the serious doubt about the propriety of nominating a Supreme Court justice. The fourth is that, owing to the proprieties of his position, "nobody knows the attitude of Justice Hughes in respect to the vital questions that confront the country," and his nomination would therefore be "a leap in the dark." This fourth obstacle is made much of by the Roosevelt advocates and in the Democratic papers. The N. Y. Independent recognizes its importance and furnishes toward its removal the following utterance made on the subject of "preparedness" by Mr. Hughes eight years ago:

"We are devoted to the interests of peace and we cherish no policy of aggression. The maintenance of our ideals is our surest protection. It is our constant aim to live in friendship with all nations and to realize the aims of a free government, secure from the interruptions of strife and the wastes of war. It is entirely consistent with these aims and it is our duty to make adequate provision for our defense and to maintain the efficiency of our army and navy. And this I favor."

With Wilson certain to be the Democratic candidate, observes the Albany Press, if Mr. Hughes is nominated by the Republican party at Chicago, "the campaign will be an intellectual feast." These two men as campaigners "are easily the peers of any the country has produced."

Mr. Brandeis may not have, as his enemies say he has not, what is known as the judicial temperament, but if it comes with age he ought to acquire it by the time he is confirmed.—N. Y. Tribune.

It seems that England will never be anything but a stepmother to Ireland.—Detroit Free Press.

STILL SKIRTING THE PRECIPICE OF A WAR WITH GERMANY

ANOTHER crisis has come and gone. We have not plunged over the precipice but we are still hanging on its edge, clinging to a German promise. The promise is contained in this passage from von Jagow's note of May 4th:

"In accordance with the general principles of visit and search and the destruction of merchant vessels, recognized by international law, such vessels, both within and without the area declared a naval war zone, shall not be sunk without warning and without saving human lives unless the ship attempt to escape or offer resistance."

There are three elements of uncertainty in this promise. The first attaches to the phrase "recognized by international law." Does that phrase modify the word "principles" or the word "vessels"? If the latter, it is a suspicious phrase which leaves plenty of room for trouble. Our government considers that a merchant vessel armed for defense is still a merchant vessel until she actually uses her guns in attack. Germany's view, as declared in a decree March 1, is that any armed ship is a "warship." The second element of uncertainty attaches to the phrase, "attempt to escape." In ordinary language a vessel attempts to escape if she flees when a submarine is sighted. In diplomatic language she does not attempt to escape unless she fails to heave to when signaled to do so. The term "offer resistance" has a similar ambiguity. According to the contentions of Germany and Austria, any ship that is armed offers "potential resistance" and the sinking of the *Arabic* was defended on the ground that she appeared to be heading toward the submarine for the purpose of running it down. A German submarine commander, therefore, may still endeavor to justify himself for sinking a

merchant vessel by claiming that it carried a gun, or that it did not heave to quickly enough, or that it appeared to be coming toward him with a view of ramming his ship. Such is the flexibility of language and such are the resources of diplomacy that we don't know, after all the travail we have had to gain this concession, whether it means much or little. Events alone can reveal that.

Von Jagow Ties a String to Germany's Promise.

BUT the promise to which we are now clinging has in it a still graver element of uncertainty. In the sentence that follows his promise of a change von Jagow hastens to add that Germany cannot be expected to restrict her submarines unless her enemy also conforms to the rules of international law. The German government, therefore, "does not doubt that the government of the United States will now demand and insist that the British government shall forthwith observe the rules of international law universally recognized before the war. . . ." Special reference is made to our protests against the methods pursued by the British government in seizing our merchant ships on the high seas and taking them to British ports for a leisurely examination of their cargoes and for detention of all contraband goods shipped to neutral ports but which there is reason to believe are on the way to Germany or Austria. Unless we can make our protests effective—this is von Jagow's last word in his note—unless we can "have the laws of humanity followed by all belligerent nations," then the German government will be "facing a new situation in which it must reserve to itself complete liberty of decision." The pledge, in short, has a string tied to it. It is not, in so many words, made contingent upon our success in curbing Great Britain; but Germany reserves the right to cancel it at any time if such success is not forthcoming. As the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* says, the change in the conduct of submarine warfare has no conditions attached to it. It is to go into effect at once. The German note contains not conditions, but expectations. If those expectations are disappointed, however, Germany may or may not withdraw her pledge. There the case stands.

Difference In Our Disputes With Germany and Great Britain.

DESPITE these uncertainties as to the meaning and duration of the German pledge, it was accepted by Secretary Lansing in one of the shortest diplomatic notes on record. In 390 words he acknowledges receipt of the German note, reaffirms our motives of friendship, accepts the declarations of a change in policy, and clearly notifies the German government that any suggestion that this change is to be contingent upon the conduct of some other government will not "for a moment" be entertained or discussed by us. Referring to the submarine policy of Germany as one "now happily abandoned," the Secretary says:

"Accepting the Imperial Government's declaration of its abandonment of the policy which has so seriously menaced the good relations between the two countries, the Government of the United States will rely upon a scrupulous



WITH A BAD GRACE!

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

execution henceforth of the now altered policy of the Imperial Government, such as will remove the principal danger to an interruption of the good relations existing between the United States and Germany."

In addition to this brief note of acceptance of Germany's declarations, Secretary Lansing issues another and detached statement explaining—not to the German government but to the American public—that in our dealing with the British government we are acting "as we are unquestionably bound to act in view of the explicit treaty engagements with that government." The reference is obviously to the arbitration treaty negotiated by Mr. Bryan in which the two nations agree to submit matters of dispute to an investigating commission for one year before entering into hostilities. Such treaties were signed with more than thirty nations. Such a treaty was offered to Germany also, "but," says Secretary Lansing, "the offer was declined." Great Britain accepted it, and it is binding on both nations today, tho, the Secretary adds, "when the subject in dispute is a continuing menace to American lives, it is doubtful whether such obligations apply unless the menace is removed during the pendency of the proceeding." Such is the difference between our dispute with Germany and our dispute with Great Britain. The one is covered by a special treaty, the other is not. The one relates to a property damage, the other relates to "a continuing menace to American lives."

**After All, Says von Jagow, the
Sussex Was Torpedoed.**

TO these three documents, one by von Jagow and two by Lansing, one other must be added to make the record complete. The German government now admits that the mail packet *Sussex* was destroyed by a German submarine. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, the German government defended the deed on the ground that the ship carried masked guns. This contention was quickly dropped and the man upon whose testimony it was based is now in the Atlanta penitentiary for perjury. When the *Arabic* was sunk, the justification offered was that that ship was attempting to ram the submarine. This contention also was soon dropped and Germany promised to punish the submarine commander. The sinking of the *Sussex* by a German submarine was denied outright on the ground of a drawing made by the submarine commander and its unlikeness to a photograph of the *Sussex* printed in a London paper. Now Germany withdraws this contention, promises "an adequate indemnity," and asserts that the submarine commander has been "appropriately punished." Of this series of abandoned claims effective use is made by a number of editorial writers for casting doubt and discredit upon all the diplomatic defense made by the German government for the beginning of hostilities, for the invasion of Belgium and for the severity of methods employed at Louvain and other places. The N. Y. *Evening Post* refers to this "confession of error" in the case of the *Sussex* and says: "But it does not stand

alone. It is but the last of a long chain which stretches back to the very beginning of the war, and of which it is impossible to say what continuations there may be in the future. . . . It is some comfort to think that moral assets have not altogether lost their value, even in the awful crash of civilized life through which we are now passing. It would be worth much to Germany to have refrained from misrepresentations which, while they have utterly failed of acceptance, have seriously added to the moral discredit which the war has brought upon her."

**Three Continents Discuss Our
Tilt With Germany.**

DISCUSSION of this latest crisis between the United States and Germany has ranged over at least three continents. From Germany has come something like a sigh of relief, from England something like a sigh of disappointment. The *Morgenpost* of Berlin is now convinced that those critics who declared that President Wilson desires a breach between the two nations are at last refuted. The *Tägliche Rundschau* thinks that he is now sure to address himself to the elimination of England's "hunger blockade." The *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Lokalanzeiger* and various other papers take the same view, and the more sceptical papers, like the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, have for a time at least ceased their attacks. On the other side of the Channel, the *London Chronicle* thinks the upshot of the correspondence "is an important climb down by the United States" and that no difference has been secured in the submarine warfare by all our protests. "Every time Germany sinks a merchantman without warning," says the London paper, "she can now defend her action by alleging either that the ship was armed or offered resistance or tried to escape." The *London Daily News* takes an opposite view. It thinks that Germany's promise has virtually put the submarine out of action. The *Morning Post* regards President Wilson's reply as "a highly skilful example of diplomatic art" and speaks of its "infinite tact." The French papers are disposed to congratulate President Wilson on securing important concessions. The *Paris Matin* thinks that it must be clear to all neutrals that Germany has suffered "an unprecedented diplomatic defeat." The *Petit Parisien*



DISARMED!

—Powers in N. Y. *American*

remarks that "if Emperor William desired to catch President Wilson in a trap, the Emperor is caught in his own toils." The *Temps* comments as follows:

"The language of the American note is as luminous as the German note was obscure. Berlin sought equivocation: Washington answers with precision. The United States limits itself to saying: 'Thou shalt not kill.' The blow is straight, direct, brutal.

"No one will be surprised who understands the sudden awakening of the American policy. Patient research is always the first American act, but when bad faith becomes apparent a brief and peremptory affirmation follows. Whatever the future of German-American relations may be, the response, dry to the point of contempt, now has an important moral effect. It tightens the circle of reprobation closing around Germany; it adds another link to the chain of humiliation weighing upon her; it proclaims that the attitude of the German Empire makes impossible all contact between her and civilized people; it adds another new page to the judicial record of Pan-Germanism."

The *Journal des Débats*, however, sees in the exchange only "a diplomatic word-war unworthy of America." In that war President Wilson has beaten the German statesmen, but for twenty-one months the crimes have continued and "floods of ink do not prevent floods of blood."

Comment in North and South America.

THE newspapers of North and South America in their comment run the same gamut all the way from elation to disappointment, from confident hope to cynical scepticism. In Brazil, for instance, the *Journal do Commercial* of Rio de Janeiro speaks of President Wilson's final note as "a forward march signal to the mighty American nation," but it thinks the submarine warfare will go on unchanged. The *Gazeta de Noticias* thinks the President's course makes this nation "the leader of the neutral nations against piracy." The *Epoca* regards Germany's war methods as placing her outside the human pale, and declares that, in event of war between her and the United States, all the countries of South America would rally to our side. *O Paiz*, on the other hand, sees in President Wilson's course "excessive prudence" and says that "as Americans we cannot congratulate ourselves on the result of the tardy and indecisive step of the most powerful nation on the continent." From the comment of the journals of the United States, two dominant notes seem to be discernible—one of irritation and impatience over the disputatious character of the first two-thirds of the German note, and one of satisfaction that our answer averts a diplomatic break without yielding at any point to Germany's demands in regard to the British blockade. In the President's note, says the *N. Y. Times*, the people of the United States hear their own voice and read their own thought. It characterizes the note as "a model in form, in tone, in brevity and tremendously imperative." The *N. Y. Sun* can see no other course for the President to have taken than that which he took. It thinks that we will hear nothing more from the string which Germany tied to her concessions and entertains strong hopes that she will live up to her pledges. The *N. Y. World* thinks the President's "model state paper" has taken all the bargain and barter out of the German note and thrown upon Germany the responsibility for peace or war. The *N. Y. American* takes a fling at the

Wilson note as "evidently written largely for home consumption," but it congratulates the country that it is not to be plunged "into the maelstrom of this insane and wicked war." The *N. Y. Tribune* is one of the few papers that thinks the German note should have received as a reply an immediate severance of relations with Germany. The *Providence Evening Bulletin* is



"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE"

—Starrett in *N. Y. Tribune*

another paper that takes this view. It thinks the President is deceiving himself and is "snatching at the shadow of a chance to escape from the fulfilment of the American threat." The *Buffalo Commercial* also charges the President with "showing the white feather" and relying upon an "arbitrary and unwarranted" interpretation of the German note upon which to base his acceptance. The *Detroit Free Press*, the *Philadelphia Evening Star*, the *Duluth News-Tribune* and the *New Haven Journal-Courier* also see no real concessions in the German note and think that acceptance of it is simply postponing the inevitable. "It is futile and fatuous," says the *Philadelphia paper*, "to fancy that accepting this note will prevent a breach of relations."

Great Britain Also Makes Concessions.

ON the whole, however, the American press, while feeling that the future is still clouded with uncertainty, approve of the acceptance of the German pledges. The *Toledo Blade*, while glad the immediate crisis is passed, still discerns "an atmosphere of sinister uncertainty" in the situation. The "one big thing" that we demanded, however, we have obtained "at least for the time." The *Washington Post* considers that the German note "goes as far as could have been expected." The *Springfield Republican* thinks the German government "has yielded unconditionally and completely" to our demands. It emphasizes the responsibility now resting on the President to hold Great Britain to a stricter account for its violations of neutral rights. The

Pittsburgh *Dispatch* also praises our reply and wants to know what is to be done now about Great Britain. Writing in the *N. Y. Times*, Professor Asa Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, emphasizes our duty to act in regard to British violations of neutral rights. "The time has come," he writes, "to call Great Britain to account, not because Germany suggests it, but because it is the duty of our government to protect the present and safeguard the future prosperity of the United States." On the day after the German note was received, it may be noted, two significant concessions by Great Britain were announced. One was the release of the 28 Germans,

8 Austrians and 2 Turks seized last February on the American steamer *China*, by the British cruiser *Laurentic*, near the mouth of the Yang-tse Kiang. A second concession was to the effect that a number of the British Orders in Council, under which detention of our ships has been carried out, are to be abandoned because, according to the British Privy Council, they conflict with international law, and that others of these Orders are to be readjusted. Details are lacking as yet, but the mere fact that these Orders in Council are held subject to international law is in itself an admission of prime importance.

Had the German reply come to us in Chinese we might have found it easier to understand.—*Toledo Blade*.

It is astonishing how far diplomatic relations can be bent without breaking.—*Deseret Evening News*.

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE PHILIPPINES IS INDEFINITELY POSTPONED

ON THE eighteenth anniversary of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, which fell last month, the attempt in Congress to insure complete independence of the Philippines within four years was defeated by a vote of 213 to 165. Thirty Democrats bolted the caucus of their party and voted with the opposition. They then assisted the Republican minority to adopt instructions to the House conferees to oppose any attempt to fix a definite date for independence. This done, the thirty insurgents returned to the fold and assisted in passing the Jones bill in its original form, before Senator Clarke's amendment had been incorporated fixing the date for independence. The bill now provides for an extension of the franchise, makes the upper house of the Philippine legislature an elective body as the lower house is now, and provides for a system of government approximate to the local self-government of our territories. In its preamble the bill states that "it is, as it always has been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein." This is held by the *N. Y. World* and others to square the record of Congress with the plank in the national Democratic platform which favors "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established." In the opinion of the *Providence Journal*, which is strongly averse to the policy of "scuttling," the bill as it now stands will confer real benefits on the Filipinos and does not run counter to the overwhelming public sentiment in this country against turning the islands adrift.

Was the Philippine Vote a Personal Defeat for Wilson?

ASIDE from the effect of this action in the House upon the Philippines, the effect upon the prestige of the President comes in for discussion. The Clarke amendment was one of the issues that caused Mr. Garrison to resign his post as Secretary of War. In the correspondence published at that time, President Wilson, while refusing to undertake to coerce Congress, did declare it to be his opinion that the amendment was "unwise at this time." When the bill came up for caucus action in the House last month, however, he seems to have changed his mind. A letter from him was shown

around among the members, which, it is stated—the letter has not been made public—approved the bill, Clarke amendment and all. How strong this approval was seems to be a matter of doubt. The special correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* intimates that the underlying purpose of the letter was simply to secure some Philippine legislation this year and some promise of early independence. A number of strong supporters of the administration, it is pointed out, voted against the Clarke amendment. The *Detroit Free Press* (Rep.), nevertheless, sees in the defeat of the amendment a blow at the President and a sign that, with nearly all the patronage distributed and with his tenure of office for another term uncertain, he has lost his grip on Congress and the long smothered dissatisfaction is now asserting itself. The *N. Y. Tribune* (Roosevelt Rep.) also professes to see the end of his leadership. He was, it asserts, originally opposed to Clarke's "scuttling amendment." Clarke "defied him and beat him" in the Senate. Then he approved the amendment and asked the House to adopt it and again he was beaten in the House, thus catching it both going and coming. Few Democratic journals, however, take the defeat of the amendment very seriously to heart. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* voices the general trend of Democratic opinion when it says that the best part of the bill remains, and in its present shape it ought to be satisfactory to those of the islanders who are "honestly desirous that the Filipino independence day shall not be too long delayed." The *Houston Post* thinks the bill now represents a safe and sane attitude and admits that the Clarke amendment was a mistake from the first. The *N. Y. Times* still objects to the bill because of the flavor of "scuttling" that adheres to it.

The Philippine Bill and the Roman-Catholic Church.

THE real opposition that proved fatal to the Clarke amendment proceeded, according to the special correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*—David Lawrence—from religious, not political or personal sources. Washington, we are told, has been seething with gossip in consequence. Here is the description of what Mr. Lawrence calls "one of the most extraordinary occurrences in the history of the American Congress":

"If the responsible officers of the Administration would speak out, if the Democratic leaders in Congress would

dare to say it, the influence of a political element in the Catholic Church would be held up as the single thing that caused revolt in the Democratic ranks. That is the confident belief of many people in the Administration, who will tell you incidentally that out of the thirty Democrats who voted against independence, thereby insuring its defeat, all but one or two were Catholics, whereas out of 164 Democrats voting for the bill only two or three were Catholics. The galaxy of Irish names recorded against Philippine independence presented to many here a humorous paradox in view of the recent efforts on behalf of independence made by members of the same race in other parts of the globe."

No one in Washington, the same writer goes on to say, believes that the Roman Catholic Church as a whole was concerned actively in the controversy. The amendment was killed by a "coterie of influential Catholics" and vehement denunciation of their course has come from other prominent members of the same Church. Moreover, the *Post* correspondent admits, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Church has real interests at stake and its apprehensions over the situation were natural and legitimate. It has immense property holdings in the Philippines and these might be disturbed by a pledge of early independence. "What disinterested observers here do not like about the business was the secrecy with which the campaign was conducted and the solid vote along religious lines that followed." Not a voice was heard in the debate, we are told, courageous enough to characterize the opposition and point out its true nature. Nor, Mr. Lawrence thinks, will either side now refer to this opposition above their breath:

"The whole constitutes a chapter about which little will be said either by the Administration or of its opponents. Religious considerations are becoming increasingly potent in municipal and State electorates and not infrequently in Congressional contests. Both sides realize it, as a rule, and in Washington it is no longer unusual nowadays to hear detailed accounts of religious intrigue from the defeated as well as the triumphant Congressmen."

**Mr. W. Morgan Shuster Hurls
Unparliamentary Language.**

CONDITIONS in the Philippines at this time continue to be the subject of dispute, into which the "short and ugly word" has found its way. Mr. Taft's

recent passage at arms with Secretary Garrison on the subject was characterized by some very plain speaking, but no "fighting names" were called. That is not true of the exchange of language last month between Dean Worcester and W. Morgan Shuster. Mr. Shuster, who used to be one of President Taft's Philippine commissioners, who was later financial adviser of Persia when



"THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH FOR ME!"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

that ill-starred nation was crushed between the Russian and British mill-stones, and who is now President of the Century Company of this city, has recently returned from a visit to the Philippines. He sojourned there a little more than three weeks and he brings back views that are entirely at variance with those set forth by Dean Worcester while in this country a few months ago, and by Mr. Taft. In an interview in the *Manila Daily Bulletin*, March 30, just before returning, Mr. Shuster is reported as saying: "What am I going to tell the American people about the Philippines? I am going to tell them that conditions in the islands to-day are better than they have been at any time during the seventeen years that I have been either directly connected with their administration or closely observing it. . . . I also intend to tell them that the criticism and the charges made against Governor Harrison by Taft, Worcester, Miller, and Austin are a pack of damned lies. Do I make myself clear?" Since his return Mr. Shuster has been equally clear but more parliamentary in his language. For the first time, at least in the Philippines, he says, the United States has approximated successful colonial government. There has been a state of peace and order which has never before existed even when 100,000 American soldiers were in the islands. Governor-



VILLA: "AW, LET'S PLAY SOME OTHER GAME, THIS IS GETTIN' TIRESOME"

—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

General Harrison has "Filipinized" the public service with consummate skill and success. "There is a state of public order, of respect for law, of cordial cooperation on the part of all the people which has surprised even me, who came prepared to see great advances along those lines." Mr. Shuster does not say anything more about "damned lies," but he speaks contemptuously of "thinly disguised brayings of certain pseudo-scientific investigators." Dean Worcester, who served under Mr. Taft as head of the Philippine Commission, and who is now in the islands engaged in business, pays his respects briefly to Mr. Shuster and promises a fuller statement later on. He charges that

Mr. Shuster went to the Philippines on his recent tour as a Wilson emissary, and discredits his temperateness of judgment, saying: "A brief examination of his own extraordinarily diversified views as to the Filipinos and their needs, expressed on different occasions, would afford abundant data for an interesting study in veracity." Dr. Worcester adds that he has been collecting "hard facts" which he is holding in reserve. Later on he promises to reveal a number of "unpleasant things" when the revelation will be "likely to accomplish real good." If this means that he is holding them until the presidential campaign gets under way, we may have another chapter in the Philippine serial in a few weeks.

The Administration is now in a position to appreciate what it feels like to be "scuttled."—*Boston Transcript*.

Every congressman hopes, for the safety of the country, that the petunia seeds he sent out will grow.—*Toledo Blade*.

EFFECT OF THE IRISH REBELLION ON THE PLANS OF BERLIN

ALL Germany seems convinced that the rebellion in Ireland was not suppressed at all. The capture of Sir Roger Casement proved fatal to the particular enterprize in which he was the military leader, admits the Berlin *Vossische*. In the completeness with which the British authorities disposed of the poets and journalists who comprized the provisional government of the "republic" set up at Dublin, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* sees evidence of the extent to which official London judgment is led astray by the ignorance of men like Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Augustine Birrell. This pair are not only ignorant of the state of patriotic Irish opinion, we are told, they are not only out of touch with the facts of Irish life to-day, but they disseminate their own error throughout the world of functionaries in London. The situation as it is read by Berlin dailies amounts to this: the military strength of the rebels in Ireland is as great as ever, altho the capture of Sir Roger Casement left those rebels without a leader. Ireland is the center still of a rebellious movement scattered in its elements but awaiting the first opportunity to reunite. The "news" from Dublin is a tissue of inventions pieced out with an occasional fact. Here may be noted the warning of the Paris *Figaro* regarding all German accounts of what has happened in Ireland. Even the emotion of Mr. Birrell in the Commons was manufactured in Berlin. He displayed none, altho German dailies filled his eyes with tears.

Germany's Connection With the Fiasco in Ireland.

EVER since the great war began, the general staff in Berlin has been urged by agents of the Irish movement to "work out" a plan for them. The plans are many, but they are theoretical. They exist in the form of problems in strategy and to some extent in tactics, says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. These plans and problems were well known not only to Sir Roger Casement but to other rebel spirits who saw in the war the opportunity for which Ireland has waited so long. The German government, contrary to the impression in England, has not, the *Tägliche Rundschau* believes, regarded an expedition to Ireland as part of its duty. The general staff did not deem it sound strategy to pay to Ireland an attention so particular as to interfere with the Ger-

man campaign as a whole. Its notion at first was that the Sinn Fein element was noisy rather than influential. Until about a year ago, the official German mind, influenced by the optimism of Augustine Birrell, deemed an Irish expedition by Irishmen impractical. There is not a vestige of truth in London newspaper intimations that Germany wants to "free" Ireland, as it were, from the outside, says the Berlin *Post*. Germany understands perfectly that the Irish can be freed from the British yoke only by their own action. Germany knows now that the Irish can free themselves if the opportunity is afforded them; but the military authorities in Berlin did not think that when the war started. Tho the diplomatists and bureaucrats in Germany attached importance to the Irish situation, it was not possible to interest the military magnates in the propositions emanating from Sir Roger Casement until he made it clear that he did not want a German expedition to set out for Ireland, but invited the cooperation of the German navy to promote a purely Irish rising. Then the official attitude changed.

Completeness of the Rebel Organization in Ireland.

WHILE the agents of Irish rebellion were busy in Berlin, those among the Sinn Feiners who deemed John Redmond a traitor organized their republican government for the expected emergency. An effort has been made to throw an atmosphere of mystery over the developments of this movement, observes the *Tageblatt* of Berlin, but there has been no mystery except that made by the English themselves. For months past, it alleges, no facts regarding Ireland have been permitted to reach the outside world through any regular English channel. In Ireland itself there has been no secrecy regarding the idea of rebellion. It has been advocated more or less openly in many a patriotic sheet, including *The Gael*, *The Irish Worker* and others which have been suppressed. The assertion that some of these rebellious and seditious publications have been printed in Germany is, we are told, without foundation. There is not the least necessity for the Germans to do for the Irish, this paper explains, what the Irish can do for themselves much more effectively. This is the judgment of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which says that German

officials have been much impressed by the capacity as well as the patriotism of the Irish in organizing the forces of their own freedom under the eyes and noses of the English. The English explain their own imbecility in the face of the facts by blaming everything on the Germans, remarks the Cologne daily, altho history proves that the Irish have revolted from British tyranny whenever they got the chance. The Irish, it feels confident, need no prodding from the Germans.

German Impression of the State of Ireland To-day.

HAVING cut Ireland off from the rest of the world, as they thought, the English, according to the Berlin Tag, corroborating the *Vossische* and its German contemporaries generally, began a suppression of the young and ardent spirits among the proletariat. The labor unions were either outlawed altogether or their regular meetings forbidden. The printing-offices were registered and licenses to publish became unobtainable. The whole Irish movement became subterranean. Even Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy got so completely out of touch with the situation that they accepted the details on recruiting supplied by Mr. John Redmond, altho Mr. Redmond himself, the Berlin organs say, does not know anything about Ireland except what the English tell him. There has arisen a new and idealist Ireland of which the old leaders like Redmond know nothing, explains the *Vorwärts*, which emphasizes the influence of socialistic principles upon the Irish youth. The Home Rule movement has been monopolized by the ultra-conservative in Ireland, we are told. The aspirations of young Ireland are not heeded or even understood by the Redmonds and the Devlins. Those superannuated leaders were allowed to hold the form of authority while a seething discontent expressed itself through secret conspiracy among the rank and file. The extent of the fission is shown by the completeness with which the provisional government sprang into being. Long before that "republic" emerged it had existed below the surface.



THE DOWNFALL OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC

—Kirby in N. Y. World

Berlin Astonishment at What Took Place in Dublin.

NO attention should be paid to the official London account of how Sir Roger Casement happened to fall into the hands of the English, according to the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a remark which should be compared with that of the London *Telegraph* to the effect that the sole consequences of the Irish revolt are fantastic inventions of its details circulated by Germans among neutrals.



IRISH PATRIOTS!

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

The inventions, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* says, are British, and include a submarine, a warcraft disguised as a merchantman, Germans disguised as Dutchmen, a packet of forged credentials and other things designed to lend circumstantiality and verisimilitude to falsehood. The Irish were betrayed. That is the unanimous verdict in the Berlin press, altho the details of that betrayal are not given. There is an open expression of astonishment at the facility and comprehensiveness of the arrangements. The thousands of rebels foretold by Casement, the rally of the youth of the country to the standard of rebellion, even the postage stamps and the flag, were all there. The execution of the poets and the journalists in Dublin is ascribed in the German daily to a characteristic lack of imagination among the English. The execution of one or two prominent Irishmen who were actually hostile to the rebellion is cited by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as evidence of the general English ignorance of the state of Ireland. The English can no longer distinguish their friends from their foes, it observes, and they shoot both on general principles.

New Military Attitude to Ireland in Berlin.

IRELAND has for some time been a source of controversy among the military experts of Germany for reasons set forth in various dailies. The British, as the explanation runs in the *Vossische*, are too ignorant of strategy to comprehend what a waste would be involved from a German point of view in a diversion to Ireland.

When the Germans are ready for an invasion, they will go to England. Apart from the question of sea-power, a landing in force on Ireland's soil would promote no aim of German strategy. The general staff has been acting on this principle in every theater of the war. Now and then there takes place a subordination of military policy to a political consideration, but this the higher command in Berlin avoids if it can. The events of the past month have effected a change of mind in military circles. The state of Ireland renders that country of the first importance strategically. There will be no great German descent upon the country, but there will be a reconsideration of the situation by the general staff with a view to the possibility of making England useless to her allies. She will have to test the value of the armies she has raised not on the continent but within the limits of the united kingdom. Ireland has, this German daily thinks, disposed once for all of the general offensive of the allies, for England will be very much occupied at home this summer.

French Interpretation of the German "Failure" in Ireland.

BERLIN is putting a smile on the face with which she looks at the Irish situation, observes the *Paris Temps*, organ of the foreign office; but the world understands that a great German stroke has failed. The event was organized by official Berlin with patient care. Every detail was seen to. The effect was to be colossal. The episode is comic opera:

"Those in power at Berlin had reckoned on the impression among the Irish in America of a rising in the emerald isle. Great Britain at grips with rebels in the kingdom itself! What joy there would have been among the Teutons who give children toy Zeppelin bombs and write on these miniatures of engines of death which have killed little children in England their cry of hate: God punish England! A savage joy would have atoned to German opinion for the humiliating impression of a retreat before the injunctions of President Wilson.



UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT HE STICKS

—Satterfield in the Knoxville Sentinel

"They had perhaps also reckoned on the other side of the Rhine that a rising in Ireland would find an echo among the Irish in America and would create in the United States difficulties permitting the Germans installed in the great republic across the Atlantic to succeed with their plans to attack the country which gives them hospitality. These romantic designs have nothing surprising if they be compared with the doings contemplated by von Igel and the other agents of the Kaiser in Washington and of which the secret service of the federal government has proof.

"The Germans cling obstinately to the designs they have conceived and which seem to them propitious from the very fact that they have germinated in their own minds. When the war broke out, they thought in Berlin that the Home Rule crisis would plunge the United Kingdom into a formidable domestic conflict. It was supposed that the Ulster revolt would keep England from intervening and it was German guns that armed the volunteers of Sir Edward Carson. The latter having offered their services at once to their king, to their mother country, it was naturally to the Roman Catholic districts that the Kaiser's agents turned, in virtue of the principle that elements of trouble among the enemy must always be exploited. Thus it was that the separatist movements in Ireland entered into the calculations of the Germans."

Guesses at Germany's Real Aim in Ireland.

WHATEVER designs the Germans may have upon Ireland now or in the future, as a means of distracting English attention from the war on the continent, must, the *Journal des Débats* says, prove futile. The general staff in Berlin is in a state of alarm. It dreads such an offensive on the western front as will cause the German line to yield. An expedition to Ireland was therefore planned on a somewhat spectacular scale. Germany does not renounce the offensive even when that offensive can lead to no results whatever. She makes use of the offensive as an instrument of intimidation. Contradicting what is affirmed in German dailies, the *Débats* insists that the general staff in Berlin hoped much when the war began from a rising in Ireland. Despite its disillusion, the general staff can not give up the dream. There is nothing to take seriously in the Berlin affectation that the general staff was not deeply involved in the Irish rebellion, says the *Matin*. The episode proved a comedy and the soldiers in the fatherland will not father it. French newspapers through their military experts strive to convince people at home that German talk of a coming invasion of the British isles is nonsensical. The *Gaulois* is sure that the Germans will let Ireland alone henceforth and that the wiser heads among the Irish will have no more to do with the Kaiser.

Obscurities of the Irish Revolt.

ALL that the world has been permitted to learn of the Irish revolt, observes the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, has to do with the success of the English "in catching and killing a few poets." Mr. Asquith may convince his countrymen that he "put Birrell out" and got rid of the viceroy "without a crisis," when the fact stares the world in the face that a great historical event, revolting at the heart of the British empire, was within an ace of realization. To the long roll of Irish heroes have been added the names of Pearse, MacDonough and their comrades. The execution of these men was not necessary to cement the union of the Irish against the English, but it imparts a glory as of martyr-

dom to the cause for which they died. There have been executions of which the world outside has been kept in ignorance, the paper says. Mr. Redmond and his followers have at last been revealed in their true colors as the agents of the British. This and much comment of the kind is dismissed in the French press as part of a German official scheme to mislead and mistify the world at large. It is well known, says the *Paris Temps*, for instance, that Sir Roger Casement was in constant communication with Under-Secretary Zimmermann of the foreign office in Berlin. The British suspected what was in the wind then. To throw them off the scent, a mendacious story of Sir Roger's arrest was palmed off on the Danish press as "news from Germany."

British Impressions of the Irish Situation.

WHILE the press in Paris warns us to pay no attention to the fabrications of the press in Berlin, and while the press in London ridicules the inventions of the press of the central powers, the newspapers of England divide along party lines in a familiar type of comment on the whole Irish situation growing out of the rebellion. The Germans have met with another defeat in their war of espionage and conspiracy, says the *London Times*, for example. John Redmond and his associates merit the utmost respect and sympathy, according to the radical *London Chronicle*. The madness and folly of the "rebellion," it says, dealt a blow to the Home Rulers as well as to Great Britain. The *Liberal News* (London) reminds the country of the real origin of all the trouble. The British government allowed rebellion to be preached openly in Ulster without taking due measures. The nationalists of Ireland and the people of Ireland as a whole had nothing to do with the German scheme, it adds. The *London Graphic* concedes the truth of the assertion that the real story of the rebellion has still to be told, that the affair is involved in mystery. The rebels in Dublin tried, it remarks, to deal England a blow in the back. Even if Ireland had legitimate grievances, this was not the time to air them. Ireland enjoys every right possessed by Scotland and England and Wales, and less proportionately to bear in the way of taxation. The Irish episode is to the conservative *London Post* evidence of the ineptitude of the Liberals, their incapacity, their surrender to the doctrinaire. It says:

"It seems to be the fate of Ireland to act as a lodestone to the enemies of this Kingdom. England has seldom or never been at war without a rebellion in and an invasion of the sister island. The Spanish and the French, when they were our enemies, have been lured to destruction by this fatal hope of a general rising, and throughout history Ireland has been like a limed twig to catch our enemies. . . . Nevertheless, the attempt is not to be despised, for the Germans are influential in Ireland. They have their agents and their allies; it is reasonably certain that the rising in Dublin was timed to coincide with the landing on the West. The plot went off at half-cock through the vigilance of our Navy, for it does not seem to have been the fault of the Government that it did not succeed."

Echoes of the Irish Revolt as Heard in America.

ECHOES of the Irish rebellion have reverberated with force in America. Indeed two papers in Germany give some color to the theory that the reverberation in this country was one of the main purposes of

the uprising. Had it succeeded, says the *Cologne Volkszeitung*, it would have had "immense influence on feeling in America." The *Cologne Gazette* manifests a lively curiosity as to the effect the rebellion will have upon our presidential election. It says:

"One must ask, however, at a moment when a solution is being sought of the tense situation between the United States and Germany, what impression news of the dis-



HIS NEW INSTRUMENT

—De Ball in *Chicago Evening Post*

turbances in Dublin will have on millions of Irishmen in North America. We must wait to see what attitude they will take toward President Wilson's demands and how far their influence extends on the parties which must reckon with this factor in the elections."

We are rejoicing in mystery stories galore these days in all of which the German conspirator plays a dark and malignant part. Maurice Leon tells us that German money has financed Villa's raids on American towns. Baron Ishii, Japanese foreign minister, tells us that "a certain European power," obviously meaning Germany, has been intriguing to create a clash between this country and Japan. And now the story obtains credence that the Irish rebellion was hatched, in part at least, in the office of von Igel in New York City, and that his arrest last month and the seizure of the papers in his office disclosed to American officials the whole plot, which was at once "treacherously given to the British Government by a member of the Washington administration on the orders of President Wilson." This charge is made in the *Gaelic American*, of New York City, and is excitedly repeated in the *Fatherland*. It was, we are told by the former paper, the "most disgraceful and dishonorable act ever committed by an American President," and Mr. Wilson is assured that he will hear from it in the campaign. Supplementary to this story is the one that comes from Berlin, where the American correspondent, Edwin Emerson, seems to have been printing the charge that it was Ambassador Gerard who betrayed Sir Roger Casement to the British. Various meetings of Irishmen have been held in New

York City and elsewhere in this country to voice their feelings. The Friends of Irish Freedom speak of the revolt as "the greatest and most effective blow ever struck at England"—these are Judge Cohalan's words—and which will yet make Ireland an independent "empire." The United Irish League of America, on the other hand, speaks sorrowfully of the revolt as an "insane attempt" and refers to the Friends of Irish Freedom as "a small but noisy section of our race," and as "professional Irishmen who either have lived off their emotional and sentimental brethren for a gen-

eration or have made political capital out of them." The line of cleavage seems to be the old one between those who advocate force and those who advocate constitutional methods for securing Irish freedom. The Irish Parliamentary Party in Great Britain puts it as follows: "We must leave no misunderstanding as to our convictions and our resolves. Either Ireland is to be given over to unsuccessful revolution and anarchy, or the constitutional movement is to have the full support of the Irish people and go on until it has completed its work."

The British didn't take Bagdad but they do seem to have held Dublin.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

It was some distance from Santo Domingo to Dublin, but Minister Jim Sullivan arrived on time.—*Springfield Republican*.

Mexico hasn't improved under the Wilson administration.—*Toledo Blade*.

The Berlin government would no doubt be willing to trade its Dr. Liebknecht for our Mr. Bryan.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE CZAR'S NEW AND RESPECTFUL ATTITUDE TO THE DUMA

NICHOLAS II. took pains, in the course of the address from the throne to the Duma, to let the deputies understand that his ministry is not responsible to the Duma. The intimation was conveyed graciously. It was not, on that account, as the liberal *Russky Viedomosti* observes, misunderstood. This Russian daily points out the desire of the sovereign, nevertheless, to surround himself with ministers who have the confidence of the country. The distinction drawn by the Czar, says the *Journal des Débats*, is of more importance than it seems superficially. The formation of a ministry responsible to the Duma would mean the establishment of parliamentary government in Russia. "Now, the Czar will not hear of such a thing, and many among the best friends of Russia are persuaded that a reform of that kind would be inopportune and premature." Nevertheless, the system in vogue among the Russians to-day is affirmed by the French organ to be constitutional. Western nations may not understand the working of an official system without responsibility to the representatives of the people in the legislative body. But it is different in Russia, where until quite recently there existed only an autocracy. Even if he did deny ministerial responsibility to the Duma, the Czar went a long way in expressing his hope that the new ministry will enjoy the confidence of the people. No Russian Czar before him ever went so far as that.

Significance of the Czar's Appearance in the Duma.

ONE explanation of the unusual splendor attaching to the ceremonial side of the opening of the new session of the Duma is found in the Czar's wish to emphasize his determination respecting the war. It must go on until Russia has not only repelled the invader but asserted her position as the guardian of the Slav. This is taken in all French dailies as the reply of Nicholas to recent overtures from William. Mystery shrouds these overtures, admits the *Paris Temps*. They were real just the same. Foreign Minister Sazonoff carried out what are understood to have been direct instructions from his Majesty when he spoke later to the deputies on the subject of Russia's firm purpose to defeat the foe. The end, he said, is not in sight. This is taken in Rome, London and Paris as final, so far as the Czar

is concerned. Nor is there "mere literature" in the assertion of Sazonoff that dismembered Poland is to be reunited. William II. is told plainly that Prussia will lose the dominion won for her by Frederick the Great. The obscure personal antagonism between the Czar and the German Emperor, which explains so much dynastic politics and so much dynastic diplomacy, reappears. There is to be "a fight to a finish," observes the *London Mail*, between these potentates. William II., at any rate, will grasp the significance of the Czar's personal appearance before the Duma. It was a postscript to a message taking the form of Russian battalions on the French front.

How the Duma Took the Czar's Determination.

WHILE the war lasts, there will be no further constitutional struggle between the Czar and the Duma. This was decided at a conference of the leaders of six dominating groups, including the Octobrists and the Cadets. There has been a pact between them all and Premier Stürmer. He has promised to "deserve the confidence" of the deputies. Their waiver of ministerial responsibility will be rewarded with some radical changes in administrative procedure. The police will not deport at their will and pleasure. Subjects are not to be imprisoned indefinitely without trial. The censorship is to be far less severe—is already less severe, indeed, judging by the candor of recent comment in such organs as the *Sviet*. That daily complains of the suppression of news by the censor, and asserts that the freedom won for the press means no more than the right to complain as much as it pleases provided it refrains from printing the news. The fact is, retorts the *Novoye Vremya*, that actual news of the war is ascertainable nowhere in the world except now and then in certain neutral nations which are without the means of confirming the details they supply.

Obscurity of the Treason Scandal in Russia.

DETAILS of the conspiracy for participation in which a former Russian Minister of War is now a close prisoner are obtainable only in the more sensational newspapers of Germany. These point to a palace conspiracy involving assassination, the imprison-

ment of some Grand Dukes and the appearance of a new Czar. Spanish newspapers, supplied from German sources, bring in the name of the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose ambition to ascend the throne is alleged to be at the bottom of the trouble. All versions of this mysterious affair in the press of the allies go back to the activities of the German party at the court of Nicholas II. Finding itself foiled at every point, that clique lent itself to the organization of strikes in industrial centers, to the blowing up of ships and to conspiracies in the direction of Japan. War Minister Sukhomlinoff is alleged to have been a tool in their hands. A Grand Duke is now a fugitive. Officers in high command were court-martialed and in some instances shot. Thus runs the tale. The true story is said to have been imparted under the pledge of secrecy to Mr. Levacheff, the conservative leader, and Mr. Polovtseff, the nationalist leader, and Mr. Choulguine, the progressive leader. Those gentlemen have communicated the facts to some of their associates in the Duma. Thus for the moment the matter rests; but it is to have, according to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, a sensational sequel.

The Russian Premier's Attitude to the Duma.

IN the conciliatory speech with which he charmed away much of the ill humor of the Duma, Premier Stürmer revealed, the Paris *Gaulois* says, the suppleness, the accommodating spirit, that came over the Czar recently. Not many months ago, when Goremykin was still at the head of the ministry, Nicholas II. was all for the strong hand. There would be no cooperation between the throne and the political parties. What a different attitude now! The Czar goes in state to the Duma to tell it that his ministers, even if not responsible to the people, must enjoy their confidence. The progressive factions in the Duma formed a combination for the promotion of domestic reform. The local zemstvos

associated themselves to some extent with this combination in the Duma. Mr. Goremykin had not listened to their pleas, their suggestions. He declared roundly that no change could be made in the administration of the government while the war lasted. There was a prospect at once of friction between the bureaucracy and the people. It came. Mr. Goremykin prorogued the Duma. Now it is called back. A new Premier faces them. The sovereign says that this Premier's business is to deserve their confidence. Here we have proof in abundance, declares the *Gaulois* in conclusion, of a momentous change in the attitude of the Czar to his people.

How the Poles Take the Czar's Assurances.

RUSSIAN dailies of importance, including the *Slovo* (Moscow), understand that Emperor William is perturbed by the solemn renewal of the Czar's pledge to Poland. Poland will be a nation, using her own tongue, teaching her own culture in her own schools of all grades up to the university itself, declared Mr. Sazonoff to the Duma. Germany, he said, in effect, will grant Poland nothing like that. The episode became dramatic when the Polish deputy in the Duma, Dr. Harusiewicz, affirmed that his country is irrevocably with the allies because they have sworn fealty to the principle of nationality. The Poles, he added, believe in the Russian pledge of a unification of dismembered Poland. They see in the words of Premier Stürmer the promise of a Polish nation governing itself with the Czar as a constitutional sovereign. The form of the words was bold but the French press is a unit in deeming the Polish deputy correct. If the details supplied by the *Figaro* are correct, Poles throughout the world are for the most part assured of the good faith of the Russian pledges. Even the somewhat suspicious *Homme enchaîné* (Paris), edited by Clemenceau, is convinced that the Poles are justified in their acceptance of the Czar's pledges to their country.

It's a wise Verdun trench that knows its permanent master.—*Washington Post*.

Another idea of neutrality is to think as little of the English sparrows as of the German carp.—*Toledo Blade*.

SERIOUSNESS OF THE DISSENSIONS INVOLVING HUNGARY WITH AUSTRIA

COUNT TISZA does not yet appear to have carried out his threat of resigning the post of Premier at Budapest; but no concealment is made even in Vienna organs of the fact that his departure would entail the elimination likewise of Baron Burian. Burian, foreign minister for the Dual Monarchy, is known as the obedient follower of the great Hungarian statesman. The crisis is ascribed in the organs of the allies to the growing dread of Count Tisza at the rise of German power in the councils of the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is true, comments the Paris *Matin*, that Count Tisza has always favored close relations with the German Empire; but even he has been stunned by the terms of the proposed commercial union between the Dual Monarchy and Berlin. The terms of the union would, in his opinion, reduce Hungary to a nullity within the Dual Monarchy itself. Austrian statesmen do not conceal from Count Tisza their reluctance to enter into a treaty with Germany on the terms proposed. The Count, as

French dailies explain the situation, is not so thoroly convinced of the good faith of the Austrians. He suspects the Teutonic element of a tacit combination for the reduction of the Magyars to impotence. There have been innumerable conferences between the Hungarian Premier and the political advisers of Francis Joseph in Vienna and it was announced that the tension was relieved. Now it seems, in the light of the month's press comment abroad, to have again become acute. Tisza is more determined than ever to maintain his original attitude.

What Would Happen If Tisza were to Resign.

A PART from the difficulty of finding a Premier for Hungary in whom the Magyars would repose the confidence they feel in Tisza, there is the awkward fact, declares the Paris *Temps*, that if he decides to resign he would at once become leader of the opposition in the

chamber at Budapest. He could easily make it impossible for any ministry to rule the land. It is affirmed in the Rome *Tribuna*, following the crisis with closest attention, that Tisza has already opened negotiations with the so-called party of Hungarian independence "in view of contingencies." A threat of this kind is ordinarily enough to bring the statesmen at Vienna into line. There are Italian dailies which conjecture that he stands ready at any time to go over to the western allies and to Russia if the Teutons betray the Magyars. This is not so obvious to the Rome *Tribuna*. But Count Tisza does feel alarmed at the prospect of the submergence of Hungary by what is on the face of it a



PINCHED

—Kirby in N. Y. World

customs union with Berlin but which really amounts to a close political pact. The growing intimacy of all relations between Berlin and Vienna, growing out of the war, affronts the Hungarians. It has brought on a "dualist" crisis of the kind that was familiar before the war began. The newspapers of Europe have obtained details of the furious debate in the Hungarian chamber when deputy Urmanczy precipitated an uproar over "German atrocities against Hungarians." He denounced the cruel treatment alleged to have been meted out to Hungarian troops of all ranks. Former Minister of Justice Polonyi is said to have been no less violent in his indictment of the Austrian general staff for taking advantage of the war to degrade the whole Magyar element. The aim, the orator said, is to assure the predominance of the Austrian. It seems, according to the Paris *Temps*, that the army of the Dual Monarchy is seventy per cent. Hungarian, altho there are but twenty million inhabitants of Hungary against thirty-five millions in Austria. The proportion of officers is the exact opposite. Over two-thirds are Austrians.

Married men of Britain who object to conscription might paraphrase the song and make it: "I didn't raise my wife to be a widow."—*United Mine Workers' Journal*.

Grievances of the Hungarians Against the Austrians.

GERMAN officialdom is accused in Budapest of having concealed from the Magyars the vast extent of their national losses in the war. Through the logic of numbers alone, the Hungarian losses are necessarily greater than those of the Austrians. To make good the diminution of effectives everywhere and to fulfill the exigencies of the campaign in Russia, in Servia, and along the Italian border, the Austrian government has sent abroad, in violation of the pact of union and of the organic law of the realm, all the Hungarian "honveds" and all of a certain exempt reserve. Men as old as fifty-five were hurried to foreign fields of battle. At the height of the uproar consequent upon these revelations, Count Michael Karolyi, chief of the independence party, raised a fresh din by revealing systematic insults offered to the Hungarian flag by German orders. He charged that at many fronts the Hungarian flag had been snatched from the hands of the Hungarian officer by his Teutonic official superior. At Belgrade the Hungarian tricolor was taken down from the citadel by direct orders from the German general staff. These are merely characteristic episodes which, it is alleged, were repeated again and again. Thus, from the account in the *Temps* of the debates in Budapest, nearly two years of war have proved a burden mainly to the Hungarians and revived the sentiment in favor of independence. Reports of the scene in the Budapest chamber indicate not only that it was stormy but that Count Tisza did not deny the allegations so freely made.

Count Tisza and the New Peace Agitation.

IN VIEW of the growing agitation among the Hungarians it has become manifest to the Teutonic powers, says the Rome *Avanti*, a Socialist organ, that peace is more than ever a German interest. Count Tisza did not conceal his own views to this effect in the course of the many conferences he has had in recent weeks with statesmen from Berlin and Vienna. The peril from Hungary grows daily menacing, in the opinion of the Italian press. Little that is definite can be gleaned in the Hungarian press on the subject. The press of Vienna notes with disdain what it deems the effort of the allied press to manufacture a serious crisis out of the negotiations for a customs union between Germany and Austria-Hungary. If the Hungarian press were not censored, the London *Post* asserts, its comment would be practically unanimous in denunciation of this customs scheme. The London daily feels confident that the Germans could not find a responsible ministry to rule Hungary on the basis they propose. If Count Khuen-Hedervary, the stalwart bureaucrat, and Mr. Wekerle, the conciliator, will not form a cabinet to succeed Tisza, there will be a ministry of soldiers and "unscrupulous adventurers" calling itself the Hungarian government. That is what happened some ten years ago when Baron Fejervary was in power. The mere fact of the departure of Count Tisza, according to the Paris *Figaro*, would inaugurate the severest crisis of a purely political kind within the area of the central powers since the war began.

History of Carranza hunt for Villa: Went after him in the morning; returned in time for lunch; issued statement of results at nightfall. (Villa died laughing.)—*Atlanta Constitution*.

GERMANY'S REITERATION OF HER WILL TO CONQUER

TIME will show whether Germany is strong enough to strike a blow that will compensate for the long agony of Verdun. Her indomitable purpose found utterance in the Reichstag when the Minister of War at Berlin assured the deputies that the world does not now witness, as the allies so fondly imagine, the last efforts of an exhausted nation. Germany delivers today "the hammer-blows of a strong and unconquerable people, provided with human reserves and all other necessary means." The cheers from all but the irreconcilable fragment of the Socialist group punctuated the words of General von Hohenborn here. "This war," he added, "will not be ended by speeches on the theme of victory, but by powerful strokes on the field of battle and a strong will in the fatherland to endure to the last." The means at the disposal of Germany are too great and her will is too strong for the success of the British plan to starve the Germans out. "The significance of this war is that all its decisions ripen slowly but inevitably. Complete victory will come. Of this let Germans rest assured." The whole inspired press of the fatherland seemed to echo the cry.

What the Censor Lets German Organs Say.

AFTER the edification of the Reichstag by the defiance hurled at the allies through the German Minister of War, the tone of the press throughout the empire became so bellicose that *The Westminster Gazette* (London), the *Paris Temps* and other organs of the allies noted the circumstance as highly significant. The theory of the Berlin press seems to be that since Germany has offered peace to the world on equitable terms and found herself flouted, there is nothing left but a fight to a finish. Eminently characteristic, from this point of view, is the utterance of the *Generalanzeiger* (Düsseldorf), speaking with something like authority, by permission of the authorities, for an element close to the inner imperial circle. Germany's aim, we are told, is to impose a German peace upon the world. Germany means to control the destinies of the human race. As regards France, the solution is simple. If the French were not mad, if they did not permit themselves to be used as the tools of Great Britain and of Russia, there would be no ground for a German quarrel with them. Germany must once for all be protected from attack in the future by the French. Germany has the power and must use it. The general staff in Berlin will see to that. German diplomacy will not be allowed through its characteristic inaptitude to fritter away in negotiations what has once been won from France by the sword.

What Germany Will do to Russia and England.

THE German voice which gives this warning to the French tells the world also what will happen to Russia and to England. The horizon is rather threatening, concedes the Düsseldorf daily, when Germany turns to Russia. There the fatherland must deal with blind, destructive forces. "Treaties and arguments are of as little utility with reference to Russia as they would be against torrents and the portents of nature. There

we have to think not only of peace but of the existence of a civilized Europe." Hence Germany must erect for all time a wall of protection. Otherwise Germany will be lost in fifty years or a hundred. As for England:

"There is but one way to bring the English to book. They must be opposed by another nation's strength of will, an all-powerful strength which shall meet the English at every point and bring them to their knees. The English have the greatest contempt for the activities of other people. As the Englishman has no idea of the value of the purely moral considerations, he must be taught by what he can feel. England, however, knew so well how to estimate the progress of Germany in technique, industry and trade, that she saw no help for herself except by the complete destruction of her neighbor. . . .

"The English are jealous. They hate and fear a rival. . . .

"One may think what one pleases about the world dominion of the English—we deem it prejudicial to the world—but one thing is certain. Only a more tremendous development of the same power to conquer could control the unprecedented expansion of it."

Germany's Explanation of Her Source of Strength.

A REVISION of the original idea of the weakness of France has taken place in the German mind apparently. In consequence of the aid they get from both the British and the Russians, affirms the military expert who writes on this subject in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), the French are as strong in men and in munitions as are the Germans themselves. France, he adds, is fighting for her existence. "There is only one thing that can decide the contest and that is the will to conquer." Every doubtful or discouraging word is an act of treason. Germany can win only if she be convinced in her inmost heart that victory will be hers. This sort of comment upon the events of the past month or two can be gleaned from German papers of importance and this the English dailies incline to do. These things show that the Germans grow more and more discouraged, says *The Westminster Gazette*, and the temperate London *Spectator* feels justified in saying that comment like this in the *Vossische Zeitung* is "a cry of despair." Moreover, it represents, the London weekly thinks, the feeling not of an individual only, but of "the majority of Germans who know the facts." It must be admitted, on the other hand, that responsible Berlin dailies like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and representative provincial papers of the type of the Brunswick *Landeszeitung* reflect no mood of despair whatever. They admit that Germany has received blows; but the reply is that she has dealt greater ones. This is the point invariably missed, the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Berlin) says, by those who misunderstand Germany's firm determination to place her national existence beyond question—for that is what the "will to victory" means in German newspapers generally.

Allies Warned Against Underrating Germany.

RIOTOUS demonstrations may occur in German cities, food may find abnormal modes of distribution, but the population of the fatherland is still docile, still disposed to trust its rulers. Complaint must not

be misinterpreted as despair. This is the gist of information in English papers here and there, including the *London Mail*, which, under a caption, "the end is not near," has a careful study of the immediate future. The theory that the war might end next October must be abandoned, we read. Germany's weakening financial position must not be taken too seriously, either. Shortage of cash will not affect her attitude for a long time to come. Germany's straits may be desperate, but "the Hohenzollerns and the military caste have staked their all upon the war. Their back is to the wall, and they know it. When they admit total failure, as they must in the end, the scales should fall from the eyes of the German people—but that time is a long way off." All this being granted, and much could be cited from the press of the allies in support of it, the question of what is to come next in the theater of operations receives attention from the experts. Everywhere, except at Verdun and in front of the strengthened British in the west, the Germans are said in the *London Times* to be "spread out over an immense line," practically without any formed reserves. The reserves of men in Germany proper are, however, conceded to be ample for the summer campaign just ahead.

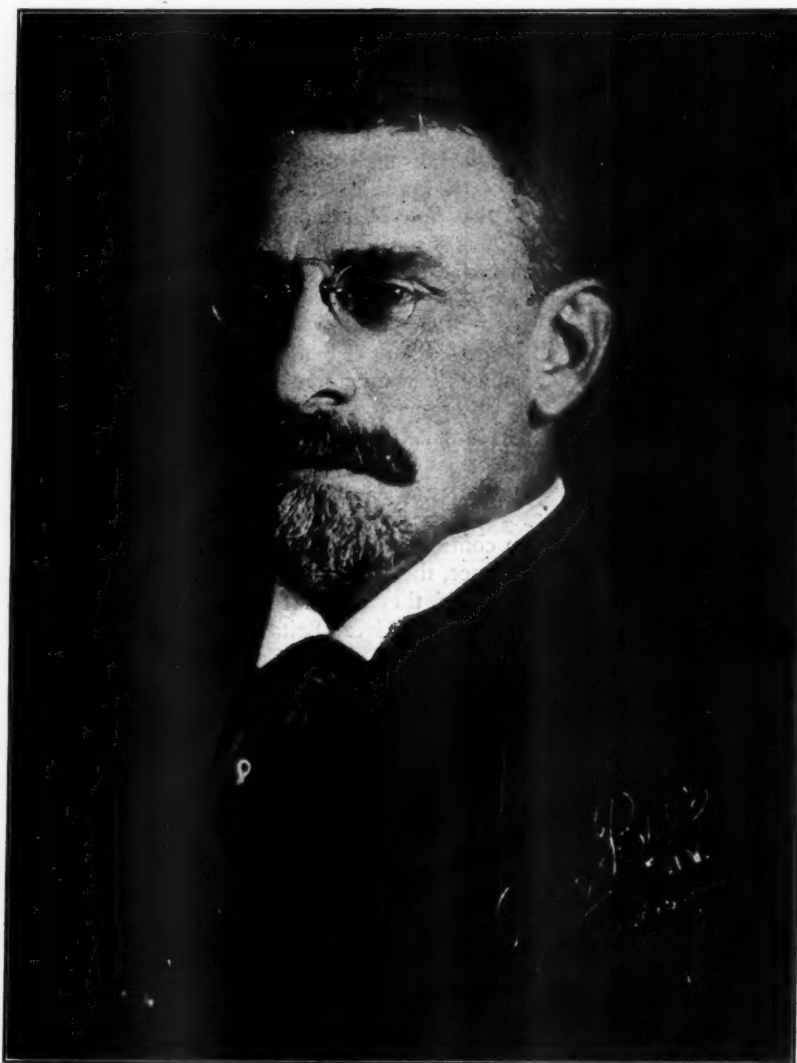
Hot Work in Store for the Germans in the West.

GERMANY will never admit defeat until her army in northern Europe is struck down. This is the problem confronting the allies, as the *London Times* understands it. "There is no other way to win the war." As to the plan which underlies the present concentration of Germans in the North, the military expert of the great British daily admits that many guesses might be made and all turn out "misses." If the attack on Verdun had its origin in a German wish to foil the impending offensive of the allies, the purpose has not been achieved, this student of the situation avers. The Crown Prince may plant all the standards he likes and can upon the smoking ruins of Verdun, but the forward movement of the allies, their grand offensive, is written in the book of destiny. Nevertheless this observer thinks the British government a dawdler. It is keeping the war back. The result is division in the councils of the allies. Dissensions among the allies bring the Germans up from the depths of their despair. They take hope again. Those who have studied the German press know that it has much to say concerning the dissatisfaction of the allies with one another, the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) giving reasons for its belief that France is particularly dissatisfied with England. However, this hope of division among the allies "springs eternal in the Teutonic breast," says the *Manchester Guardian*, and it is the German comfort in

these days of grim determination at Berlin to fight on. In spite of that:

"The Alliance is solid, and its solidarity is due above all to Germany's own revelation of herself. She has convinced Europe that she is the common enemy, the enemy of freedom and of civilization itself. She has convinced those in this country who were most reluctant to believe anything of the kind, and who were most anxious to settle all differences with her amicably for the sake of the peace of the world. A profound sense of common interest as well as deep and sacred memories of common suffering now unite the Allies against her, Russia and England no less than France and Belgium. Against this rock of unity all attempts at division, however ingenious, will shatter themselves. We shall yield no sort of victory to Germany which shall enable the Government to justify itself before its people and feed militarism with triumph. If nothing more generous moved us, it would suffice to remember that a Germany triumphant to-day would be a Germany strengthened in resources, confirmed in militarism, hardened in aggression, to-morrow."

The punishment of the U boat commander who sank the *Sussex* should go at least to the extent of permanently depriving him of his sketch book.—N. Y. Sun.



HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORGENTHAU PASHA

The Turks wanted Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador to Constantinople, to enter their Cabinet. This plain business man got the first telephone put into an Embassy at the Turkish Capital. War made him Emergency Ambassador for nine nations, and he made good. Now he resigns to work for President Wilson's reelection.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

MORGENTHAU RESIGNS HIS NINE AMBASSADORSHIPS TO HELP REELECT MR. WILSON

AFTER all, it seems, Henry Morgenthau is going to stay here. After denying about a dozen times that he was about to give up his post in Constantinople, he admitted last month, on the thirteenth time, that he is giving it up. His is a numerous resignation. When Mr. Morgenthau resigns, not only the American ambassador resigns, but, so to speak, the Japanese ambassador, the British ambassador, the French ambassador, the Russian ambassador, the Belgian, Serbian, and two or three other ambassadors (or maybe some of them are ministers). For Mr. Morgenthau has been acting for all those countries. He has been a sort of diplomatic trust. The Sultan is quoted by Burton J. Hendrick as saying: "I love the American ambassador. I see no ambassador except Mr. Morgenthau." How could he see any other when all ambassadors—well, nearly all—were incorporated in Mr. Morgenthau? The latter must have felt sometimes like one of these lightning-change artists on the vaudeville stage. At 11 A. M., he would be, let us say, an American ambassador, at 11.10 a British ambassador, at 11.15 a Japanese ambassador, and so on down the list. It must have been a trying position keeping each of these nine diplomats in his proper character.

Now Mr. Morgenthau resigns in order to assist in the reelection of President Wilson. Four years ago he was chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic national committee. Is he again to assume that post or to assume one still more responsible? That remains to be seen; but it is worth while noting a coincidence at this point. Mr. Morgenthau, ever since his return from Constantinople on a vacation, has declared his intention to go back to that post. Then came the announcement from William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic national committee, that he will withdraw from the chairmanship as soon as the next national convention meets. Within a few days Mr. Morgenthau canceled his arrangements for sailing, resigned his hydra-headed ambassadorship, and decided to take an active part in the coming campaign. Is he slated to take McCombs's place? Morgenthau never has been a politician, but neither had McCombs been

one prior to the Wilson campaign four years ago. At any rate it is evident that Mr. Morgenthau is going to play an important part in the campaign this summer and fall.

Fifty years ago Henry Morgenthau landed in New York City as an immigrant lad with his fortune to make. He is a German Jew (born in Mannheim), and thus may be said to be doubly hyphenated if that term can be used nowadays without an invidious meaning. He came here at the age of nine, entered the public schools of New York City, went to the College of the City of New York—a sort of advanced high school in those days—and Columbia University. He first took up law, then developed into a business manager and gradually became one of the important figures in big real-estate transactions. He was one of the first to introduce corporate ownership into real estate, and the "Flatiron" building, the Plaza Hotel, Trinity building, together with numerous other imposing properties on Washington Heights and in the Bronx are, one may say, monuments to his activity and sagacity. He has prospered abundantly in the land of his adoption, and when with reluctance he went to Constantinople to hold the first political office he has ever held, he did so, according to his own statement, "with the idea of trying, by service, to pay my debt to this nation."

Five years ago the Free Synagogue in New York City was holding its annual dinner. Mr. Morgenthau was presiding. Next to him, as guest, sat Woodrow Wilson, then governor of New Jersey. The latter was already talked of for presidential candidate. Morgenthau asked him a straightforward question: "Do you seriously consider becoming a candidate for President of the United States?" "Well," said Mr. Wilson, "I know more about the United States than I do about the State of New Jersey." Mr. Morgenthau saw the point. He replied: "I want to pledge you my moral and financial support."

Probably no more surprised lot of men existed on the face of the earth than President Wilson's new European ambassadors when they found themselves suddenly shunted into the storm-centers of the biggest turmoil of history. Brand Whitlock, novelist;

Henry van Dyke, preacher, poet, essayist; Walter H. Page, magazine editor and educator; Henry Morgenthau, real-estate operator—not one of these had ever held a diplomatic post or had any training in international affairs, and only one of them—Whitlock—had ever held any political post of any kind. (Herrick was in a different class, having been a governor.) Almost as soon as they got their chairs warm, these wholly inexperienced men found confronting them situations that might have tried the mettle of the best-trained men in the world. That they and others have acquitted themselves so creditably and often with such surprising skill is another evidence that the Lord watches over fools, drunken men and the United States. Henry Morgenthau seems to have borne himself with tact, courage and discretion. He installed confidence at once in his personal character and secured somewhat intimate friendships quickly with the younger Turkish leaders, Talaat Bey, minister of the interior, and Enver Pasha, minister of war. He made a tour of Asiatic Turkey, paying special attention to Syria and Palestine, to see conditions with his own eyes. He suggested, as a result of the tour, certain reforms in the Turkish government, and offered assistance in the matter of agricultural education. Did they send him packing for an impertinent meddler? They did—not. He was offered a cabinet position, the post of minister of commerce and agriculture, and they told him he could keep his ambassadorship too!

Naturally with such personal standing, Morgenthau, when the war broke out, was in a position to be of great service to Americans and others caught in the war zone. The American embassy became a haven of refuge, an information bureau, a bank of exchange, a safety deposit vault and various other things. At one time there were a thousand refugees at the railway station to take the train out of Constantinople. Permission had been given, passports promised. At the last moment officials changed their minds. According to the story as told in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Morgenthau took hold of the situation and issued an ultimatum. If the arrangements agreed upon were not immediately carried out, he declared, he

would demand his own passports and take the refugees all with him on a private train. That was the kind of talk that was understood. The coon came down. Mr. Hendrick, writing in *World's Work*, gives additional details of this incident. Morgenthau, as soon as he learned of the situation, went at once to Talaat Bey, minister of the interior.

"Talaat had retired, but Mr. Morgenthau was immediately shown his way to the bedchamber. For hours the representatives of two great nations, one clad in his pajamas, discussed the future of the foreign refugees. Talaat protested that they had not paid their taxes, but Mr. Morgenthau pushed this aside, saying that he would be responsible for any unpaid taxes.

"But Mr. Morgenthau insisted on one fact. The Turkish Government had given its promise; what a mistake it would be to break such a promise at the start! He particularly emphasized the bad impression this would create in the United States. Finally the Minister gave way. In his room was the telegraph instrument with which he had once earned his living; in the delicate position of affairs in Turkey, Talaat prefers to do his own telegraphing! With Mr. Morgenthau sitting

at his elbow, he called up his associate Enver and the Chief of Police, and made arrangements for the departure of the foreigners. They all got safely away next day."

Mr. Morgenthau also succeeded in convincing the suspicious officials that only disinterested motives were back of American schools and colleges in Turkey. With Enver Pasha a ceremonial call was made at Robert College in token of continued favor, and, as a practical device of insurance, Mr. Morgenthau established his summer embassy in one of the buildings of the College for Girls. Nor did he fail to secure certain remissions of hardships imposed upon Russian Jews. As a favor to Mr. Morgenthau Mr. Hendricks says that the Turkish Government permitted these Jews in Syria and Palestine to become citizens without the payment of the usual tax and remitted the obligation of military service for a year. Since many, however, preferred to leave Turkey, special facilities were given to him to transport them to Egypt and protect them from race prejudice.

The big French hospital was one of

the institutions left by the departure of representatives of the Allies. Mr. Morgenthau asked to have it turned over to him for an American Red Cross Hospital, guaranteed to maintain it, and Mrs. Morgenthau became its active director.

Mr. Morgenthau gives the impression of being exceedingly alert rather than aggressive. His manner is mild and kindly. He is a good listener as well as a persuasive talker. He gives you a feeling of confidence that he will see a thing through to the finish. He delights in having matters shipshape down to the last detail. He has made money and he feels free to indulge philanthropic propensities without ostentation. He is a director of Mount Sinai Hospital and a supporter of numerous Jewish charitable organizations. Bronx House Settlement is his establishment. He was organizer and vice-president of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company. As chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Safety, he took up the valuable though inconspicuous work of fire prevention after the disastrous Asch factory conflagration in New York City. He belongs to many clubs, and he is personally popular in them.

JOHN REDMOND: THE MAN WHO DOMINATES THE NEW SITUATION IN IRELAND

IN spite of the reported refusal last month of John Redmond to sit officially for Ireland in a British cabinet, there can be no doubt, in view of press comment throughout Great Britain, that he dominates the situation in his distracted country. Not that Mr. Redmond has the kind of personality associated with domination. He has no "will to power," explains a friend of his in the *London News*, no trace of self-assertion. His personality emerges clearly in the anecdote of the jaunting car that ran away with him years ago on a road near Dublin. He sat absorbed in some papers he held until the excitement of pedestrians aroused his interest. "The horse is running away," explained the boy on the other seat. "Oh, indeed!" Mr. Redmond said and went on with his reading. He has been run away with by his followers so often that the experience loses novelty for him. The essence of this man's character, the feature of it, is found in the fact that he is a gentleman. No other gentleman anywhere has quite the courtesy, quite the distinction, of an Irish gentleman, according to some authorities on this subject. John Redmond is cited as a conspicuous living example.

No misunderstanding of the Irish leader's character, according to one who knows him well and who gives some impressions in the *London Chron-*

icle, could be so great as that which denies his decision merely because he never imposes his will. The passing years have imparted that aquility to his nose which reveals the man who has decision. The brow is broad, the head somewhat rounded. The lips are firmly compressed, the chin is well defined. The frame has bulk without the heaviness that detracts from power. The head is tilted upward in repose. During a prolonged debate the eyes of Mr. Redmond may close. He seems abandoned to a typical mood of absorption. The instant a word relevant to Ireland falls from any lip, those eyes open, and are seen to be very Irish in their steel gray glitter. They are eyes in which the primary hue is evident to his friends; but those who oppose Mr. Redmond politically deem them dark. He uses them much in the fierce polemics of the Commons. He flings no arms about, he does not saw the air, neither does he roar after the fashion of William O'Brien. The voice is deep, musical, betraying health of lung; but it is not a histrionic voice. Mr. Redmond is a dealer in facts, not phrases. He makes upon every hearer an impression of perfect honesty.

The leadership of Mr. Redmond, in the opinion of the London press, rests upon this firm decisiveness of his. It is reinforced by that perfect good breeding. Care is taken by foe and

follower about colliding with him. He is credited with the Celt's intuitiveness in a most exquisite and inscrutable form, a knowledge of human nature quite extraordinary. This is said to be the secret of his influence with the House of Commons. He knows just when to get up, just when to sit down. The quietness of his majesty enables him, observes the famed editor of the *London News*, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, from whom these impressions are borrowed, "to make the multiplication table sound as impressive as a funeral oration." When John Redmond says, "Mr. Speaker, sir," the whole House seems to feel that the atmosphere is toned, refined, rarified. The alphabet, avers Mr. Gardiner, would fall from the lips of John Redmond with all the sublimity of Homeric verse. Deliberate as his parliamentary manner seems, yet he often acts upon the spur of the moment. He rarely prepares an address or a speech. On one noted occasion, he thought it essential to do so. He made a miss or two. The arrangement of ideas escaped him. He scanned his notes. They were a jumble. He dropped the slips and became himself, quiet, serene, unruffled, impressive. He had broken down with such inexpressible dignity that the House was far more subjugated than if he had thrilled it with flights of eloquence.

In many respects, to Mr. Gardiner, at

least, John Redmond is not a representative Irishman at all. He is without the bubbling, careless epigrams that fall so frequently from the lips of his brother "Willie." It is no secret that the courteous, affable John is occasionally scandalized by the scimmages

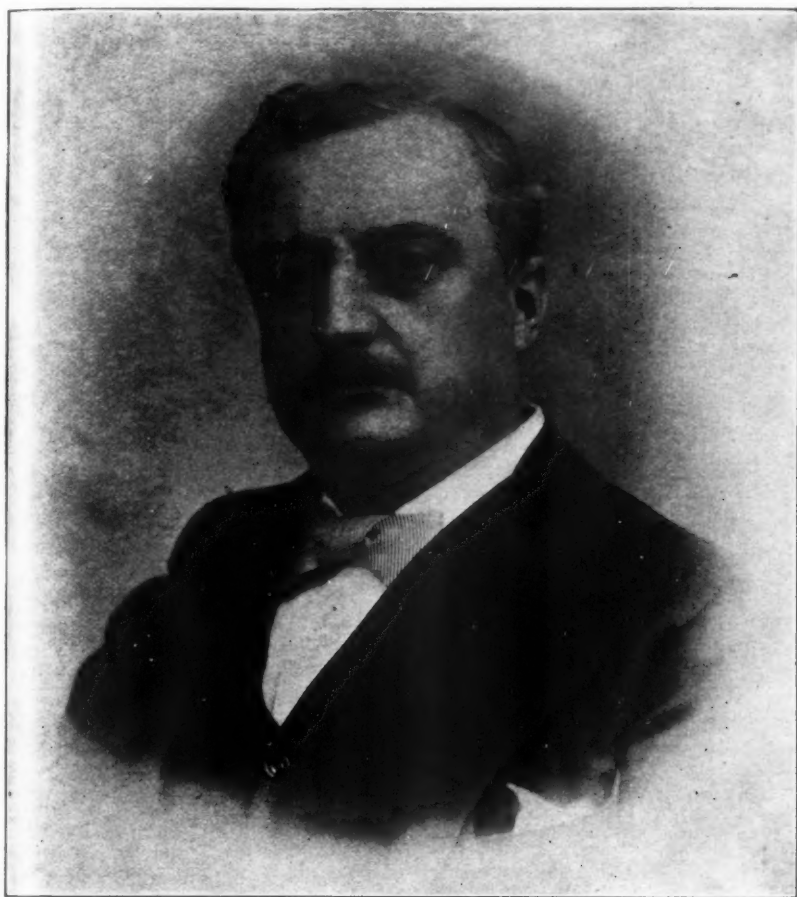
nell had fallen, he must die. If John Redmond were dethroned he would embrace his new leisure for the sake of the sports he loves. In the old Trinity college days he was one of the best cricketers in Ireland and he never misses a good match. His happiest

self denounced by name from the altar as the anti-Christ. He also saw the congregation rise in a body and walk out in revolt against the priest. The triumph was that of urbanity and firmness, for the influence of John Redmond has not, on the whole, been either clerical or anticlerical in its tendencies. The Pope was unable recently, acting through the intercession of an Irish bishop, to induce John Redmond to declare himself in favor of peace at this time. The unruffled courtesy of Mr. Redmond brought him through without a rupture of his pleasant personal relations with the hierarchy.

Appreciation of the new manner in Irish politics calls for more intimate knowledge of the violence of the Parnell period than most readers of our time possess. John Redmond was trained in the wildest school of Irish politics. He made his maiden appearance on a platform by the side of the "uncrowned king." That was in Redmond's native Wexford over thirty-five years ago. Parnell was pelted with the rottenest eggs at Enniscorthy that day, remaining impassive through everything. "When an egg struck him on the head," said Mr. Redmond to Mr. Gardiner, in telling the story, "he never even raised his hand to brush it off, but calmly went on with his speech. Afterward, in the hotel, he ate his lunch calmly while a tailor stitched his torn trowsers." Later on that day John Redmond himself was knocked down in the street by a mob and his face cut badly. "Well," commented Parnell, as he eyed his youthful follower with the famous cold smile, "you have shed your blood for me, at all events." That was a precious privilege to John Redmond and Parnell was well aware of it.

It required Parnell's fierce intensity to "create the cause" according to the analysis of the great editor of the *London News*, and to carry that cause through the political wilderness. It needs another strategy to enter the promised land. Redmond supplies the latter. "Parnell was the incomparable guerilla chief, mysterious, elusive, touching the imagination of his followers to a sort of frenzy of devotion." John Redmond is the commander-in-chief of a different kind of army, pursuing the campaign in the open in accordance with a genius that is parliamentary and constitutional. His is not a temperament to wear the robe of rebel. On the contrary, he is to this admirer of his the ablest parliamentarian in the House and he has its spirit in his blood. Four generations of his family have held seats in the Commons and he himself learned its rules as a clerk in the House. Finally:

"He has the great virtue of never making enemies, for there is no poison in his



THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE

The ancient title of the Bourbon kings of France belongs by right now to John Redmond who, in the opinion of those who know him best, is an incarnation of perfect courtesy, something more than that mould of form of which we have all heard.

in which "Willie" involves himself. There was an unusual scene of violence in the course of the furious tilt between Mr. "Tim" Healy and "Willie." "Really," John said to his brother, "I wonder at times whether you are a gentleman." "Don't wonder any more, John," Willie said. "One gentleman in the Redmond family is enough."

Whatever passions may storm in John Redmond's bosom never fly from it through his lips. That is why he makes no enemies for himself after the fashion of "Tim" and "Willie." If he be not the poet in his patriotism, like John Dillon, John Redmond is assuredly the solid rock on which the political destiny of his native land is built. "He is," said this friend of his, "the plain, competent business man who has succeeded to the command of the concern and does his work with thoroughness and despatch but without passionate intensity or that tyrannic impulse which possessed Parnell." Once Par-

hours find him tramping the hills with a gun over his shoulder and a dog at his heels. Sir Edward Grey himself is not a more enthusiastic fisherman than John Redmond. He is a splendid horseman, eager for his gallop in the swift style of his country. There is not a horse in Ireland to-day, it is said, that could throw him.

John Redmond has a most Celtic sense of personal loyalty, and his course in the Parnell crisis revealed the unsuspected Quixotism of a very practical nature. "Through all the bitter war that followed the fall of Parnell, he remained loyal to his old chief—loyal in the face of English morality and Irish clericalism." Parnell was a Protestant and John Redmond is a Roman Catholic. When the great split took place and found Redmond with his chief, there ensued a clash between him and the priest. The situation needed courage, declares Mr. Gardiner. John Redmond sat in his pew at mass to hear him-

shafts. He has about him a spacious and sunlit atmosphere in which the rank growth of personal bitterness cannot live. He can be generous even to his political foes. 'I like Balfour,' he will tell you. 'He bears no malice. When the round is over he shakes hands. After I came out of prison in 1888 he met me in the lobby. "I'm glad to see you back,"

he said. "I hope you are no worse for it." And he said it in a way that made you feel he meant it. Now that is not the way with—' He will not even admit that Mr. Balfour was wholly bad as a Chief Secretary. 'The worst Chief Secretary by far was—', and he mentions a name that fills one with mild surprise. No man of sensitive feeling,' he says,

'can fill that office long. Birrell is too finely strung for it. It needs a man like Walter Long. "I hunt three days a week and draw a fat check at the end of it," he told an audience in Dublin. He is one of the good type of Tories. You know he is half an Irishman, and hunts in my country.' He has, you see, a good word for everyone.'

MR. STÜRMER: THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AT THE HEAD OF THE CZAR'S GOVERNMENT

ONE needs familiarity with Turgenieff and with the tone and temper of the court of Alexander III. to comprehend entirely the character of Boris Vladimirovitch Stürmer, the country gentleman now at the head of the Russian ministry. In telling us this, the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, long a close student of everything Russian, feels that it has placed the man. Its additional detail that he springs from the nobility of Tver rounds out the impression. The ideal of Mr. Stürmer is not glory. His deportment is not conspicuous. The essential trait in him is not genius. He is a cultivated and educated man in the Russian acceptance of the term. His official life, long and important, has given him no cosmopolitan touch. In his sixty-eighth year he is what he was twenty years and more ago when he presided over one of the many "governments" of the empire. The whiskers of that period, which once lent him a Lord Dundreary aspect, have departed, leaving slight trace. He no longer claps a monocle to his eye. Yet he has not changed essentially, even in looks. He might be fifteen years younger, so little does time betray him. His family has been noble so long that Stürmer had never to "acquire" such things as elegance of bearing, respect for books and pictures or even the French language, late in life. He was well educated as a youth and traveled then widely. He did not embrace the military career, owing, it seems, to strong religious scruples. He is deemed the most religious man in the Russian empire. His closest friend is an exalted ecclesiastical dignitary, the Metropolitan of Petrograd.

The manner of Mr. Stürmer has in it to the Berlin daily something of the dreary uniformity of his career in the bureaucracy, for he is a Russian bureaucrat of the truest type. His whole life has been spent in the "ministries," his slow rise through the grades taking him from a melancholy white edifice in such a "government" as Tver or Novgorod to one of the dreary brown buildings in Petrograd. Year after year spent in poring over papers, reports, depositions, minutes, would

seem to explain that second-hand knowledge of men and things outside of the bureaucracy which to Mr. Stürmer is life. There is in him, to a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, something dried out and wizened, a suggestion of the man whose passions have been extinguished and whose personality is obliterated. The idea is confirmed by the softness of the voice, the delicate and slow movement of the hands, the black coat he affects when not in the uniform of his bureaucratic rank. He has ever so many decorations. He is master of all the court etiquet, being, in fact, an authority upon it, for his service as master of ceremonies under the present Czar was long and honorable. Nor has anyone ever breathed a word against the sincerity of Mr. Stürmer's faith.

In describing this statesman as a bureaucrat in the style of Alexander III., the European dailies dwell upon the simplicity of that potentate's domestic manners. He lived like a "squire" in rural England of the early Victorian period. Mr. Stürmer has never lived otherwise. He is without what the Russian "intelligentsia" call ideas. He has written in his day for publication, but never from the point of view of that loftier social and political order which is to succeed the traditional Russian system. There is to Mr. Stürmer nothing to change in the traditional Russian system, a fact explaining his well-known intimacy with the assassinated von Plehve, his admiration for the policy of the late Pobiedonosteff. Mr. Stürmer's objection to a new Russia is that it would not be "holy." He understands progress in the paternal, benevolent way, as an effort of the landed aristocrat to improve the material condition of his peasantry. He was brought up in a great country-house that had been in his family for generations. Turgenieff, as is well known, had the Stürmer type in mind when he described what he styles "gentlefolks's nests"—the kind of house in central Russia that hides itself amid trees on a river bank. It was the lot of Stürmer to be born in such a paradise, with its flower-beds, its artificial lake. He was not merely the son of a land-

owner who by right belonged to the gentry. His father was a Russian noble in the Czar's service whose estate served as a retreat from the cares of official life. He was rich, comparatively. Stürmer enjoyed the culture afforded by a family portrait gallery, a well-stocked library, dignified ease. He has carried on that family tradition, that family life. He belongs to the Russian world that is so remote from the alien world. By temperament he is a dreamer in its Utopia. If this be not realized the significance of his appearance at the head of his sovereign's ministerial council must, as our German contemporaries assure us, be missed altogether.

The invasion of his country by the modern commercial spirit, as distinguished from the agrarian ideal, is horrifying to Mr. Stürmer. Men whose fortunes, however vast, have an industrial origin are quite impossible and vulgar to him. The sight of a factory is said to inspire him with disgust. He will talk, in his gentle, deprecating way, of the pollution of a stream by the refuse from a manufacturing establishment, the veiling of the sky behind clouds of smoke. In England he would be called a lover of nature. His leisure while at the head of the administration of Novgorod was dedicated to the botany of the region. At Tver he has encouraged the study of its meadow grasses. He never deigned to enter its famous cotton mill or even to express approval of the growth of its factories. The local capitalists complained that he made it difficult for them to get labor. Mr. Stürmer takes advantage of every strike to get the toilers back on the land, whence, he thinks, they should never have emigrated to the industrial centers. A strike in his government is even affirmed to have afforded him pleasure. The Russian mujiks belonged, he would say, in the open air. They ruined their constitutions by standing all day in front of looms. He gladly provided them with railway tickets back to their villages, urging them to stay there and on no account to miss church.

The financiers of Petrograd and the merchants of Moscow have long de-

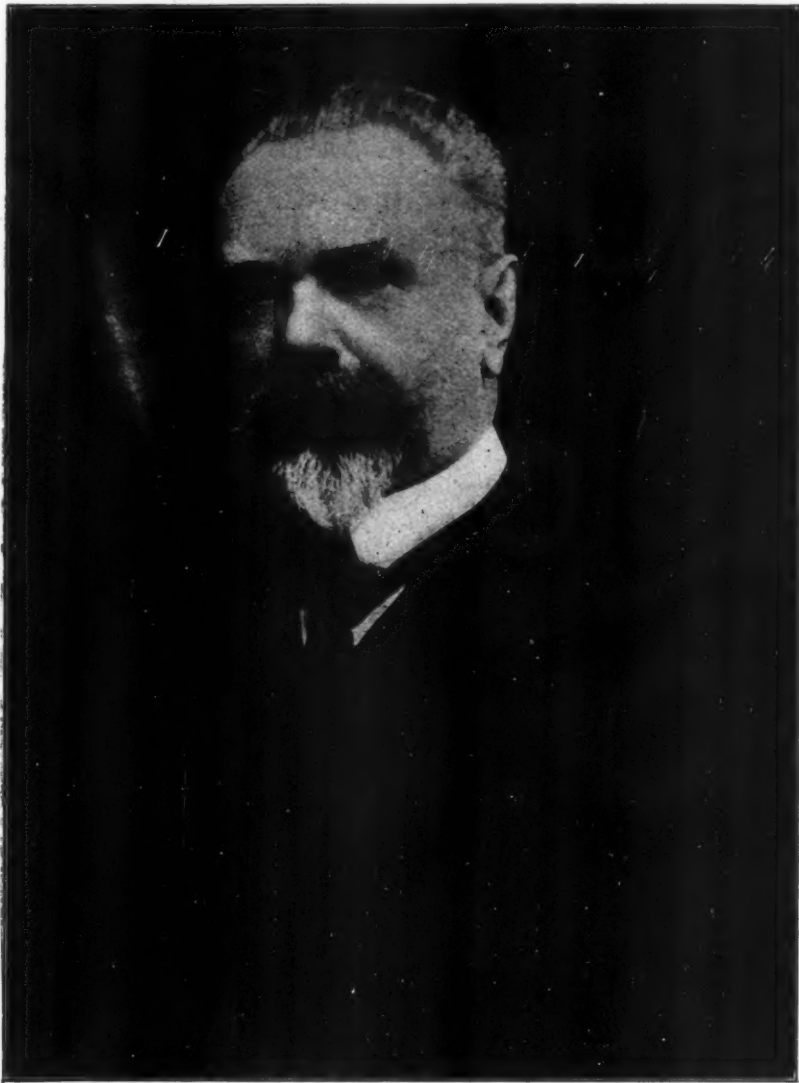
plored what to them is the unprogressive temper of Mr. Stürmer. No tone could be more disdainful, we are told, than that in which he pronounces the Russian equivalent of the word "capitalist," unless it be the Russian equivalent of the term "money-lender."

standing at the palace. When the daughter of an impoverished noble whom he had long known married a merchant prince, he is said to have exclaimed: "I always feared my friend's pride would have a fall!" When a large factory in his native Tver had

Germany. During the years of his sway as master of ceremonies no chef catered to the Czar's guests who cooked in anything but the Moscovite style or who knew any but the native dishes. His dietetic preferences are for such things as caviare, mushrooms and vodka by way of introduction to the major feast that is to follow. Very Russian, too, is his heavy woolen clothing, which he affects even in summer. Those who know him best avoid taking a walk with him, for he can do several miles on his legs before breakfast at a pace that would leave an ordinary pedestrian exhausted in half an hour. He is said to have a theory that the degenerate men of our period use their arms too much and their legs too little.

Once a man has given his word, Mr. Stürmer is fond of affirming, nothing should induce him to break it. He got this principle from the Czar whose memory he so reveres—Alexander III. Mr. Stürmer has another trait characteristic of the bureaucrats of his period. He believes in speaking the truth no matter how disagreeable it may prove to the hearer. Nicholas II. understands this propensity so well that when his former master of ceremonies persisted in lingering one night at the palace for the obvious purpose of imparting information privately, the Czar remarked to a Grand Duke: "We can not get rid of this man until he has told me his bad news." The one epigram attributed to the new Prime Minister runs: "Alexander III. was the first moujik of his empire, I am afraid I am the last."

The marriage of Mr. Stürmer to a Russian princess is said in the Berlin *Vossische* to explain the success of his palace career. There were times when the etiquette was most fatiguing. Ladies had at times to appear in full court-dress with trains at ten in the morning. Mr. Stürmer was in his greatest glory on such occasions as the blessings of the waters of the Neva or a grand ball to the first four classes of the Tschin—the higher bureaucracy. He and his wife between them revived the glories of an imperial etiquette no whit less complicated than that of Versailles under Louis XIV. The ceremonies on a few solemn occasions would endure for hours. Functionaries complained that they starved. Mr. Stürmer would tolerate no derogation from the dignity of any occasion that took the form of serving refreshments. His promotion to the Senate filled the court with joy. When he had gone, a high dignitary of the church could march in a procession surrounded by councillors, grand dukes and marshals, all munching sandwiches. The spectacle afforded Mr. Stürmer material for a homily on the degeneracy of the times, the decay of manners.



THE RUSSIAN SQUIRE WHO STEPPED INTO A MINISTRY OUT OF TURGENIEFF'S ATMOSPHERE

Boris Vladimirovitch Stürmer is so eminently of his country in its rural aspect that unless one had lived in the interior one might miss the sweetness of his reaction, the charm of his old-fashioned agrarianism.

The wretches who found themselves imprisoned for infractions of local ordinances while he was in the ministry of justice sent him, through the regular bureaucratic channels, moving accounts of what they had suffered from capitalists. Mr. Stürmer was agitated immediately. A man who had risen from poverty to wealth by application to business excited his suspicion. He can not understand that such a turn of fortune is effected without turpitude—and it rarely is, in Russia, adds our contemporary. As master of ceremonies he serenely ignored the existence of great financiers, great capitalists, great business men. They had no

to suspend owing to heavy financial losses, he cried: "This is too good to be true." At the funeral of a dear friend somebody mentioned that the deceased had patented an ingenious device. "Yes," said Stürmer, eager to vindicate the memory of the dead, "but he made no money out of it." Such is one aspect of the temperament which dates from the reign of Alexander III. as exposed in German dailies.

The energy so characteristic of Mr. Stürmer is accounted for by himself as a consequence of his typically Russian mode of life. He thoroly detests the invasion of his country's cuisine by dishes originating in France and

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"THE CINDERELLA MAN"—A WHIMSICAL VARIATION OF A PERENNIAL DRAMATIC THEME

NO theatrical season would be quite complete without a Cinderella play. Usually there are at least two or three versions of this perennial romance offered for the delectation of playgoers during the course of a year. At least one of them is bound to please. Note the enthusiasm which has greeted the London production of Sir James Barrie's latest—"A Kiss for Cinderella." In his whimsical version, Cinderella is a "penny friend," who mends coats for a penny, shaves you for a penny, tends your baby for a penny. This Cinderella is suspected of being a German spy and a high-born lady; but the Fairy Prince turns out to be nothing less than a policeman. No one but Barrie, says the redoubtable Mr. Walkley, of the *London Times*, could have invented such whimsical nonsense.

The current and very popular American version of the Cinderella story is Edward Childs Carpenter's "The Cinderella Man," which has been proving its drawing power with New York playgoers for the past six months. Mr. Oliver Morosco, an expert in feeling the pulse of the public, produced this little comedy and advertises it felicitously as "a fairy play for grown-ups."

Mr. Carpenter's variation of the story is not without elements of novelty. Cinderella becomes a young man, a poet starving in a garret—a lovely, picturesque garret in a New York boarding-house, conducted by a despicable landlady known as "the Great She-Bear." The Fairy Prince is in this case a Fairy Princess, a young and beautiful heiress to millions, who lives in a "palatial mansion" right next door to that terrible boarding-house. The famous glass slipper becomes a \$10,000 prize for an opera libretto, offered by a celebrated composer who is a friend of the heiress-princess's father. Mr. Carpenter, we may add, might not inappropriately be called the American William J. Locke. He reveals the same quaint, charming, entirely pleasant outlook. His hero bears the quite Lockian name of Tony Quintard.

Act One reveals the discontent of the young heiress, Marjorie Caner. She returns to her father's home from Europe after the death of her mother, who had been separated from the cold railroad magnate, Morris T. Caner.

Walter Nicholls, a society man, proposes marriage—not without mercenary motives. She refuses him, shocked and distressed by his lack of understanding of a man's part in the world. Feeling lonesome, she sends the butler out to buy her some kittens and puppies, her tastes being simple and girlish. The Christmas season is close at hand. Two charming old friends of her father, D. Romney Evans, an attorney, and Albert Sewall, the distinguished composer, are in for dinner, and the great composer presents as a Christmas present to the poor little rich girl a song he has composed:

SEWALL. Pray for me, little lady. By the by, I've got a Christmas present for you. A wee bit of a song. (*Takes a small roll of manuscript music from his pocket and hands it to her.*)

MARJORIE. (*Delighted.*) You're a dear!

SEWALL. Written by my dear old self—and just for you!

MARJORIE. (*With a glance at the script.*) This is a darling Christmas present.

SEWALL. Read the verse.

MARJORIE. (*Reading the verse.*)

"He spins no song,

He rears no dome;

Out of his heart

He builds a home!" (*When she finishes, she looks up at Sewall, slowly, with the tenderest sort of a smile, holding the script to her breast.*) I love that! You're—you're wonderful!

SEWALL. Oh, I didn't write the verse.

MARJORIE. No? Who did write it?

SEWALL. Blessed if I know. Read it in a newspaper, tore it out. Just like me—left the author's name behind me.

MARJORIE. I'd like to know the man who wrote that song. (*Looks at script.*)

SEWALL. (*Taking script from her and going toward piano.*) Come, now, I'll play it. You sing it.

MARJORIE. (*Following Sewall to the piano.*) But I don't sing.

SEWALL. You'll sing this, young lady. (*Sits at piano.*) It's as easy as—kissing.

MARJORIE. Then you sing it.

SEWALL. I will. (*Sings song*)

"The world is blind, it only sings
The praises of poets, masters and kings.
Their words, their works, their deeds of flame,
Win all the fame, win all the fame.
So let my voice ring out for one
Who has no fame for great deeds done.
He spins no song, he rears no dome;
Out of his heart he builds a home.
Out of his heart alone
He builds a home.
He rules no realm. He's more than a king.
A woman's joy his harvesting.
He spins no song, he rears no dome;
Out of his heart he builds a home.
Out of his heart alone
He builds a home!"

When Marjorie proudly shows to Romney Evans the song Sewall has presented to her, Evans announces that he knows the writer of the verses. He leads the girl to a window and points up to a light shining in the attic window of the house next door:

ROMNEY. You see that dreadful old boarding-house next door? There's where Quintard lives.

MARJORIE. Quintard?

ROMNEY. The lad who wrote your song. Lives up there like Cinderella in the attic. The gable touches our roof. You can see the light from his dormer window. It's cold and lonely up there.

MARJORIE. A Cinderella Man! Romney, why does he live up there? Is he so dreadfully poor?

ROMNEY. So poor that I don't think he gets enough to eat.

MARJORIE. Oh, Romney! Why don't you do something for him?

ROMNEY. He won't let me. Young idiot won't take a penny! I've had an awful row with him—just because I paid his landlady a month's rent. He sent the money back to me like a shot. I haven't dared visit him since.

MARJORIE. But hasn't he any family?

ROMNEY. No. He did have a rich uncle—miserable old cuss—wanted Tony to help him manufacture talcum powder!

MARJORIE. Talcum powder? Tony!

ROMNEY. Tony refused—he wanted to write things. The old scoundrel cut Tony out of his will—and died!

MARJORIE. The beast!

ROMNEY. Yes! Uncle was the only Quintard I didn't like—gentle folks—dear people. Tony's one of the best of them.

MARJORIE. You were horrid to quarrel with him.

ROMNEY. I didn't quarrel with him, he quarreled with me.

MARJORIE. It was your fault.

ROMNEY. He was so silly!

MARJORIE. He's not silly!

ROMNEY. You don't know him.

MARJORIE. (*After a moment's thought.*) Romney, I shall invite him to dinner.

ROMNEY. He refused an invitation from me, an old friend. Do you imagine he'll accept one from a stranger?

MARJORIE. No, he wouldn't. I must think of something else.

ROMNEY. I'd like to do something for him—well, for Christmas, you know.

MARJORIE. (*Heart-stricken.*) Christmas! Oh, Romney, I want to do something for him, too!

ROMNEY. I wish you would.

MARJORIE. I will! I must! (*Goes to window, looks up at house next door.*) Romney! I want you to go to him tomorrow, make up with him, find out what he needs most. Don't ask him.

Look around and see for yourself. Then come back immediately and tell me.

ROMNEY. What's stirring in that funny little head of yours?

MARJORIE. (*Happily, excitedly, coming back to piano.*) I've thought of a way of giving him a Christmas. Oh, Romney! I'll do it! I will do it! Promise me that you'll go—promise me!

ROMNEY. I promise.

The second act reveals the Cinderella Man cold and hungry in his garret. There is a single window overlooking a roof covered with snow. There is a radiator in this garret but no heat emanates from it. He is busy writing his opera libretto, hoping to win the prize of \$10,000 offered by Sewall's manager. His friend, Romney Evans, calls to examine the garret and find out his needs; but the impetuous Quintard refuses aid. After Romney departs, Primrose, the quaint old male slavey of the boarding-house, enters with a letter, which proves to be from a bank asking Mr. Quintard to remove from its coffers the remnant of his account—a sum of some three dollars and seventeen cents. Quintard had almost forgotten that he even had a bank account. He hastens to the bank to get his money to tide him over the Christmas holidays.

No sooner has he left than over the roof comes Marjorie, laden with a hamper containing all sorts of good things. She decorates the garret with Christmas wreaths, spreads out an appetizing feast on the table, brews tea over an alcohol lamp. Then, just as she is completing all this, before she can escape, Tony Quintard returns. She conceals herself in his clothes-closet. The whimsical poet declares that a fairy has paid him a visit. Hungrily he begins to eat the roast chicken she had brought, when he discovers her feet sticking out from beneath the shabby curtains of the clothes-closet. He asks her who she is, and she comes timidly out of hiding.

MARJORIE. You insist upon the details?

TONY. I entreat.

MARJORIE. Suppose I tell you a story?

TONY. (*Helping himself to a sandwich.*) I can think of nothing I should like better.

MARJORIE. Well, then, once upon a time—

TONY. Oh!

MARJORIE. —a rich little girl came from a far country to live alone in a big house with her father.

TONY. (*Starting, frowning almost angrily.*) You're not the little rich girl who lives next door?

MARJORIE. You mustn't interrupt like that. The rich girl was very lonely, so she engaged a companion.

TONY. Oh, you're her companion.

MARJORIE. The companion was a sort of poor relation. She heard of a young man who lived at the top of the house next door—

TONY. Sir Romney of the Long Tongue!

I suppose he told the Princess about the poor young man.

MARJORIE. The Princess?

TONY. Yes. That's what I call your little billionaire—(*Points at window.*) I fancy Romney told her and she told you.

MARJORIE. (*Confused.*) It—it may have happened that way; but the heroine of my story—

TONY. The Princess's companion?

MARJORIE. (*Confused.*) Of course. Well, she never would have known a thing about her neighbor if it had not been for this:

"He spins no song, he rears no dome;
Out of his heart he builds a home!"

TONY. (*Delighted.*) Oooooooooo! You repeat it as if you liked it!

MARJORIE. It was the song that gave the princess's companion the courage to venture across the roof from her window to yours.



HE BELIEVES IN FAIRIES

Edward Childs Carpenter was formerly a financial editor on a Philadelphia paper, but his first successful play deals with Fairyland—a Fairyland of his own imagination, a Fairyland for grown-ups.

TONY. Across the roof! (*Suddenly rises.*) By Jove! (*Going to window.*) I never thought of that. (*Looking out of window.*) You have plenty of nerve.

MARJORIE. It's perfectly safe.

TONY. (*Coming down to trunk; looking at her with admiration and indicating her gifts.*) You're wonderful!

MARJORIE. Oh, I'm quite strong. (*Raises her arm to make her biceps stand out.*) See!

TONY. (*Tentatively touching her arm with a finger.*) Marvelous muscle! But I'm interrupting your thrilling narrative. (*Sits on trunk.*)

MARJORIE. (*Refilling his cup.*) Your song was your letter of credit.

TONY. It was. I got three dollars for it—they give you twenty-five cents a line! I remember I wished I had written two or three more lines while I was about it.

MARJORIE. I—I knew that anybody

who could write to your heart like that must be awfully nice.

TONY. I am—believe me! (*Tony laughs, drinks and coughs.*)

MARJORIE. So—well—(*Picking little pieces of cake and nibbling them.*) I thought it would be such fun to have a hand in your Christmas and disappear without being discovered.

TONY. But it's ever so much better that I discovered you—Little Fairy Godmother!

TONY. Yes! That's what you are—to me. I always knew I had a Fairy Godmother somewhere. Welcome! I'm delighted to meet you!

MARJORIE. Thanks!—You are the Cinderella Man!

TONY. (*Surprised; then with a smile appreciating the whimsey.*) The Cinderella Man!

MARJORIE. That's what I've been calling you to myself. I hope you don't mind?

TONY. I don't mind if you call me Towser. Ha! Ha! Hem! (*Pause. They look at each other half-smilingly.*) What will you take for your thoughts?

MARJORIE. Yours!

TONY. Ladies first.

MARJORIE. I was thinking that we're going to be good friends.

TONY. Thanks. There's no doubt about it.

MARJORIE. Now—pay up!

TONY. I was thinking I'm terribly glad you are not the Veiled Princess.

MARJORIE. You dislike Princesses so much?

TONY. I do—outside of books. Rich girls in the flesh are conceited, empty-headed bores. And their families are worse. If a man pays a Princess the slightest attention, her family immediately suspects that he is after her money.

MARJORIE. Ah! You've had an unfortunate experience.

TONY. I? Never! I never paid the slightest bit of attention to princesses—and I never, never will.

MARJORIE. I'm the last person in the world to take the part of princesses, but I do think you are rather hard on them.

TONY. But consider! Does a poor man—a poor working man in particular—want to ruin his life by marrying a millionaire? (*Takes an apple—pars it.*)

MARJORIE. How could she ruin his life?

TONY. In a dozen ways. First of all, he couldn't expect her to live as he had been used to living. That would mean that he must accept assistance—pecuniary assistance—from either her or her family; and that would be the death of his self-respect. It would kill his ambition—there would no longer be the actual, biting necessity to work, and necessity is a great spur to ambition. Then he would never have what I imagine to be the most profound of satisfactions—the privilege of taking care of a woman all by himself—working for her—struggling for her—suffering for her. (*There is a pause. He looks at her, smiling a little; she looks at him soberly, with approval.*)

MARJORIE. I—I agree with you!

Then the subject of the libretto comes up, and Tony Quintard finally shows it to his unconventional visitor from across the roof. His need to

have this typewritten before the first of the year, the final day of the contest, leads her to offer to type it for him.

Every afternoon during the following week across the roof comes the little fairy godmother. She introduces a very modern and very warm gas-stove into the ancient garret; she puts new curtains at the window; she makes tea there, much to the suspicion of the Great She-Bear, who is amazed at the transformation of the garret and is ready to raise the rent. Marjorie explains it all to Romney upon a visit he makes during the absence of Quintard, declaring she has never been so happy in all her life. Romney prevails upon her to leave for a time and keep Tony waiting for once in order to impress the poet with the value of her many services. She agrees. When Quintard enters he is dismayed that the girl has not come. He is still further dismayed when Romney informs him that Miss Caner's "companion's" name is—Mudge! However, she finally appears. She offers him many valuable suggestions about his libretto. Finally the poet begins to question her again concerning herself:

TONY. Do you know anything about marrying? (*Startled, she looks up at him in wonder. He stands there looking down at her, directly into her eyes, with growing admiration and affection.*) You've—got—the most—wonderful eyes! (*Marjorie drops her eyes and sighs; her head droops. Tony looks down at the top of her head for a moment, then slowly puts out a hand as tho to touch her, hesitates, withdraws hand, turns and goes slowly up to the window. Marjorie looks after him, puzzled. He is now looking out of the window. After a moment, he turns to his writing-table, sees his manuscript, picks it up.*) I wonder if this thing's any good. "The Gateway of Dreams!"

MARJORIE. (*Surprised.*) "The Gateway of Dreams!"

TONY. Didn't I tell you? That's the title I've given it—came to me last night.

MARJORIE. (*Rising.*) It's an inspiration!

TONY. (*Throws manuscript on table.*) An inspiration! All I could offer a girl to-day would be a little—inspiration. Hah! It can't be done!

MARJORIE. Wouldn't it be a sensible idea, then, if you were to—to marry a girl who had a little money of her own?

TONY. (*Turning on her warmly.*) I tell you I wouldn't marry a girl with money.

MARJORIE. But some awfully nice girls—come that way. There's the Princess.

TONY. Oh! Please!

MARJORIE. It isn't fair for you to be so prejudiced against her. She's the same sort of girl that—that I am.

TONY. (*To her, impatiently.*) Oh—you're worth a million princesses. (*Tony looks at her with admiration. She looks away from him. Her eyes fall on the kettle. She starts for it suddenly.*)

MARJORIE. Won't you have some hot

tea? (*Goes to the tea-table and begins to brew tea.*)

TONY. (*Behind tea-table.*) If this thing should be a go—

MARJORIE. I'm sure it will—it must.

TONY. (*Eagerly.*) You have great faith in it, haven't you?

MARJORIE. It can't fail.

TONY. In that case I should have ten thousand dollars. (*Marjorie is picking up his cup.*) A man could marry on ten thousand—couldn't he?

MARJORIE. Oh, yes, indeed! (*Looks into tea-pot.*)

TONY. It would be the most wonderful adventure.

MARJORIE. To sail into life—with nothing but love for a boat.

TONY. But you can't sail without wind. (*They look at each other for a moment.*) But, by Jove, that opera of mine shall raise the wind for me. "The Gateway of Dreams!"

MARJORIE. The Gateway of Dreams! (*Picking up her tea-cup, rising.*) To its success! (*Tony rises, tea-cup in hand.*)

TONY. To you, little fairy Godmother! (*As they clink cups across the table the Great She-Bear suddenly appears on the stairway.*)

SHE-BEAR. Mr. Quintard, I want you to get out and take that girl with you. Now I know what has been going on up here. (*Tony is stunned; rises, protecting Marjorie.*) You take that girl out of here! This is a decent house and I'm a respectable woman.

TONY. (*Taking Marjorie, in a low, horrified tone.*) You don't know what you're saying.

SHE-BEAR. I'm saying that I won't have a lodger of mine carrying on in his rooms with a hussy.

TONY. (*Low, intense tone.*) How dare you! (*Shielding Marjorie from She-Bear.*)

SHE-BEAR. She's a hussy—that's what she is.

TONY. Stop, I say—stop!

SHE-BEAR. Where do you think you are? This ain't the Tenderloin! It's a respectable house and you'll get out of it—you and that—

TONY. Get out of my room!

SHE-BEAR. Take her where she belongs.

TONY. Get out of my room, you evil-minded beast, with your rotten respectability!

SHE-BEAR. It's my—

TONY. Don't speak—you've done your work! I'll leave this place to-night; but you—you leave now. Get out! (*Hysterically.*) Get out!

(*The She-Bear disappears. Marjorie is standing above the tea-table and the stove, her hands clasped on her breast, almost petrified. Tony is standing dazed. Sound of door closing below. He turns slowly and looks at Marjorie. They look at each other piteously, heart-broken. Their paradise has been shattered. The She-Bear's evil thought of them stands between them. It has been growing late in the afternoon. The light is going. It is now dusky outside the window. The snow is falling again.*)

With a great sigh, Tony takes Marjorie's cloak from the rail, goes to her and gently puts it about her shoulders. He goes up to the window and opens it. She

goes slowly up to him. She holds out a hand to him. He takes it, presses it warmly. She draws closer to him. It is evident that she would fall into his arms. He gently leads her to the window. He helps her upon the box and out through the window. He still has her hand, now clasped in his across the window sill. He stoops and kisses her hand, then lets it go and slowly closes the window and fastens it. He shuts window—bows his head against it.)

The last act reveals the Caner drawing-room a week later. Primrose comes to Marjorie with a message from the poet, who has left the house of the Great She-Bear and has sought quarters elsewhere. He has sent a little bunch of violets to her, bought with part of the ten dollars she has given old Primrose for him, and which the poet has accepted only after Primrose has ordered a "piece of poetry" from him. In order to rescue Primrose from the She-Bear, Marjorie gives him employment as her footman, to take charge of her puppies and kittens.

Presently the composer Sewall enters, and we learn that Quintard's libretto is practically accepted. Then the inquisitive Morris T. Caner learns of his daughter's acquaintance with this genius of the garret. He declares that the poet is after his daughter's money. "Don't be alarmed," she replies, "he may be fond of me, but when he learns that I'm your daughter I'll never see him again!"

CANER. Oh, he objects to your father—eh? Who does he think you are anyway?

MARJORIE. I told him I was the companion of your daughter. I had to. Tony doesn't want his wife to support him—he wants to support her. Oh, be a good, dear Papa and disinherit me!

CANER. What, what? Say that again!

MARJORIE. *Disinherit me!* Then I can go to Tony and tell him that I haven't a penny in the world—so—he'll just have to marry me!

CANER. You're out of your mind! So is he!

ROMNEY. You're out of your mind yourself. Take my advice—disinherit Marjorie and let her marry Quintard.

CANER. I will not disinherit her.

MARJORIE. Oh, please do.

CANER. My dear, don't refuse me the one thing I can do for you. Let me look after you—make you happy. I want to give you the biggest bank account of any girl in America.

MARJORIE. Oh, dear Pa-pa, you're going to spoil everything! Tony won't have me—rich.

CANER. What right has this young snip to let a matter of money stand between him and a girl like you? It's absurd!

ROMNEY. No! It's common sense! Marjorie's found her own romance—let her have it.

MARJORIE. Yes, Pa-pa! He's moved. (*Caner is struck speechless.*)

SEWALL. (*Referring to libretto.*) It's

a little masterpiece, I tell you, a masterpiece!

MARJORIE. Oh, Romney, he likes it, he likes it!

SEWALL. Quintard must restore the last act, as it is here, or I'll poison him!

MARJORIE. He will—he must!

ROMNEY. You'll give him the prize, then?

MARJORIE. You'll give him the ten thousand dollars?

SEWALL. I promise nothing—I know these authors.

Now no less a person than Mr. Anthony Quintard is announced to see Mr. Sewall. Romney Evans has sent for him—"and for a very good reason," he announces. Caner declares that he will see the young man—that Quintard may talk to Sewall after he is through with him. "Don't let him know that I'm Marjorie!" begs that young lady. "He thinks I'm his fairy godmother!" Presently Quintard enters. Caner meets him. "Mr. Romney Evans sent his car after me with a message that I was to come here to meet Mr. Sewall about my opera." They enter a conversation concerning the relative merits of poetry and business, Caner advising the young poet to marry into a wealthy family. "Did you?" asks the poet. The financier is insulted. "That's how I feel about it," Tony Quintard replies with a smile. Caner gives him a searching look, then impulsively thrusts out his hand exclaiming, "You'll do!" Sewall enters and the opera libretto becomes the subject of conversation. Tony is left alone waiting for "Miss Mudge."

(*Marjorie enters. Tony hears her. He turns with the music in his hand. He is fairly stunned. He has never seen her look so pretty. She pauses, a little shyly, feeling guilty at having deceived him. He starts toward her, holding out his right hand. The song is in his left hand.*)

TONY. You look like a fairy princess, not a fairy godmother!

MARJORIE. (*Shyly taking his hand.*) How are you, Mr. Cinderella Man? (*They stand there, holding each other's hand, looking at each other.*)

TONY. How pretty you are.

MARJORIE. I asked you how you were.

TONY. Oh—I—I've been most miserable; but I'm very, very happy now!

MARJORIE. About your opera?

TONY. I didn't mean that so much—tho of course, I'm happy about it. Sewall has accepted it.

MARJORIE. I knew he would.

TONY. I owe that to you!

MARJORIE. Why—why did you change it?

TONY. I was so unhappy—so fearfully unhappy after you had gone that night, the old ending didn't seem right. I rewrote it out of wretchedness!

MARJORIE. You—you missed me—a little?

TONY. (*Looking directly at her, speaking slowly, subdued.*) Oh, yes—yes—yes! I never missed anyone so much, and I didn't know how I should ever see



THE GATEWAY OF DREAMS

This is the magic window of the poet's garret through which the very youthful fairy godmother enters Tony Quintard's life—and leaves it when their dream is shattered by the Great She-Bear, who is the proverbial New York landlady of boarding-houses where poets are supposed to live.

you again. It made me desperate. You can't understand how wonderful it is to—to be able—just to look at you once more!

MARJORIE. (*With a nervous little laugh.*) I'm glad—to see—you—again!

TONY. (*After a pause, suddenly.*) Let's sit down and talk to each other. (*Marjorie hesitates.*) You're free for a few minutes, aren't you?

MARJORIE. Y—yes, but don't you think it would be—be nice—if you were to meet the Princess!

TONY. No, no, not now! Please! Please! (*Leads the way to settee below piano.*) I don't want to see anyone but just you. I've only got room for you in my thoughts—in my heart. (*Marjorie looks away from him. She is worried.*) Will you marry me?

MARJORIE. I'm not sure that you'll want to—

TONY. (*Looks at her puzzled.*) Not want to? Why, my dear little girl, I love you! It was all I could do to keep from telling you that last afternoon in the attic. But it didn't seem right then. I had nothing—(*Putting hand in his pocket and taking out some small change*) seventeen cents—no prospect—I didn't know how I could take care of you. And I've nothing yet. But it's coming—Sewall is going to give me a thousand dollars in advance. So now I feel that I can ask you—to marry me.

MARJORIE. I wish I knew what I ought to do.

TONY. (*Following her.*) It's all very simple if you love me. We could be married in the Spring and go away to the country—to a dear clean, little cottage I know of on the edge of a hill. The thousand will keep us going 'til the royalties begin to come in! We'd be happy there! What do you say, dear?

MARJORIE. Oh, it sounds heavenly to me! (*He starts toward her, she stops him with a gesture.*) I should love keeping a little home like that for you. (*He starts again toward her, she stops him.*) But I can't say "yes" until—you've asked the Princess.

TONY. (*Amazed.*) Ask the Princess?

MARJORIE. (*Sits in throne chair. Very dignified, solemnly, in what she supposes is the manner of a Princess, speaking almost tearfully.*) Please ask the Princess!

TONY. (*Staring at her, unbelievably for a moment; then subdued, but desperate.*) You—you—you are the Princess?

MARJORIE. (*Tearfully.*) Yes! Yes! I've deceived you! I'm the Princess! I'm horribly rich and my father won't disinherit me!

TONY. (*Completely overwhelmed, speechless, shocked. Looks at her with bewilderment. Then in a hurt voice.*)

You—you haven't played fair! You've been so—so kind—so generous—so adorable! I couldn't help loving you—and now I shan't be able to stop!

MARJORIE. You mustn't stop! Please go on loving me! (He backs away a little.) Listen to me, Tony dear! You're my prince—and I love you too well to spoil your dream. If you don't want my money, I'll give it away. But you must

take ME—take me away to your clean little cottage. I'll keep it for my Cinderella Man in his own way—for it's my way too!

(Tony turns away from her slowly, trying to get his bearings. He starts up stage, his hand to his head. Marjorie thinks that he is repelled, that she has lost him. She wilts in the chair, her face in her hands, broken-hearted. Tony pauses,

turns about slowly, looks at Marjorie, starts as he sees her huddled in the chair. For a moment he does not know what to do! He takes a step toward her. He sees that she is sobbing silently. He hesitates an instant; then, under the sudden impulse of his great affection for her, he goes to the chair, touches her shoulder affectionately, she rises and he takes her in his arms and kisses her.)

USING SHAKESPEARE'S TERCENTENARY TO AWAKE THE SPIRIT OF CIVIC COOPERATION

THE apparent purpose of Percy Mackaye's "community masque" for the New York Shakespeare tercentenary celebration, presented in the last part of May, is to enthrone Shakespeare as the crowning figure of the Drama of all ages. But its real object is to develop a new art of civic cooperation by this type of theatrical production. "In the world to-day," Mr. Mackaye explained during the course of the preparations for the Shakespeare masque, "we need the art of cooperation. If it were not for cooperation we would not stand where we do. Where is the art of cooperation better taught than in the art of the theater?" This point he has elaborated in the preface of the Shakespeare masque, "Caliban by the Yellow Sands" (Doubleday, Page). "I have simply sought by its structure to solve a modern (and a future) problem of the art of the theater. That problem is the new one of creating a focussed dramatic technique for the growing and groping movement vaguely called 'pageantry,' which is itself a vital sign of social evolution—the half-desire of the people not merely to remain receptive to a popular art created by specialists but to take part themselves in creating it;

the desire, that is, of democracy consistently to seek expression through a drama of and by the people, not merely for the people." In his appendix, Mr. Mackaye further explains some of the essentially new problems raised by this type of theatrical art.

"An interesting American phase of the New York production is the problem of carrying its community meaning to the still polyglot population, so that steps have been taken for the immediate translation of the Masque into Italian, German, and Yiddish.

"By referring to the chart inner structure, the reader will see that it offers a technical solution for the participation of about a dozen national and civic groups within the time limits of the festival, without disintegrating the organic unity of the plot and action of the drama, with which the actions of the various groups are fused and synthesized. This form of technique (the result of some years of thought and experiment in this field) contributes a basis for the future development of the outdoor community art of the theater, on a scale adapted to modern cities."

The production of the masque, according to the estimate of Everard Thompson, executive chairman of the tercentenary committee, given in the New York Sun, costs approximately

\$100,000. He believes that the reaction in awakening and creating a community interest in such a polyglot population as that represented in New York City will be invaluable. Mr. Thompson says:

"New York, so wonderfully progressive in many ways, is singularly lacking in community interests. Not only does its right hand know nothing of what its left is doing, but it does not care. It requires some tremendous excitement to wake up the New York public for any such matter as concert of movement. Things that would stir most other cities to their depths—public questions and crises of one kind or another—merely bore New Yorkers.

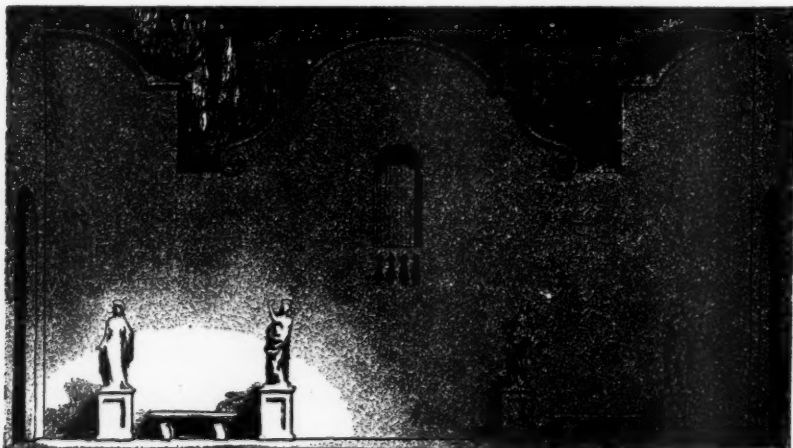
"This is not a pose, as many observers from other places believe. It is a characteristic. For purposes of the individual there is no fault to be found with the situation. But for providing the greatest good for the greatest number we may work profitably toward the creation of a different spirit. This Shakespeare masque aims not alone to be the culmination of all the tercentenary celebrations in New York but to provide an example of what can be accomplished by a concentrated appeal to the community feeling."

The development of cooperative art has been chosen by Percy Mackaye as the very theme of his masque. This theme, he explains, is that of Caliban attempting to learn the art of Prospero—"the slow education of mankind through the influence of cooperative art, that is, of the art of the theater in its full social scope."

"This theme of cooperation is expressed earliest in the Masque through the lyric of Ariel's Spirits taken from 'The Tempest'; it is sounded, with central stress, in the chorus of peace when the kings clasp hands on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and, with final emphasis, in the gathering together of the creative forces of dramatic art in the Epilog. Thus its motto is the one printed on the title page, in Shakespeare's words:

'Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.'

The masque concludes with a pageant of the theater—"my art that builds the beauty of the world," in the words of



ONE OF THE INNER SCENES

This is a preliminary sketch for the great Shakespeare masque. It was designed by Robert E. Jones and depicts the glow and gloom of the Italian night in which Romeo and Juliet declare their love.

Percy Mackaye's Prospero. This pageant is introduced by the Spirit of Time, immediately following a pageant of war, the symbol of cooperation following in the footsteps to conflict. This Spirit sings:

"So out of War up looms unconquered Art:
Blind forces rage, but masters rise to mold them.
Soldiers and kings depart;
Time's artists—still behold them!"

"As the Spirit of Time ceases to speak, the light passes to the entrances of the Greek ground-circle, where now—from either side—enters a Pageant of the great Theaters of the world—from the ancient Theater of Dionysus to the Comédie Française—in symbolic groups, with their distinctive banners and insignia. The names of these are blazoned on their group standards, and the groups themselves (like those that follow) are announced from either end of the high balcony above the inner stage by two spirit trumpeters, the one beneath a glowing disk of the sun, the other beneath a sickle moon.

"While these, below, have ranged themselves on the ground-circle and steps above—the groups of War, Lust, and Death have dwindled away in the background darkness—leaving only Prospero, Miranda, and Ariel, grouped in light at the center.

"Then on either wing of the stage, at right and left, appears luminous a colossal mask—the one of Tragedy, the other of Comedy. Through the mouths of these now come forth, in national pageant groups, the creators of the art of the theater from antiquity to the verge of the living present: the world-famed actors, dramatists, producers, musicians, directors, and inventors of its art.

"First come the great Actors, in the guise of their greatest rôles—from Thespis and Roscius of old, to Irving, Salvini, Coquelin, Booth, of modern times, the comic actors tumbling forth from the Mask of Comedy, the tragic from the Tragic Mask.

"They are followed by national groups of the great Dramatists, from Æschylus to Ibsen, who pass in review before Prospero.

"Among these, with the Elizabethan Dramatists, grouped with Marlowe, Green, Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and others, appears the modest figure of Shakespeare, at first unemphasized.

"For one moment, however, as Shakespeare himself approaches Prospero, he pauses, Prospero rises, and the two figures—strangely counterparts to their beholders—look in each other's eyes: a moment only. For Prospero, slipping off his cloak, lays it on the shoulders of Shakespeare, who sits in Prospero's place, while Prospero moves silently off with the group of Dramatists.

"Finally, when these pageants of Time have passed, and the stately Spirit of Time vanished in dark on the Yellow Sands, the only light remains on the figure of Shakespeare—and the two with him: Ariel tiptoe behind him, peering over his shoulder; Miranda beside him,



THE BLAST OF WAR

Another inner scene as suggested by Robert E. Jones is this in which King Henry the Fifth exhorts his army to fight for Britain.

leaning forward, with lips parted to speak."

Then to these, out of the dimness, comes forth Caliban. Groping, dazed, he reaches his arms toward the dark circle, where the stately Spirit has vanished. In a voice hoarse with feeling, he speaks aloud.

CALIBAN

Lady of the Yellow Sands! O Life! O Time!

Thy tempest blindeth me: Thy beauty baffleth—

A little have I crawled, a little only Out of mine ancient cave. All that I build

I botch; all that I do destroyeth my dream.

Yet—yet I yearn to build, to be thine Artist

And establish this thine Earth among the stars—

Beautiful! (Turning to the light, where the Three are grouped.)

—O bright Beings, help me still!

More visions—visions, Master! (With gesture of longing, he crouches at Shakespeare's feet, gazing up in his face, which looks on him with tenderness. With Caliban, Miranda too appeals to the Cloaked Figure.)

MIRANDA

—Master?
(To her raised eyes, he returns a pensive smile.)

SHAKESPEARE

[As Prospero]

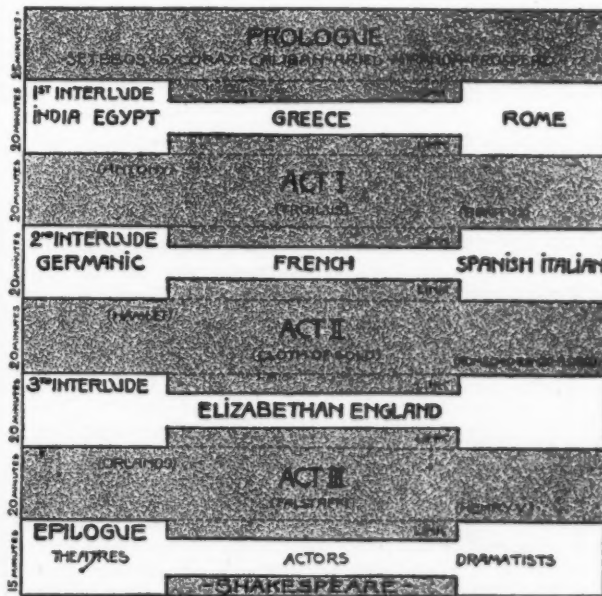
"Child, Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep." (Then, while the light focusses and fades in darkness on the pensive form of Shakespeare, the choirs of Ariel's Spirits repeat, unseen, in song:)

THE SPIRITS OF ARIEL

"We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep."



THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE MASQUE

The shaded portions, Mr. Mackaye explains, indicate the masque proper, using the services of about thirty speaking actors and 300 mute figurants, as well as invisible choirs. The white sections indicate the several interludes in which no less than 2,000 non-speaking artists take part. The interludes include visible choruses, community dances, pantomimes, and pageant movements.

RICHARD STRAUSS SHATTERS THE EMPYREAN WITH A NEW SYMPHONY

THREE conductors of leading American orchestras contended for the honor of being the first to produce Richard Strauss's "Alpensinfonie" in America. The British authorities unwittingly helped to decide the issue by intercepting some of the orchestral parts consigned to the Philharmonic Society of New York. Mr. Stransky, the Philharmonic's conductor, was thus eliminated from the race, and there ensued a wild scramble by the other two contestants for the priority stakes. Dr. Kunwald, of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, won over Leopold Stokowski, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, by the narrow margin of one day. The production took place in Cincinnati on April 27th and in Philadelphia on the following day.

This new creation of the composer of "Salome" has occasioned surprise on the part of musicians and speculation on the part of his critics. The one really remarkable fact about it is that Strauss, after having devoted the last eleven years exclusively to operatic composition, after having found that field artistically more satisfying, and—as his detractors are wont to emphasize—exceedingly lucrative, has returned to the musical form in which he was supposed to have his last word with the "Domestic Symphony."

It must be admitted that he has succeeded once more in stirring the musical world into a ferment of excitement. Criticism, discussion, polemics, and rank personal disputes have crowded the musical columns of the German press. Perhaps the news that "for the first time in the history of musical Berlin, the first performance of a Strauss work earned the stormy applause of the 'people,'" is more significant than all the professional criticism.

We find the usual charge of charlatanism made against an artist who sets no limits to his demands upon material resources. A man who requires such extraordinary means to express himself is suspected of having nothing worthy to express. Strauss's demands upon the orchestral apparatus are indeed enormous. We read in the *Neue Musikzeitung* (Stuttgart) that the score of "Eine Alpensinfonie" calls for all the usual instruments in maximum numbers and most of the unusual ones besides. They include no less than twelve horns (twenty in the Berlin performance), a heckelphone, baritone oboe, an E-flat, a C and three B-flat clarinets, four bassoons and a contrabassoon, two harps ("to be doubled if possible"), an organ, a wind machine, a thunder machine, a celesta and twice the usual number of "percussions," in-

cluding cow-bells and other outlandish noise-makers! In all, a minimum of 117 players is required, which number would presumably be increased in the case of normally large orchestras. "Only a Richard Strauss among contemporary musicians," Arthur Neisser remarks in the journal just cited, "is able to command such a gigantic apparatus and to fill it completely with music."

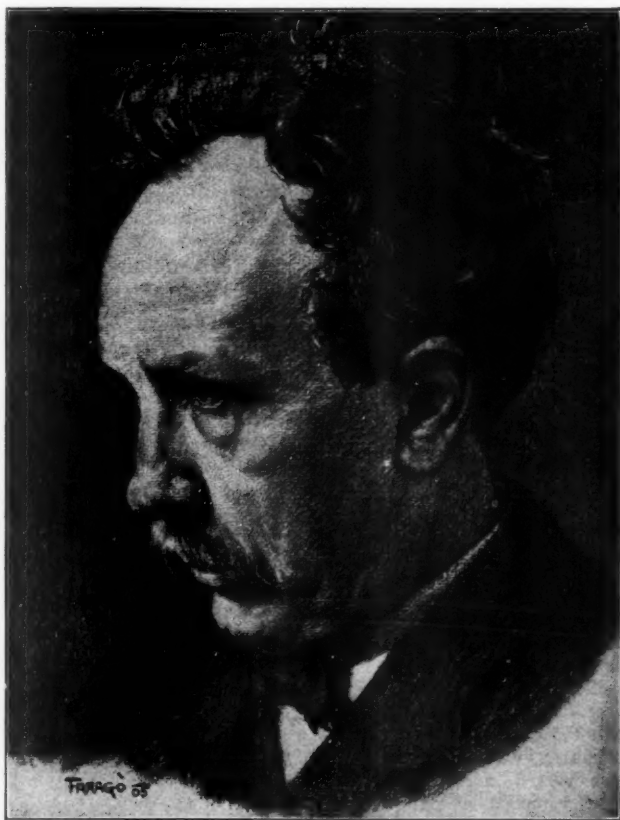
No one, in fact, denies Strauss's ability to handle these resources with consummate skill. His "mastery of orchestration," his ability to build up magnificent sonorities, to paint in glowing, dazzling colors, is acknowledged in all the reviews. But his power to fill this frame "completely with music" is questioned in many places. "He weaves a frock glittering with many colors," says August Spanuth in the *Signale*, "and the public delights in it like children. It is a triumph of nervous excitement, and its only, tho not altogether adequate, excuse is that Strauss is a master magician in the weaving of such raiments, a magician such as music has hardly ever known before." This critic questions whether a desirable development of musical art is possible in the direction which Strauss has pursued with such assiduity and such pomp; "whether this conception of music as a series of nerve excitations, this radical externalization of musical effect, is to be regarded as music at all." This question is answered most emphatically in the affirmative by the chorus of Strauss champions. Says Paul Schwerts in the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*:

"Strauss is a great painter in tones; who would argue that point? But perhaps never before has he joined to his virtuosity in the use of color such superior artistry, such economy and such a high sense

of beauty. Strauss has created in his *Alpensinfonie* a masterly piece of program music, and, be it said, program music of rather an old style. He has given us a 'Pastoral' [alluding to Beethoven's Sixth] translated into Alpine terms."

This same writer points out that, if the work is not epoch-making, it is thoroughly mature, free from all the "queerness," extravagances and esthetic errors of the composer's earlier works. His extreme richness of texture, his puzzled polyphonic complications have given way to greater clarity and purity of style. Even more than in "Rosenkavalier" and "Ariadne," we are informed, does Strauss here incline to simplicity of expression.

The most serious charge against this new work seems to be its poverty in original thematic material, its lack of the real essence of music. Spanuth accuses Strauss of "borrowing" from Bruch and Mendelssohn (of all composers the most bourgeois!) and facetiously suggests that his "stretching" of scant melodic substance may be designed to show a certain sympathy with the general trend of war-time economy! We get a more definite notion of the character of the composition



HE RETURNS TO THE SYMPHONY

After devoting eleven years to the operatic form of composition, Richard Strauss again startles his critics by returning to the field he left after composing his famous "Domestic Symphony."

from Paul Schwerts' review in the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*. After telling us that "it was Strauss's object to show us the mountains as a joyful wanderer who, in a care-free mood, absorbs the beauties about him and does not allow his contemplative Wanderlust to be disturbed even by the elemental powers of nature," he continues:

"A more serious mood is reflected in the sombre night-sounds of the introduction. . . . Especially beautiful are the wonderful poetry of the 'Ramble in the Hochwald,' the 'Dangerous Moments' before attaining the summit, the strong emotional utterances during the 'Rest on the Summit' itself, and, above all, the thrilling description of nature during the 'Quiet before the Storm.' Pictures of glowing color are reflected in the 'Sunrise,' and in the 'Scene at the Waterfall,' sketched with fascinating mastery. The description of the 'Thunderstorm' has gripping power, and the 'Ascent over Meadows and Pastures' awakens joyful

emotions. Biting dissonances and bold intervals in the trumpets characterize the dangers of the glacier region, and a movement of great tenderness and broad melodic contour, reminiscent of the final section of 'Heldenleben,' is joined to a 'Descent' accomplished through wind and rain, followed by a 'Sunset' that glorifies the scene. The tender peacefulness of night sinks down upon the tired wanderer, as softly trembling dissonances of the strings lead to the B-minor triad which ends the work as it began."

The Cincinnati critic, of *Musical America* thus sums up his impressions of the new Strauss symphony as performed by the orchestra of his own city:

"Strauss is no mere painter of objective musical pictures, but rather a prophet announcing a confession of faith in his delineation of two contrasted moods, the one embodied in rich and radiantly lovely melodies supported by ravishingly beautiful harmonies and the other, symbolized

by the storm, a passage full of crashing dissonance, typifying upheavals, the strife and terror of spiritual as well as of elemental forces.

"The first is developed at length through various phases so compelling in their beauty that the mind of the listener quite disregards the indicated scheme and is lost in wonder at this rich and varied musical expression. Here is the Strauss of the glowing inspiration of the tone poems and of the earlier songs pouring out a mood of spiritual beauty and exalted faith.

"Imperceptibly this mood gives place to that indicated in the mighty climaxes of the storm. Not only is every instrument—one hundred and thirty-five in all—called upon to contribute its utmost of power, but various news groups are added to this stupendous outburst of sound so suggestive of some inner cosmic upheaval. This, shattering as it is, gives place once more to the seraphic beauty of the former mood with all its spiritual exaltation. The work closes in a mood of serene tranquillity and of elevation."

LORD DUNSANY, ON THE EAST SIDE, TEACHES BROADWAY HOW TO THRILL

NOT a few of the most significant events in the American theater occur far from that beaten track of professional theaterdom, Broadway. The furthest point east in New York's theatrical map is the Neighborhood Playhouse, conducted in the heart of the lower East Side in conjunction with the Henry Street Settlement. Each season some significant dramatic event, presented by "amateurs," is here produced, to stimulate interest in the true art of the theater, to keep alive in the heart of the seasoned playgoer a thoro discontent for those plays which the Broadway managers assert are "what the public wants." Recently, for the first time on any stage, the Neighborhood players presented a new and unpublished play in one act by the Irish dramatist Lord Dunsany, entitled, "A Night at an Inn." Here was an event, the critic of the *New York Times* points out, of great importance in the modern drama. "It deepens our wonder," he writes, "as to when funny old Broadway will arrange a hearing in one of its own halls for a playwright of such extraordinary beauty and power." Dunsany daringly ventures into dramatic regions where far more famous playwrights have feared to tread—into the supernatural—with a success, according to this critic, "that sends shivers up and down your susceptible spine." The first audience was "half hysterical with excitement," for the play is "stirring beyond belief."

The theme recalls Wilkie Collins's "The Moonstone," or some of the sto-

ries of A. Conan Doyle, such as "The Mystery of Cloomber." But it is not merely exciting. It leaves a "resident impression of a hideous impiety inexorably avenged." The *Times* critic recounts the plot:

"The curtain rises on a lonely inn where three sailors are sitting cheerless because the girls and the 'alls are far away, and they do not see why the Toff, to whom they have helplessly intrusted their adventure, has brought them so far from all human habitation, rented this pub outright, and waited with them three long days for something to happen. You learn from their talk that they are three of five who had stolen from the forehead of a strange, jade god in far-off India the greatest ruby in the world. Then they had fled overseas to escape the relentless vengeance of the three brown priests. The priests had done for poor old Jim in Malta, and had caught George in Bombay, knowing by some divination of their own that each in turn had had the ruby. Now the three survivors have nervously given the deadly jewel to the Toff, a dilapidated English gentleman who had played cards a thought too successfully and so has to move haughtily among lesser breeds without the law. They have left their cause to his wiser head, and the suspense grows as you see he has come to this desolate spot to lure the three priests to destruction.

"The play grows creepy when they find that the priests have actually covered the eighty miles and are now out on the moor, biding their time. One by one, the sailors saunter past the casement window as if on their way out and then return crawling on their bellies, knife in hand. The Toff sits with his back to the door, reading a sporting print. He is the bait and the whole place is silent as a tomb

when the door opens and the first brown arm is thrust in and the first priest creeps toward the seemingly unconscious holder of the ruby. One by one the three priests come and one by one the sailors stab them to death."

Then there is loud rejoicing and drinking, this scene recalling the elemental animal brutality and simplicity of the tale of the three roysterers recounted by Chaucer and others. There are toasts to that clever, deep, deep Toff who had "foreseen everything." In the candle-light the impious criminal quartet play with the ruby. Little Sniggers finally goes out to fetch some water. He comes back breathless and inarticulate with fright.

"But they read their doom in his white face. They shrink into the corners at the sound of stony footfalls, at the sight of the horrible, grotesque jade god walking across the moor. They cower as he gropes his way to the table, puts the ruby in his forehead and walks out into the twilight. Then, from without, in outlandish accents, their names are called.

"Meestaire William Jones, able seaman."

"And Bill, helpless, his eyes big with fear, backs slowly out. He disappears. The others cannot lift a hand to stay him, cannot help themselves when their turns come. The last to go is the Toff who was so deep and had foreseen everything.

"I had not foreseen this," he whispers as the irresistible force draws him out on to the moor and the curtain falls on the inn, deserted save for the white-clad bodies of the three brown priests."

Dunsany's peculiar mastery of the drama, we read further, is demonstrated especially by his power to thrill his audiences.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

INFLUENCE OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF IN THE ATTAINMENT OF HEALTH

WHILE every physician knows that the mental attitude of a patient is a most important factor in treating a case, there seems reason to infer that the meaning of this great truth is imperfectly appreciated by the laity. That is the impression of the distinguished Doctor John D. Quackenbos, whose latest inquiry into the sub-conscious is based upon twelve thousand experiences in his own practice.* Belief in convalescence and a return to health is often tantamount to a recovery, he declares. The doctor who knows, or perhaps one should say who understands, how to instil hope and courage effects a rupture of the vicious circle wherein worry and fear or other perverted and depressing mental action perpetuates intestinal disturbances with their "stases"—putrefaction flora and bacterial poisons. Distorted mental action is the immediate cause of loss of tone, which, with the mental habit, becomes chronic. Thus the condition known as invalidism results. The purely imaginative factors produce a condition very real to the victim. He may be told this again and again without understanding at all the bearing upon his own "case" of the explanation he has received. He does not grasp the truth, that is, regarding health and longevity. They are the gift of the subliminal self. Worry, distrust, depression, nursed grudges, make ready a soil perfectly adapted to the development of the disease germs:

"More than this, men have actually died, where there was neither soil nor bacillus, of the symptoms of diseases suggested to them by their own imaginations. Irrefutable records of such cases exist in medical annals, and physicians deal daily with the fancy-sick. In epidemics, those who fearlessly administer to the stricken with the courage of their conviction of immunity are far more likely to escape than nurses and orderlies who are disqualified by dread, but who, from a sense of duty, stand by their colors. Ailments once regarded as non-contagious have become contagious because of an evolved belief that they are so. And such beliefs affect the community subconsciously, underlying prevailing conditions more deeply than we can estimate. On this very principle, Cato the Censor exclaimed against

the introduction of Greek physicians into Rome. The Romans, who had been a hardy people for centuries, living in blissful ignorance of disease, developed a susceptibility to many maladies as soon as informed of their existence by the Attic practitioners."

Thus it happens that in our own day we must go back to the psychic for the causes of disorders. A sub-conscious attitude or belief which expresses itself in a gloomy view, without organic basis, may establish its subject in a long career of unnecessary suffering. An "impositive" nebular mood develops through a succession of failures and disappointments in the search after health into a positive and permanent morbid mental state.

Such is the history of many a case of psychasthenia coupled with neurasthenic disability. A vicious tangle is in evidence from which the sufferer finds it difficult to disengage himself. His whole sensorium accepts a condition of weakness and irritability. Every nerve fiber in his body is looking for insult and takes umbrage at the most trivial affront. A walk a little too long, the visit of a friend, a misinterpreted remark, a slight cold, a paltry indiscretion in diet—anything and everything plunges the unstable patient into veritable misery—and all because of the mental mirage in which experiences are distorted or grotesquely exaggerated. Mole-hills are mountains just because a fagged brain construes them as such. They are mountains all the same, even if they are imagined. That is, they crush out with their supposititious weight all capacity for health and happiness. A habit grows up of purposeless introspection, of constantly expecting the payment of a penalty for ordinary expressions of function. This mental attitude may be unconscious but oftener it is realized objectively and voluntarily indulged.

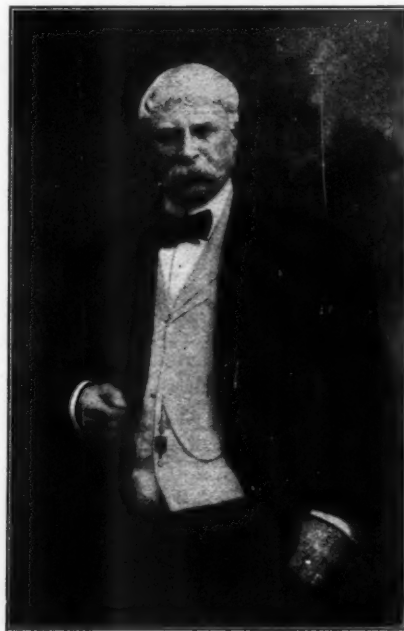
"Inability to digest a certain article of wholesome food is due to the fact that somewhere in the mind exists the belief that one cannot digest it. As a consequence, fermentation takes place, the stomach is distended with gas, and unfriendly bacteria thrive in the intestinal canal, converting the food eaten without faith into poison.

"To quote Professor Sadler, in 'The Psychology of Faith and Fear': 'Thousands of suffering souls are held to-day

by the chains of imaginary bondage. They have no real physical disease. Their ailment is in reality a spiritual infirmity. They might go free at any time, but they do not know it; they will not believe it. These prisoners of despair are held securely in their prison-house of doubt by force of habit.'

"And the so-called Rest Cure is one of the worst methods ever devised for the management of such cases. The patient is permitted to do nothing but stay in bed and think the thoughts that perpetuate his misery, lying there in a state of utter inability to burn up the food with which he is stuffed and which festers into toxic substances through impairment of the metabolic functions."

What are the several steps in the involuntary process? As set forth by Professor Quackenbos, they begin with the assumption of worry, distrust, fear, chronic anxiety, anger, hate, jealousy or any other low psychic process—all recognized factors in the causation of arteriosclerosis. Then occurs the waste of nerve substance and interference with secretory balance, all the secretions being regulated by psychic stimuli. Third in the vicious circle is the preparation of a rich soil for microbian growth. Op-



THE RESTORER OF THE SUBLIMINAL

Dr. John D. Quackenbos has experimented with thousands of cases of ill health to test a theory that disease is a manifestation of psychic disturbance primarily, affecting the body secondarily.

* BODY AND SPIRIT. An inquiry into the sub-conscious. By John D. Quackenbos. Harpers.

portunity is thus afforded, taken advantage of, by pathogenic bacteria to multiply and produce devastating toxins. The reaction of these toxins on more or less defenseless cells cripples resistance and strengthens a depraved mental or emotional state.

This is the mischievous circle the sufferer must disrupt. It is indeed fortunate that any condition having a mental origin can be removed by mental methods and that mind control is the best aid to physical repair. The steps in the reverse or revolutionary process follow:

"1. The substitution, for the depressing passions, of hope, courage, optimistic outlook, determination to get well, assurance of cure, and joyous anticipation for the future. All these are stimulating and involve slight consumption of brain matter—an attitude that occasional breakdowns will not materially affect.

"2. A progressive change in the behavior of the secretory nerve currents and a re-establishment of mutually modifying interaction among the ductless glands, together with a corresponding loss in pernicious soils of elements necessary to the life of health-destroying bacteria.

"3. The complete extermination of such micro-organisms and their replacement by bacilli that make for vigor in all the procedures of healthy animal life."

Many patients are able to make the

required change in their mental "motions" and so work out a recovery. Too many have no potentiality in this direction at first. They must acquire power to help themselves through appeal to the super-conscious. They must get rid of the misery habit. Suggestion suffices if properly given. Suggestion throws into gear energies of imagination, of will, and of mental influence over physiological processes that usually lie dormant. It is in short "dynamogenic."

"Such is the trend of belief among medical men, who are inquiring how much the super-conscious personality can be inspired to do for the well-being of its psychic copartner and the body it animates in the line of preserving and restoring health. . . .

"Naturally all this is contingent upon a normally lived youth and middle age. It is well known to physicians that a common victim of nephritis, for instance, is the man apparently robust who labors all day long in the sedentary employments of an office life, lays a heavy strain on his liver and kidneys by overloading his stomach three times a day, takes little exercise, and so fails to dispose of an abnormal quantity of waste. Big eaters age early. Those who love the tooth dig their graves with that tooth. Through the immediate action on the vascular system of irritant poisons formed in the intestines, overeating creates hyperten-

sion, and this is the unambiguous cause of arterial hardening which may reach a climax in apoplexy, or by overtaxing the heart induce cardiac or renal disease. . . .

"There is no reason why men should retire at fifty-seven or fifty-eight, and die of rust in the sixties. They should be as intellectually active and as physically handsome at eighty as at thirty, and vastly more capable. Those who know and practise the true principles of living are so to-day. The acceptance for generations of the limit of human life prescribed in Psalms xc—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten"—has begotten in the human mind a massive conviction, subtly radiated throughout the habitable globe, that life is naturally bounded by this age. For three thousand years men have been taught to expect death at seventy to seventy-five, and therefore they die at this time. But many have awakened to a new understanding that it is not necessary to stop at the old arbitrary limit. Not a few are professionally active in the nineties, and it is confidently believed that the century mark will be attained in the future by the mass of persons who take proper care of themselves.

"It is reported that in Bulgaria, where careful observations have been made, there are more than five thousand centenarians whose ripe years are justly attributed to the milk products that constitute the national menu, and to the life simple which the people lead in the open air, together with its freedom from worry."

APPLICATION OF POLARIZED LIGHT TO ENGINEERING PROBLEMS

ONE of the fundamental questions which arises in the majority of engineering problems is the design of a structure or machine which will carry out some predetermined work in an efficient and economical manner. The machines and structure which an engineer has to construct are almost infinite in variety. Each one usually presents a new and difficult problem, especially as regards the stresses which may be imposed upon its parts, and the way in which these stresses are distributed. It is a common experience among engineers, says Professor E. G. Coker, to find themselves confronted with a stress problem in their designs which presents almost insoluble difficulties. It often defies mathematical processes and is beyond the scope of any previous physical investigation. Yet it must be solved, if only approximately.

Engineers, says Professor Coker, have not always made the fullest use of the discoveries of pure science in their practice. Thus it seems amazing that a discovery made by Sir David Brewster a hundred years ago that transparent materials, when stressed, become double refractive should not

have been put to practical use. Its value was at once obvious to the discoverer, who pointed out that the stresses in the arched rings of bridges could be rendered visible in a glass model by aid of the double refractive effect produced by a beam of polarized light. Professor Coker says further in *London Nature*:

"Here and there one finds accounts of applications of this property for engineering work, but usually with little success, mainly owing, no doubt, to the difficulties experienced in shaping glass models to the required form; but when these are overcome the value of the information gained is very great, as, for instance, in the recent valuable investigations of the stresses made upon a glass model of a reinforced concrete arch by M. Mesnager, of Paris, who used the results so obtained for the design of an arch of about 310 ft. span, with a most gratifying agreement between the stresses in the actual bridge and its model. The expense and difficulty of constructing glass models are a bar to their general use, and other transparent materials are now available which offer many advantages, in that they are strongly doubly refracting under stress, are easily fashioned with engineering tools, and are not readily broken or damaged, while the cost is insignificant."

A rough model of an arch ring made of xylene will, when loads are applied, glow with color in the polariscope. Thus a picture of the state of internal stress is obtained which can be interpreted readily. We can, then, estimate simple stresses by the colors observed.

"If, for example, we take a strip of transparent material, and arrange the optical apparatus so that when the strip is unloaded no light is transmitted, the effect of a modern tension causes the specimen to appear a grayish-white, and, as the stress increases, the color changes by insensible gradations to a lemon-yellow, then to a reddish-purple, and, with a very little increase of stress, to a well-defined blue. With a further increase of stress, the scale of colors is approximately repeated for twice the intensity of stress, and the relation of color to stress can be easily determined.

"For simple tension and compression, therefore, the stress intensity may be inferred by observing the color bands, bearing in mind that both tension and compression produce similar effects, if changes in the thickness of the material are allowed for. Thus, if we take the case of a transparent beam subjected to a uniform bending moment, a system of color bands is obtained."

THE MYSTERY OF THE PASSAGE OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH METALS

ONE of the most striking of the properties possessed by metals, noted the renowned physicist, Sir J. J. Thomson, recently, was their power of conducting large currents of electricity. To this property much of their industrial importance is due. Without this conductivity we should have to revolutionize methods of lighting, communication, and transport. It was not, however, to quote further the version of the great scientist's words in *London Engineering*, to the industrial aspect of conductivity that he wished on this occasion to draw attention, but he proposed rather to consider certain suggestions that had been advanced as to the manner in which currents of electricity were conducted, and to consider how the results would affect our views as to the structure of metals. It was, he said, somewhat remarkable that altho the currents passing through metals day by day and week by week were enormously greater than currents through gases and liquids, yet our knowledge of the manner in which electricity got through gases and liquids was very much more definite, and rested on a much surer foundation. It was somewhat interesting to note that the views now held as to the way in which metals conducted electricity were derived from the study of gases, and not of liquids, although in their physical properties liquids were the more closely connected with metals. In spite of this, the fact remained that it was in the study of conduction in gases that the views now held as to metallic conductivity originated.

"A subject of such vast importance was naturally a matter of speculation from early times. All the theories then advanced, however, met with one insuperable difficulty. In all it was assumed that the electricity was carried by matter. Hence, if electricity passed through a metal, the atoms of the latter should also move, and thus on these old theories the transport of electricity ought to have been accompanied by, at any rate, some transport of atoms. Experiments made to get evidence of this were of two kinds. In the first place very large currents were passed, for a very long time, through alloys. The alloy was then analyzed, samples being taken both from the end at which the current went in and from that at which it came out. If the transport had been effected by atoms, the passage of the current should have resulted in a difference in the constitution of the two ends. Actually, however, not the slightest evidence of this was perceptible, the current having left the alloy entirely unaffected. In another experiment plates of lead and gold were pressed together, and a large current passed from the gold to the lead for a very long time. The metals were

then examined to see if there had been any undue penetration of the one metal by the other. Not a trace of this was to be found, altho the current across the junction had been continued long enough to deposit electrolytically more than the whole weight of the metals used.

"In short, no progress was made toward a satisfactory theory of conduction in metals until it was discovered that other bodies besides atoms and molecules could act as carriers of electricity. These bodies, known as corpuscles or electrons, were extremely small in comparison with atoms. The electricity they carried was always negative, and the bodies themselves were the same from whatever substance they might be derived. On the discovery of these electrons metallic conductivity took on a new aspect. It was seen at once that if these bodies acted as carriers, the transport of electricity would not necessarily imply a simultaneous transport of the atoms of the metal, and hence the theory of conductivity entered on a much more promising phase."

Very soon a theory was started that the electricity was carried through the metal by a large quantity of electrons contained in the metal, which, under the influence of the applied electromotive force, drifted through the metal and thus produced a current. The hypothesis involved the presence in the metal of large quantities of electrons. Moreover, if the metal with its charge of electrons were neutral as a whole, the atoms must be positively electrified, the positive electrification being proportional to the number of the electrons. For example, if there were seven or eight times as many electrons as atoms, each atom would have to carry seven or eight positive charges. It was known, however, that the atoms could not carry these very large charges. It was true that there was a great number of electrons at the center of the atom, but these were too firmly fixed to be liberated by the forces ordinarily involved in metallic conduction.

The idea that the metal was filled with electrons appeared at first very promising, explaining many known effects. Among these might be cited the close connection between the conductivity of a metal for electricity and its conductivity for heat. It was generally known that a good conductor of the one was also a good conductor of the other, but few realized that at ordinary temperatures the one was very accurately proportional to the other.

"At first the theory seemed to be very satisfactory all round; in short, a most promising child, in which, indeed, this scientist had taken a special interest, as he believed he was the first to suggest that all currents were carried by electrons. On further growth, however, this infant

developed some most undesirable characteristics, turning out a veritable cuckoo; since, when the properties needed for its own accommodation were satisfied, all the other properties of the metal had to go overboard. This became apparent when an actual calculation was made of the number of electrons required to explain the conductivity of such a metal as silver. On the theory it would be seen that the conductivity of a metal would depend upon the number of electrons in unit volume, and also on the speed with which they moved under unit force. Measurements of the conductivity gave the value of this product, and that of the separate factors could be estimated by other methods, one direct and the other indirect. The first was based on the fact that the speed with which the electrons moved through the metal would depend upon the resistance they experienced when they met with or passed through an atom. These acted, in short, as centers of disturbance, in crossing which the path of an electron was deflected. Its effective speed would depend, therefore, on the number of collisions made and on the nature of the forces exerted during these collisions.

"One case of electrical conduction was known in which it could be shown that practically the whole of the current was carried by electrons. This was the case in flames at a temperature of about 2,000 deg. Cent. The speed of the electrons, it was true, was not known exactly, but a superior limit could be fixed with certainty. The result showed that along a gradient of 1 volt per centimeter the speed did not exceed 10,000 centimeters per second. It might be considerably less, but it could not be apparently greater. In this case the number of collisions between atoms and electrons was known, and on the supposition that collisions between the electrons and the atoms of metals corresponded to the collisions between electrons and the molecules of a gas, then the speed in the metal would be inversely proportional to the collisions made, and one could pass from the flame to the metal by comparing the density of the atoms in the two conditions."

To his own mind metals did not contain enough electrons to explain their conductivity. He did not say that they did not contain some electrons; in fact, a Coolidge tube had been giving them out for a year, and he did not deny that they played some part in metallic conduction, but he was convinced that they had little to do with the conductivity of such metals as silver, copper, and other 'good conductors.

Another argument against the theory was afforded by the remarkable experiments of Kamerlingh Onnes on the connection between the resistance of a metal and its absolute temperature. In this connection he would consider solely the case of pure metals, since the theory of conduction of mix-

tures was entirely different. Roughly speaking, the resistance of a pure metal was proportional to its absolute temperature, and any theory of metallic conduction should bring out this result at once. As a matter of fact, it was difficult to reconcile the free electron theory with the relation between temperature and resistance.

"It was clear from these results that metals could be got into a state in which their electrical properties differed entirely from what they were at ordinary temperatures. In fact, these properties appeared to depend upon a certain critical temperature, on passing through which the electrical properties underwent changes quite as marked as their elastic properties did when melted.

"The free-electron theory of conduction did not seem to afford any suggestion of an explanation of this. A physicist sought,

therefore, to bring forward another theory, of which this critical change of properties would be one of the most obvious consequences, and which led at once to the law that at ordinary temperatures the conductivity was nearly proportional to the absolute temperature.

"In some respect the theory was an old one, having in its essential features been brought forward by J. J. Thomson thirty years ago. It was then, however, upset by the fact that the electron was unknown as a carrier of electricity, and the suggestion had to be dropped.

"The easiest way to present it was, perhaps, to call attention to certain analogies it had with the molecular theory of magnetization. On this view a bar of iron consisted of a great number of little magnets, which in the ordinary state of the bar lay all higgledy-piggledy, and had no resultant effect. When a magnetizing force was introduced these little magnets were pulled more or less into line,

and some sort of order being thus introduced, the iron became a magnet. An essential point was, Why did they not all come into this line? The answer was, They tried to do so, but in consequence of their thermal agitations knocked each other out as fast as the magnetizing force pulled them in. Hence, the net result was a differential one; only a fraction came into line, this fraction being smaller the higher the temperature. In particular cases this fraction could be calculated, and it was found to diminish rapidly as the temperature rose. Taking this as an analogy, suppose that all bodies were built up of 'dipoles' analogous to the elementary magnets of the iron bar. Each bipole consisted of a positive and a negative charge separated by a small distance. Such a collection of bipoles would tend, under the action of an electric force, to point all in the same direction, producing a state analogous to the magnetization of iron."

PSYCHOLOGICAL FOUNDATION OF THE MOST BAFFLING OF MODERN MIRACLES

THAT modern wonder-worker, "Mr. Jacob," of Simla, did many astounding things, observes Reginald Span in *Chambers's*, but the feat of his that drew most attention was walking on the water. There was a wide, deep pond in his grounds, on the surface of which Jacob often walked. Crowds of people came to see him do it. They longed to find out how the trick was done. They were completely baffled in their schemes to "expose" a deed accomplished in the presence of hundreds.

This Mr. Jacob of Simla was none other than the original of Marion Crawford's tale of "Mr Isaacs," altho few readers have suspected that the tale had an origin more wonderful than the tale itself. Everybody of any note in India knew Mr. Jacob. His bungalow at Simla became the rendezvous of distinguished men. He remains a human mystery and was, in the zenith of his power, the wonder of India. No one has solved as yet the riddle of his personality, or explained the miracles he wrought, the conversions of water into wine, feeding the hungry with fruit miraculously grown in a few minutes out of barren staffs, and the like. He was born in Constantinople in the humblest circumstances and his youth was passed in abject poverty. He emigrated to India and slowly rose to business importance, attracting general attention by his piety. He became known finally as one who "did tricks." The strangest of these was the anticipation of moving pictures:

"A séance was held at which six of the stoutest sceptics in Simla attended. They were all army officers, and each had seen

active service in India. Mr. Jacob had put up with the ridicule of these men for a long time, and he was determined to show them that there was something in his powers besides vulgar pretension. He asked one of the officers to give him an account of any battle in which he had taken part. The officer did as requested, and Jacob then said, 'Look at the wall and you will see the battle again.' All turned their eyes to the spot indicated, and there they saw a living, moving representation of the battle, not unlike a bioscope film. Everything was vividly depicted to the smallest detail; and there, leading a charge, was the face and form of the man who had just related the incident, looking as real as life. The officers were astounded, and evidently believed that their eyes had been bewitched. Another officer mentioned an affair he had been engaged in, but omitted to say anything about his own actions in the battle, where he had distinguished himself by great bravery. His heroism was, however, shown in the picture which followed, and it was known to be quite correct, tho Jacob himself was unaware of the part the officer had played in the fight. The officers confessed that they were completely mystified, and became convinced of the genuineness of Jacob's uncanny powers from that evening."

There is, however, a state of mind, observes the London *Lancet*, in its recent analysis of such "uncanny" conditions, which sometimes comes about "in pure sobriety," wherein ideas flow readily, resolutions are quickly reached, speech finds its correct expression and the physical well-being makes itself unusually obvious—a state of mind which much resembles that temporary exaltation achieved through the moderate use of alcohol. It is in such a state that truths dawn suddenly, as well as clearly, upon the unclouded intelligence. It

is in such a state that mighty actions are conceived, poems born at a stroke and mankind enlightened through the enlightenment of the individual:

"Because such a state is in rare individuals produced by moderate libations we have the saying 'in vino veritas,' but this clarity of the mental atmosphere can be and should be obtained without drinking. It often is. This happy result comes about through what is sometimes known as the 'brown study.' In this state of mind there is such a concentration of mental energy that the body is ignored. The mind, on the other hand, is so working upon the subject which concerns it, is so intent upon its own affairs, that the external world is obliterated and any bodily discomfort that may have been preexisting is now negligible and unnoticed. In the mental ardor of composition, be it literary, pictorial, musical, the creator is relieved from all bodily woes. Thomas Hood forgets his lungs and Richard Wagner his poverty. Over and over again in the history of men who have created things we find evidence of this glorious preeminence of mental activity over all the detractions of poor surroundings or bodily ill health. While they are in a 'brown study' nothing can hurt them. A similar exaltation is that which accompanies the mental concentrations of the Indian Mahatmas. It is well known that these men can for long periods ignore even the usually necessary means of bodily subsistence, and it is claimed that in this state of spiritual exaltation powers of insight and of divination become possible to them that to the ordinary man may well seem to partake of the miraculous."

The relationship established between these so-called states of consciousness and the power to work what modern men call miracles is in a sense the foundation of the new psychology.

THE PREVALENT MISCONCEPTION ON THE SUBJECT OF HOW TO SHOOT

INSTRUCTION in pistol shooting is conducted on entirely wrong lines, declares Walter Winans, just as rifle shooting was, he thinks, until lately. The idea was in both cases to train the pupil so as to enable him to hit a minute bull's-eye (the smaller it was the better shot the man was considered who could hit it) no matter how long a time he took over his aim. If he was not satisfied with his aim he was allowed to lower his weapon as often as he liked without discharging it and to take a fresh aim. The bull's-eye was made an intense black on a pure white background, so as to enable him to see his sights very distinctly on his bull's-eye. The distance he stood from the bull's-eye was also carefully measured to enable him to regulate his sights accordingly. In fact, the whole object of shooting was to make bull's-eyes, and, so to speak, a man could spend a whole day in firing one shot. This system of shooting has now been abandoned in rifle shooting in the British army. Men are trained to shoot rapidly at moving and disappearing objects of an indistinct color and without any bull's-eye painted on them. In pistol shooting, unfortunately, the old instruction continues. The whole object is to make the highest possible score. The man who can make "possibles" by deliberate shooting at a two-inch bull's-eye at twenty yards gets the praise and the prizes. But the man who can hit an object six inches in diameter at the same distance in a fraction of a second is thought nothing of. This, Walter Winans points out, in *The Saturday Review* (London), is preposterous:

"Highest possibles" made by deliberate

shooting have been made time out of number, and can be made by any decent pistol-shot, provided he has an accurate pistol and chooses to train for that sort of shooting. It is not practical pistol-shooting, however, but merely target-shooting with the pistol, and a man who, with slow, deliberate aim, could make 'possibles' at a stationary target would be helpless against an adversary who shoots instantly, without dwelling on his aim, even if the latter cannot hit an object smaller than a foot square at 20 yards.

"The man who can get the hit in first is master of the situation.

"Of what use to a man is the ability to hit a sixpence at 20 yards if he takes so long over it that his adversary can put three bullets into his chest before he can press his trigger?

"The learner should begin with the duelling single-shot pistol, it being better balanced and easier to shoot with than a revolver or automatic pistol (besides being less dangerous for a novice to handle). The beginner should put up a sheet of brown paper, without any bull's-eye on it, about 10 yards distant. The paper should be large enough to be easily hit by a novice, say a foot or about 18 inches square.

"Try to hit the center of this sheet of paper by raising the pistol and firing, with straight arm, the moment it gets horizontal.

"Raise and fire as you would with a shotgun, not dwelling on the aim, nor hunting for the object with your front sight. Keep the head up, and let the sights come up in line with your eye and the sheet of paper.

"In shooting with a bent arm this cannot be done, and the sights have to be searched for.

"The nearer you shoot like 'plating' a shotgun the nearer the ideal way of shooting a pistol. With practice you will bring up the pistol and discharge it in one continuous movement, and the bullet will

land close to the center of the sheet of paper.

"As you increase in skill, you can put the paper farther off, up to 20 yards or even 30, but do not try to hit objects smaller than a foot square at 30 yards, and in proportion for the nearer distances; as soon as you try to be very accurate on small objects you will spoil your shooting, as you will get into deliberate aiming and target-shooting. Do not raise the pistol above and then lower it to the object, as target-shots do—it is waste of time, and speed is everything in pistol-shooting. The quickest shot is the best



HANDLING THE WEAPON

These photographs on the subject of pistol practice were taken by Brown Brothers, New York, through the courtesy of Police Commissioner Arthur Woods.

shot, as long as it hits the size of a man's shirt front."

The front sight should be a large shotgun silver bead and the hind sight a low open "V." The reason black barley corn front sights are put on pistols is because they are discharged at white targets with black bull's-eyes. The aim is taken at the bottom edge of the black bull's-eye, so that the black front sight shows clearly against the white target. A black front sight is very indistinct against natural objects, but the silver bead is instantly seen. Pistols are sold with much too small front sights and too heavy a trigger pull. Have the pull as light as the pistol and your "touch" will stand. Just as a man has "hands" on a horse, he can have "hands" on a pistol, and a pistol which will respond to every touch of a man with a light hand will go off by accident with a heavy-handed man. The trigger pull must therefore be suited to the shooter.

When one has become expert with the duelling pistol—Walter Winans always goes back to the duelling pistol when he wants to quicken up his shoot-



ATTITUDE

Raise and fire as you would with a shotgun, not dwelling on the aim nor hunting for the object with your front sight. Keep the head up and let the sights come up in line with your eye and the sheet of paper.



PISTOL PUZZLE

Of what use to a man is the ability to hit a sixpence at twenty yards if he takes so long over it that his adversary can put three bullets into his chest before he can press his trigger?

ing—one can turn to the revolver and the automatic pistol. With these the learner is advised to try to get off the full load of cartridges in the shortest possible time:

"If you miss with a few of the shots, do not shoot slower, but keep on just as fast, and you will gradually make a larger proportion of hits, till you can get them all 'on.'

"I would not advise using the revolver unless you have some special object in learning it, as the revolver is now obsolete, the automatic pistol having taken its place. The automatic is so much quicker and easier to shoot with, there is no tiring the trigger finger by using the double-action, or the thumb by single-action shooting; the aim is not thrown off so much between shots.

"The original automatics were not only dangerous to carry, but their stocks were at too right an angle to the barrel for easy alinement. The U. S. Regulation Colt Automatic has as nicely fitted a stock as a duelling pistol, at just the right angle for rapid shooting. The Smith and Wesson, and Savage Automatic pistols also are very good, but have not just this angle of the stock of the Colt which suits me best. All three have the thumb safety bolt, and also the automatic safety bolt, without which the pistol cannot be carried safely at full cock.

"The safety bolt is worked by the

thumb, in drawing, without a moment's waste of time, and it can be replaced, if the shot is not fired, equally quickly; so that the pistol can be returned into the holster easily at full cock with perfect safety.

"The automatic safety works only when the stock is gripped in the act of firing. If the pistol is dropped, even with the safety bolt off, the pistol will not be discharged by accident, as some kinds of automatics are—if the muzzle hit the ground and operate the recoil mechanism—because the automatic safety still locks the pistol. These two safeties—the thumb-operated and the one operated by the squeeze of the hand—must both be in action before the pistol can be discharged at all.

"It is as well to learn to shoot by sense of direction in the dark, and also to shoot without raising the hand (shooting from the hip), in case one is attacked and the arms held down."

The most practical shooting in the world, according to Mr. Winans, himself a famous shot, is now taught in Paris. There they never shoot with deliberate aim or at a bull's-eye. All the shooting at "Le Pistolet Club" in the French capital is at full-sized "man" targets out in the open, with no bull's-eye. A hit anywhere counts the same. The heart counts no more than a hit on the ankle. All depends upon who gets the first hit. They shoot in pairs, each with a man target say forty yards in front of him. At the word "fire," the man who first puts a bullet anywhere is the winner of that heat. Each competitor has one round against every other. The winners shoot in the same way against each other, till only one remains in. He takes the prize:

"We do not use our own pistols, but there are some two dozen pistols and we draw lots for them and have a different pistol after each shot. The pistols have



SWIFT BUT CERTAIN

The nearer you shoot like "plating" a shotgun, the nearer the ideal way of shooting a pistol. With practice you will bring up the pistol and discharge it in one continuous movement and the bullet will land close to the center.

varied trigger-pull, and one never knows what the trigger-pull is—light, medium or hard; in fact, all details are like a real duel. The best target-shots often break down hopelessly at this; there is no time for aiming and lowering the pistol and having a fresh aim."

It is not apparent that one nationality has an advantage over another in natural aptitude for pistol shooting. It is all a matter of practice.



BUSINESS, NOT MELODRAMA

Walter Winans, the expert on pistol practice, says he would not advise learning to shoot with the revolver, unless one has some special object. The revolver, he thinks, is now obsolete, the automatic pistol having taken its place.

A BRITISH AVIATION EXPERT ON THE WAY TO MEET THE ZEPPELIN PERIL

IN SPITE of all that has been written on the subject of the newest Zeppelins in the light of their "successes" in England, this airship type remains essentially a rigid balloon some six hundred feet long and fifty feet in diameter. The details of its working are immaterial to the proposition considered by N. Joynson-Hicks in *The English Review* (London)—the way for an invaded country like England to meet the peril. It has been shown, he writes, that a Zeppelin on a raid can travel with a "war load" at the rate of sixty miles an hour in still air, for anything up to twenty hours. Its range of operations is strictly limited by the weight of its fuel, which runs up to several tons on a long trip. The amount of bombs it can carry is determined by the weight of this fuel. As far as raids on England are concerned, Zeppelins are forced to carry so much fuel that not more than a ton of explosive is to be expected on each airship. Wind is the Zeppelin's worst enemy. Not only does a high wind impede it on its journey but it makes the operation of starting and landing more hazardous.

The speed of an airship is its rate of progress over the ground in calm air. The velocity of the wind must be added or subtracted according as it is with or against the airship. Thus a Zeppelin whose speed is sixty miles an hour can advance only twenty-five miles an hour against a wind of thirty-five miles an hour. It could travel at the rate of ninety-five miles an hour with such a wind astern. The trouble begins when the airship has to travel with the wind abeam, for then it is driven off its true course and makes leeway, as a sailor would put it, and the pilot has therefore to head it into the wind as much as circumstances dictate in order to counteract the drift. It is impossible for the crew of an airship to determine the direction and velocity of the wind once the ground has been left below. Navigation is peculiarly difficult under these conditions, especially at night. This explains some of the accidents to these airships off the English coast. The only remedy is for the pilot to head his airship into what he considers to be approximately the direction after taking into consideration the velocity and direction of the wind and any changes that are likely to occur in either.

Zeppelins loaded for a flight under war conditions are limited to an altitude of from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet. A really well-designed aeroplane can reach this altitude as quickly as the larger craft—in from twenty to forty-five minutes. A Zep-

pelin can, however, climb at a prodigious rate for about a thousand feet at any altitude in case of emergency. This is achieved by depressing the tail of the aircraft by the use of the elevators while traveling at full speed and causing it to shoot up obliquely just like an aeroplane. It is said that this distance has at times been climbed in as short a space as thirty seconds. The practice is not good for the airship, as the sudden strain put upon the framework by the displacement of the heavy cars is apt to throw things out of gear. Nevertheless, more than one Zeppelin has escaped pursuit in this manner.

All these points must be taken into consideration when formulating plans to repel Zeppelin attacks. Certain defensive courses suggest themselves:

"First is the question of meeting airship with airship. This is difficult, because in the past we have done little in this country to develop the airship. Still, we need not despair on this score, because we still have money and men for experiment, and if those who know most about airships were given a free hand a very formidable rival to the Zeppelin could be evolved in a very short time.

"Such an airship need not be of the size or power of a Zeppelin, because it is required purely for defensive purposes and has no long journey to perform to get to the scene of operations. A sentinel airship over a town may in calm weather remain stationary and conserve its fuel till the time comes for action. Moreover, given reasonable warning, such an airship can bide in its shed and only rise to give battle when the approach of an intruder is announced.

"What is really wanted is a very fast airship, able to outpace and outclimb a Zeppelin, and there are people in the Royal Naval Air Service who can build airships of this kind if they are given the word and the necessary resources.

"Carrying suitable bombs, there is no reason why an airship of this sort should not make things very uncomfortable for a Zeppelin.

"Aeroplanes of suitable and specialized types built and equipped for long-distance flights should patrol the coasts at great altitudes on all nights when Zeppelins can possibly fly. It is but little use to send an aeroplane from the ground to attack an airship—the aeroplane must be ready to dive at the airship from above and drop its missiles before the airship's crew can get out of the way.

"Here once more comes the cry for larger and more reliable engines.

As regards artillery, anti-aircraft guns can be made quite effective for protecting definite points, such as towns and docks, if they are properly placed and manned. Remember, however, they must be quite capable of hitting the Zeppelin at a height of, say, 15,000 feet, and not mere pop-guns such as are still in use in certain parts of England."

It is essential, however, that the guns should be worked by men who have had practice in shooting at enemy airships on active service. Guns should be placed in "bouquets" of ten or twelve instead of in an irregular circle, so that the gunners are confused by distracting cross-fires. The Germans have scored most of their hits on English aeroplanes by pumping dozens of shells from one point approximately in the same direction.

The great question is that of the return raid from England to Germany:

"There are three main objectives at which to aim, namely, Zeppelin sheds and aircraft parks, fortifications in general, and more or less open towns.

"Probably the first and third are the more important, in view of the effect likely to be created.

"In the first place, the wrecking of airships and aeroplanes must react directly upon the number of machines which raid this country [England]. In the second place, raids on open towns are in the nature of reprisals, and aeroplane raids on a really large scale must produce demands from the civilian population of Germany to the Government to reconsider whether the damage they are able to inflict on England is worth the price they have to pay for it.

"The German Zeppelin sheds are situated chiefly along the Rhine at such places as Mülhausen. . . .

"All these places can be reached by aeroplanes specially built for the job, but, owing to the inevitable inaccuracy of bomb dropping and the necessity of flying high, the raids must be conducted on a large scale.

"Similar raids on big towns, railway junctions, and other vulnerable points should do much to disorganize German internal administration. We have the money, the men—what is still wanting is common-sense organization and the proper allocation of responsibilities.

"Altho it may seem but a dream, there is every possibility of raiding Berlin itself."

Germans have lately evolved a type of lantern for aviation landing places which removes a number of the dangers to which the air pilot has been exposed in returning to earth at night, says *The Scientific American*. The proper lighting of aviation stations is confronted with a number of difficulties. Logically, it is undesirable to support the beacons on poles or towers, because the height of these can not be judged after dark, and they are obstructions against which the airman may unwittingly strike. Further, the lights are proportionately blinding as their power of illumination is increased, and to the approaching pilot there is a zone of glare.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

PROFESSOR DEWEY PLEADS FOR FAITH IN CONSTRUCTIVE SOCIAL PROGRESS

THE doctrine of evolution has been popularly used to give a kind of cosmic sanction to the notion of an automatic and wholesale progress in human affairs. Our part, the human part, is simply to enjoy the results. Evolution has inherited all the goods of Divine Providence and has had the advantage of being in fashion. Even a great and devastating war is not too great a price to pay for an awakening from such an infantile and selfish dream.

Thus does Professor John Dewey, of Columbia University, reinforce his contention that the occasion calls not for pessimism but for courage and faith in the possibility of progress through the application of intelligence.

We have mistaken rapidity of change in social conditions for progress itself, whereas change only means opportunity for progress. Progress is not automatic, insists Dr. Dewey. It depends upon human interest and aim and upon acceptance of responsibility for its production. Nor is it a wholesale matter. It is a retail job, to be contracted for and executed in sections. "I doubt," says Dr. Dewey, "if the whole history of mankind shows any more vicious and demoralizing ethic than the recent widespread belief that each of us, as individuals and as classes, might safely and complacently devote ourselves to increase our own possessions, material, intellectual and artistic, because progress was inevitable anyhow."

We have confused the breaking down of barriers by which advance is made possible with advance itself. Modern intercommunication and interchanges, unmeasured release of energies, endless redistribution and mingling of persons and things, mobility and freedom in contrast to previous static conditions and ideals prevailing for thousands of years—this spectacle of change has taken our minds captive. True, poverty by the side of great wealth, ignorance and absence of a fair chance by the side of culture and unlimited opportunity, reminded us that the forces revolutionizing society might be turned and were actually employed for two diverse and opposed ends. But, Dr. Dewey points out, the display was not dramatic enough, not

sensational enough, to drive the lesson home. The war stages the lesson in a sufficiently striking way. Dr. Dewey writes in *The International Journal of Ethics*:

"We had been told that the development of industry and commerce had brought about such an interdependence of peoples that war was henceforth out of the question—at least upon a vast scale. There are men now fighting who had written and lectured to that effect. But it is now clear that commerce also creates jealousies and rivalries which are potent for war. We were told that nations could not long finance a war under modern conditions: economists had demonstrated that to the satisfaction of themselves and others. We see now that they had underrated both the production of wealth and the extent to which it could be mobilized for destructive purposes. We were told that the advance of science had made war practically impossible. We now know that science has not only rendered the engineering of war more deadly but has also increased the powers of resistance and endurance when war comes. If all this does not demonstrate that the forces which have brought about complicated and extensive changes in the fabric of society do not of themselves generate progress, I do not know what a demonstration would be."

Has man subjugated physical nature only to release forces beyond his control? Dr. Dewey does not think so. A manly and responsible faith will see that never before has there been such opportunity to command progress. Two things are apparent: first, that progress depends not on the existence of social change but on the direction human beings deliberately give that change; secondly, ease of social change is a condition of progress.

Dr. Dewey lays great stress upon the value of the scientific method as a basis for civilization:

"We cannot too much insist upon the fact that until men got control of natural forces civilization was a local accident. It depended upon the ability of a small number of men to command, with assurance, the labor and services of other men. Any civilization based mainly upon ability to exploit the energies of men is precarious; it is at the mercy of internal revolt and external overflow. By exploring the heaps of rubbish scattered over the face of the earth, we are just beginning to learn how many civilizations have

arisen in the past only to sink into rubbish-heaps. The dominion of man over the labor of other men is a shaky basis for civilization. And civilization never attained stability upon such a basis. The scientific conquest of nature has at least given us another basis. We have now a sure method. Wholesale permanent decays of civilization are impossible. As long as there exists a group of men who understand the methods of physical science and are expert in their use, recovery, under the worst of circumstances, of the material basis of culture is sure and relatively speedy."

If we want progress, then, we can have it, Dr. Dewey assures us, provided we are willing to pay the price in effort, especially effort of intelligence. We possess a method resulting from the scientific revolution of the last three hundred years which not only forecasts but sets out to secure desirable physical changes. These effect vast social changes indispensable to, but no guarantee of, progress. The latter depends upon deliberate human foresight and socially constructive work. Certainly, according to Dr. Dewey, "constructive social engineering" is not only conceivable but is a practical possibility for man who has gained so much control of physical forces.

"The indispensable preliminary condition of progress has been supplied by the conversion of scientific discoveries into inventions which turn physical energy, the energy of sun, coal and iron, to account. Neither the discoveries nor the inventions were the product of unconscious physical nature. They were the product of human devotion and application, of human desire, patience, ingenuity and mother-wit. The problem which now confronts us, the problem of progress, is the same in kind, differing in subject-matter. It is a problem of discovering the needs and capacities of collective human nature as we find it aggregated in racial or national groups on the surface of the globe, and of inventing the social machinery which will set available powers operating for the satisfaction of those needs.

"This is a large order. But it is not, with reasonable limits, one hopeless to undertake. It is much more within the bounds of legitimate imagination than would have been, five centuries ago, the subjugation of physical nature which has since been achieved."

The chief difficulty lies in the preliminary step. We need to change our

attitude to get a sufficiently large number of persons to believe in the desirability and practicability of the undertaking. Dr. Dewey emphasizes this point.

"In spite of its discipline by the achievements of physical science our imagination is cowardly and irresponsible. We do not believe that study, foresight and planning will do for the human relations of human beings what they have done for our relationship to physical nature.

"We are living still under the dominion of a *laissez-faire* philosophy. I do not mean by this an individualistic as against a socialistic philosophy. I mean by it a philosophy which trusts the direction of human affairs to nature, or Providence, or evolution, or manifest destiny—that is to say, to accident—rather than to a contriving and constructive intelligence. To put our faith in the collective state instead of in individual activity is quite as *laissez-faire* a proceeding as to put it in the results of voluntary private enterprise. The only genuine opposite to a go-as-you-please let-alone philosophy is a philosophy which studies specific social needs and evils with a view to constructing the

special social machinery for which they call."

Dr. Dewey holds that there is no reason for thinking that civilized man has less natural aggressiveness or more natural altruism—or ever will have—than the barbarian. What appears to be an increase in the one set of impulses, sentiments or emotions, and a decrease in the other set is, in reality, a change in their social channels. We see both sets intensified in this war at the same time. Hatred toward the foreigner is attended by unusual manifestation of mutual affection and love within each warring group. Not appeal to even the best feelings but application of intelligence to the construction of social devices to call out and direct the impulses and sentiments, is Dr. Dewey's prescription. The factor which is variable and may be altered indefinitely is that of the social conditions.

"Theoretically, it is possible to have social arrangements which will favor the friendly tendencies of human nature at the expense of the bellicose and predatory

ones, and which will direct the latter into channels where they will do the least harm or even become means of good. Practically this is a matter of the persistent use of reflection in the study of social conditions and the devising of social contrivances."

Such social mechanisms as an international commerce commission, an international tariff board, an international board for colonies and one for the supervision of relations with those backward nations which have not as yet been benevolently or otherwise assimilated by the economically advanced peoples, are among the practical possibilities for meeting specific needs, according to Dr. Dewey. Constructive social planning, he thinks, could internationalize antiquated political machinery, bring commerce to conform with it, and formulate the supreme rights of neutrals. "Our existing human intercourse requires some kind of mechanism it has not got. We may drift along until the evil gets intolerable, and then take some accidental way out, or we may plan in advance."

THE COMMUNITY CENTER MOVEMENT AND FREE SPEECH

THE recent national conference on the Community Center movement held in New York unexpectedly found itself concerned with the issue of "free speech" in public school auditoriums of the metropolis. This subject was not on the program, which covered the relation of social or community center work to recreation, politics, art, the immigrant, charities, industrial cooperation, and the like. But the newspaper report that James Maurer, a prominent labor leader, had said "To hell with the flag" in a Labor Forum meeting at the Washington Irving High School brought in what looked like dynamite for the movement itself.

Maurer's denial, and convincing proof that he was misquoted, by no means disposed of the issue thus raised. Professor Charles Beard of Columbia said to the community center conferees that even if such language had been used openly that was preferable to plotting in secret, and such violation of public decency should not be made a pretext for closing the public schools to responsible organizations for the discussion of public questions. Mr. E. J. Ward, now Social Center representative of the United States Bureau of Education, insisted that to give over the use of school buildings to groups of private individuals was a mistaken "syndicalist" policy. Some person representing the Board of Education

should always be responsible for meetings. The true idea is that of the town meeting of citizens for community educational purposes. Mr. Ward said several hundred towns had made either the school principal or a representative of the school board a civic secretary or town clerk for the schoolhouse community organization of citizens.

Press approval of the use of school buildings as social centers by adults as well as pupils out of regular school hours has been general in recent years. The variety of uses is fairly amazing. Student debating, musical, dancing, and dramatic clubs, parents' associations and lecture courses are familiar. Use as polling places is common now. Civic forums have been increasing. The New York Conference revealed also a remarkable growth of the community center idea fostered by the church, the library, the settlement, the club and what not, developing, for an extraordinary example, from the "little country theater" to an important co-operative marketing society in North Dakota. Percy Mackaye, reporting on progress in cooperative art, notably pagentry, aptly defined a community center as "the temple of social passion." Mr. Tomlin's report of the effect of community singing on the polyglot nationalities represented in Chicago school audiences was thrilling.

The American penchant for nationally organizing such a movement brings out a conflict of method. That

the community center should be self-supporting, requires trained social workers, and calls for endowed supervision, is maintained by Mr. Burdette G. Lewis, New York Commissioner of Charities and Correction; John Collier, director of the New York Training School; Luther H. Gulick, President of the Camp Fire Girls. Sidney A. Teller, of the West Park System, Chicago, believes that use of school and other recreation centers is necessary public education and agrees with Mr. Ward that support by taxation and assumption of responsibility by educational authorities is the proper policy. Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, is working for legislation in Washington to secure free use of the school buildings for citizenship forum purposes, as a part of the movement in this direction.

Papers in Washington and a number of cities followed the lead of New York papers in denouncing Mr. Maurer for his alleged insult to the flag and Professor Beard for "countenancing" such desecration of a public-school building. The report that at about the same time Dr. Edmund von Mach at a civic forum in another school building voiced a German threat to the life of J. P. Morgan added fuel to the fire of criticism. The New York *Sun* wants to know, "Does the right of free speech include free treason and free murder?" "Sedition and disorder are out of place everywhere, but especially so on public

property maintained at great cost for the training of youth," says the *World*. The calmer New York *Post* accepts Maurer's denial and the evidence that what he said was that he felt like telling some preparedness advocates to go to hell. But it advises Professor Beard to have the courage of his convictions:

"Let him go the whole hog. If 'free discussion' is really to have 'no limit,' we must get to work in earnest; we must see to it that every man who has an opinion gets a full chance to place it before the public. If a man wants to spit on the

American flag, let the community not only give him a public-school building to do it in, but pay him a reasonable price for this service to the cause of free discussion, advertise the performance in advance, and see to it that a proper amount of newspaper space is set apart for friendly comment on it after it has been accomplished."

It appears that in his indictment of militaristic patriotism Mr. Maurer, who is president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, told of an order given by the State Constabulary

to "furl the Stars and Stripes" carried by miners on strike in a funeral procession for a miner who had fought in the Spanish-American war. After investigation President Wilcox of the Board of Education was satisfied that Maurer had been misrepresented. The New York *Call* (Socialist) remembers that politicians and the press some years ago ousted "free speech" forums from Rochester school houses. A presidential campaign is ahead and the *Call* sees a "capitalist press" campaign to crush all free-speech forums.

THE VOICE OF A FRENCHMAN WHO REFUSES TO HATE THE GERMANS

FOREMOST among the free and firm spirits of Europe who resist the war passions, refuse to hate their fellows at command of government or press, and will not turn traitor to their ideals of internationalism, the editor of *The Dial*, Chicago, names Romain Rolland. This eminent French author, while engaged in the work of the *Agence internationale des prisonniers de guerre*, from the neutral ground of Switzerland has been writing open letters to his countrymen and other-countrymen since the war began. Most of these were printed first in Swiss journals. He says that for nearly a year no one in France could know his writings "except through scraps or phrases arbitrarily extracted and mutilated" by his enemies. "The time is surely coming," avers the editor of *The Dial*, "when every generous Frenchman will blush with shame at the memory of such treatment accorded to the man whom France should most honor. No indictment of German militarism could be less compromising, no praise of the noblest French traditions more just, than M. Rolland's; his crime, in the eyes of his countrymen, is that he refuses to hate whole-heartedly, and to renounce all allegiance save that to the French cause."

The remarkable book containing these scattered writings has now been issued in the United States by The Open Court Publishing Company.

"Above the Battle," the article which was the object of the most violent French criticism, gives the title to this volume. In another translation, which appears in the latest issue of *The Standard*, organ of the Ethical societies, the title reads "Above the Dust of Battle." Rolland's opening tribute has been widely quoted:

"O young men that shed your blood with so generous a joy for the starving earth! O heroism of the world! What a harvest for destruction to reap under this splendid summer sun! Young men of all nations, brought into conflict by a common ideal, making enemies of those

who should be brothers; all of you, marching to your death, are dear to me. Slavs, hastening to the aid of your race; Englishmen fighting for honor and right; intrepid Belgians who dared to oppose the Teutonic colossus, and defend against him the Thermopylae of the West; Germans fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche; and you, above all, my young compatriots, in whom the generation of heroes of the Revolution lives again; you, who for years have confided your dreams to me, and now, on the verge of battle, bid me a sublime farewell."

But for what are these treasures of heroism being squandered? Mutual slaughter, the guardians of civilization calling upon the barbarians of the whole universe to aid in devouring each other! It would seem, writes M. Rolland, that love of one's country can flourish only through hatred of other countries and the massacre of those who sacrifice themselves in the defense of them. "There is in this theory a ferocious absurdity, a Neronian dilettantism, which repels me to the very depths of my being. No! Love of my country does not demand that I shall hate and slay those noble and faithful souls who also love theirs, but rather that I should honor them and seek to unite with them for our common good."

The real tragedy is the patent fact that actually each of the nations is being menaced in its dearest possessions—in its honor, its independence, its life. The worst enemy of each nation is not without but within its frontiers, and none has the courage to fight it. It is the monster of a hundred heads, the monster named Imperialism, the will to pride and domination, which seeks to absorb all, or subdue all, or break all, and will suffer no greatness except itself. Destroy Prussian imperialism first, yes, agrees M. Rolland, since it has so subtly poisoned the thought of Germany and curses the world; but Russian autocracy, too, must have its turn. Every nation to a greater or less extent has an im-

perialism of its own, military, financial, feudal, republican, social or intellectual—an octopus seeking the best blood of Europe, which free men of all the countries must destroy.

We cannot now stop this war, writes M. Rolland in another place, but we can make it less bitter. There are medicines for the body. We need medicines for the soul to dress the wounds of hatred and vengeance by which the world is being poisoned. Expiation for crimes committed against right, attacks on liberty and the sacred treasures of thought must come. But, confronted by unbridled force, M. Rolland dares to plead for a moral High Court, initiated by neutral countries, to watch and pass impartial judgment on violations of the law of nations.

"Just at this time the power of opinion is immense. The most despotic of governments, even that marching to victory, trembles before public opinion and seeks to court it. Nothing shows this more clearly than the efforts of both parties engaged in war, of their ministers, chancellors, sovereigns, of the Kaiser himself turned journalist, to justify their own crimes, and denounce the crimes of their adversary at the invisible tribunal of humanity. Let this invisible tribunal be seen at last, let us venture to constitute it. 'Ye know not your moral power, O, ye of little faith.'"

Rolland points out that with few exceptions the war of the "intellectuals" on both sides is the violent and passionate voice of the older generation—Academicians, professors, doyens of literature, art and science. The heroism of the world, however, is with the young men who go to shed their blood on a common altar. While in the soldiers of all armies the fire of hate dies down and they fraternize from trench to trench, the writers redouble their furious arguments. "The voice of the peoples who will return from the war, after having experienced the terrible reality, will send back into the silence of obscurity these men who have revealed themselves as unworthy

to be spiritual guides of the human race." The destinies of humanity will rise superior to those of all nations. Nothing can prevent the reforming of the bonds between the thought of the hostile nations. Ideals of a free human fraternity are only gagged, not stifled; they will burst forth with explosive force. Unity of European society will be realized anew. "The war of to-day is its baptism of blood."

Because he disapproves of the appeal of the Allies to forces of Asia and Africa, because he refuses to include the German people wholesale in denunciation, and because he will not break esteem and friendship for individuals in enemy country, M. Rolland has been in French disfavor. Here is one form of his defense:

"For a year I have been rich in enemies. Let me say this to them: they can hate me, but they will not teach me to hate. I have no concern with them. My business is to say what I believe to be fair and humane. Whether this pleases or irritates is not my business. I know that words once uttered make their way of themselves. Hopefully I sow them in the bloody soil. The harvest will come."

If Germany is possessed by a morbid exaltation, a collective madness, still

Rolland would have his France chivalrous enough to render homage to the courage of an adversary and recognize that in default of other virtues the German spirit of sacrifice is almost boundless. There must come a day when the hand of friendship will be again stretched out between neighbors across the Rhine to reestablish supple and human relations. Rolland can say to the German professors: "Know once for all that there is nothing more overwhelming for us Latins, nothing more difficult to endure, than your militarization of the intellect. If, by some awful fate, this spirit were triumphant, I should leave Europe forever. To live here would be intolerable for me." He can at the same time say to France: "I could never distinguish the cause of France from that of humanity. I wish France to be loved, I wish her to be victorious, not only by force, not only by right (that would be difficult enough), but by that large and generous heart which is preeminently hers. I wish her to be strong enough to fight without hatred."

In "Above the Battle" Rolland defines this task for the artists and poets, priests and thinkers of all countries:

"Even in time of war it remains a crime

for finer spirits to compromise the integrity of their thought; it is shameful to see it serving the passion of a puerile, monstrous policy of race, a policy scientifically absurd—since no country possesses a race wholly pure. Such a policy, as Renan points out in his beautiful letter to Strauss, 'can only lead to zoological wars, wars of extermination, similar to those in which various species of rodents and carnivorous beasts fight for their existence. This would be the end of that fertile admixture called humanity, composed as it is of such various necessary elements.' Humanity is a symphony of great collective souls; and he who understands and loves it only by destroying a part of those elements, proves himself a barbarian and shows his idea of harmony to be no better than the idea of order another held in Warsaw.

"For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling-places: our earthly fatherland, and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend, nor fatherland, nor ought that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is the light. It is our duty to lift it above tempests, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

THE FATE OF PALESTINE AFTER THE WAR

THAT millions are concerned about what is to become of Palestine and Jerusalem, the "holy land" of the three greatest monotheistic religions of the world, Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, is more than evident from the many discussions of this theme found in leading periodicals. It is doubtful if any other writer is in a better condition to give the facts and probabilities in the case than is Pastor L. Schneller, head of the two great Protestant Orphans' Homes in Jerusalem and who was born and raised in that city. In the quarterly journal issued by him for many years under the title of *Der Bote aus Zion*, he reports and discusses this problem of world-wide interest in the following way:

"Jerusalem has now become a great military center. The town and the public highways are crowded with soldiers and their equipment. Large camel caravans fully loaded come in from all directions. The cloisters and the pilgrim hospices in and around Jerusalem and Bethlehem now harbor thousands of Turkish soldiers. The citadel of the city, with its two mighty towers dating back to the times of King Herod, is the scene of great things. Not since the days of the Crusader have such things been witnessed in this sacred territory. The government has by compulsory purchase secured from the French owners the railroads of the

land, especially that from Joppa to Jerusalem. The Holy Land has again become what it was in the days of the great world powers of antiquity, Babylon, Assyria and Egypt—the military and commercial gateway between Asia and Africa."

And who shall be in control of this gateway when the great war is over?

Pastor Schneller declares that more than one people and government are speculating how to secure this land. When at the beginning of the war the English missionaries left Palestine and went home, one of their leaders said: "England will never permit this country, so near to the Suez Canal, again to fall into any other than English hands." The French are known to have historic claims especially on northern Palestine, particularly on the Lebanon, because of their interference in 1860 in favor of the Christians when these were being massacred by the Druses. Orthodox Russia, which, more than any other country, venerates the sacred shrines of Palestine, is only too anxious to possess it, especially as thereby it would secure access to the Mediterranean. The people of Palestine themselves dread nothing more than the fate of becoming subject to the Czar and his fanatical hosts, this dread being based chiefly upon the fearful suppression of Christianity as effected in recent years by Russia in Persia.

The Jews constitute a fourth party that hopes for the possession of the Holy Land. It is the land of their ancestors. Those Jews who are thinking of repossessing it do not expect to secure it by an overthrow of the Turkish supremacy, but by the establishment of a Kingdom of Judah under Turkish suzerainty. England, indeed, has planned to make this Kingdom a neutral buffer state, under the control of the Allies, and has sought to gain the influence and cooperation of Zionism in the interests of this scheme. However, the Zionists have openly declared their antagonism to such a plan. The Jewish *Revue*, the organ of the Zionists, has openly declared that they will have nothing to do with such a fantastic project, especially as the victory of the Allies, upon which the realization of this scheme is conditioned, is not materializing. The Zionists declare that they would like to have Palestine, but without interfering with the present government of the country, as the national reunion of the Jews can be consummated best with a strong Turkey.

In harmony with these ideas is the recent action of the Turkish government, which has now removed all restrictions upon the immigration of the Jews into the land of their fathers. Jews can now settle down in the Holy Land almost without any formalities at

all, and many are making use of this privilege. A leading Jewish organ, *Nowy Woschod*, declares that an immense immigration of Polish and Russian Jews particularly, who have suffered terribly in the war, is already setting in. It says that in Russia tens of

thousands of innocent Jews have been slaughtered, dozens of pogroms have taken place, and with Palestine now open hosts of these suffering people will throng to the Holy Land to secure under Moslem protection the right to live and to labor which Christian na-

tions, especially Russia, have denied them. Schneller says that it would not be a surprise to find in Palestine within the next few years as large a number of Jews as were found there in the times of the Old Testament kings and prophets.

PROS AND CONS OF THE FLEXNER SCHEME OF MODERN EDUCATION

THE plan for a "modern school" proposed by Dr. Abraham Flexner of the General Education Board is hailed by the *Philadelphia North American* as a timely contribution to the spreading revolt against "moss-grown usages" in education. Men and women in every walk of life, declares that paper, are openly questioning the value of "academic" training.

"The Rockefeller plan—for such it doubtless will be called—is based on a study of only those things for which 'an affirmative case' can be made out. It stands for things that are of use.

"It would eliminate formal grammar, because of widespread evidence of its futility as an aid to correct and effective speaking and writing.

"It would replace dead languages with live ones. It would lead children and youths to learn from men and women in action and from institutions that are serving needs or pioneering in progress.

"Thus, books would be only one of its sources of knowledge.

"Lectures, concerts, plays, street-car systems, the weather bureau, zoological gardens, museums, city-government departments and great factories and wholesale and retail-business organizations would serve as living books from which boys and girls and young men and women might get, in useful form, much of the knowledge they now 'can' uselessly in their brains.

"In other words, the general course of study would be transferred from a theoretical consideration of past performances to a first-hand dealing with things that have got to be met in the average life. Of course, history and literature would be given proper place. But they would not be emphasized at the expense of manual training and the fitting of boys and girls for successful every-day living."

Dr. Flexner's appraisal of American methods of education, thinks the *Chicago Tribune*, should wake our somnolent educators to the fact that no country less rich could possibly afford continued support to a system so profitless.

"Dr. Flexner assaults some of our most sacred institutions, such as the teaching of formal grammar; but his chief service is that he put his finger on the fundamental defect which vitiates all our education. Education in America is a matter of form.

"A modern school would not go through the form of teaching useless historic facts just because previous gen-

erations of children have learned and forgotten them," he writes, "and also would have the courage not to read obsolete and uncongenial classics simply because tradition has made this sort of acquaintance a kind of good form."

"The crime against the American student is that he has to devote years to education without any adequate results other than the possession of this cultural data. He is busy acquiring symbols of culture instead of either esthetic appreciation or useful knowledge. He cannot even think of studying for his chosen profession until he has burrowed through a vast accretion of mold."

Not only do American children as a class fail to gain either knowledge or power through the traditional curriculum, declares Dr. Flexner, but they spend an inordinately long time in failing. He says that the period spent in school and college before students begin professional studies is longer in the United States than in any other western country, and an economy of two or three years is urgently necessary.

Again Dr. Flexner insists that the only way to discipline the mind effectively is to energize it by the doing of real tasks. In the modern school, children would begin by getting acquainted with objects, animate and inanimate. They would follow life cycles and processes of construction, take up experiments, physical, chemical, biological; then proceed to science in more systematic form. "On the basis of abundant sense-acquired knowledge and with senses sharpened by constant use, children would be interested in problems and in the theoretic basis on which their solution depends." They will make and understand a fireless cooker, a camera, a wireless telegraph; and they will "ultimately deal with phenomena and their relations in the most rigorous scientific form." Says Dr. Flexner further:

"A man educated in the modern sense will forego the somewhat doubtful mental discipline received from formal studies; he will be contentedly ignorant of things for learning which no better reason than tradition can be assigned. Instead, his education will be obtained from studies that serve real purposes. Its content, spirit and aim will be realistic and genuine, not formal. The man educated in the modern sense will be trained to know, to care about and to understand the world he lives in, both the physical

world and the social world. A firm grasp of the physical world means the capacity to note and to interpret phenomena; a firm grasp of the social world means a comprehension of and sympathy with current industry, current science and current politics. The extent to which the history and literature of the past are utilized depends not on what we call the historic value of this or that performance or classic but on its actual pertinency to genuine need, interest or capacity. In any case, the object in view would be to give children the knowledge they need, and to develop in them the power to handle themselves in our own world. Neither historic nor what are called purely cultural claims would alone be regarded as compelling."

The Flexner idea as caught by the *Louisville Herald* is: "Scrap the non-essentials, the burdens of inheritance, the legendary, and the lost motion, and speed up."

The Flexner "modern school," we may remind the reader, would begin with reading, writing, spelling and figuring, supplemented by active studies in science, industry, esthetics and civics, the work in science to be the central and dominating feature. Formal grammar and useless historic facts would be cut out. Practical training in a modern language should be available, but "the schools should teach Latin and algebra, if at all, just as the intelligent physician prescribes quinine, because it serves a purpose that he knows and can state."

But Dr. Flexner's proposal has aroused a great many newspaper critics. The *Baltimore American* uses the term "an educational freak."

"The new ideas that are based upon teaching nothing except through demonstration—scientific education in other words—may prove to be an advancement in the school that is to be instituted. But it does not follow that grammar and Latin and history and many other subjects that are not demonstrable in scientific ways will be excluded from the curricula of the schools in general. The educational system is a growth, and revolution will never alter it. Tested by results, the world has advanced fairly along the road of culture through the system in use. Hence, the system of teaching by affirmative cases will doubtless prove to be no more than a passing phase of educational experiment—in line with neorealism in philosophy and the behavior method in psychology."

When Dr. Flexner proposes to ignore facts of history and leave to chance the acquisition of a deal of rudimentary information which is essential to even a pretense of culture, the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* thinks he is going too far. One of our troubles, according to the Detroit *Free Press*, is assuming that anything which is abstract and difficult is to be avoided in favor of easy, predigested instruction. The Boston *Transcript* wishes to be charitable, but it remarks:

"Whenever a modern schoolmaster announces his intention to work great reforms merely by mechanical devices, such as changes in the curriculum, subway trips to the Museum of Fine Arts, excursionist tours through 'the accessible world' of New York—its banks, shops, wharves and warehouses—the public may know at once, however, that the potent truth is not in him. This kind of reformer may keep his method going for years and yet will accomplish very little that is not done now. On the contrary, whenever the program of a new model school is chiefly and clearly concerned with new ways of getting its children to think, it is on the right track and should be helped on its way to the uttermost end of its journey."

Dr. Flexner doubtless means well, comments the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, but his radical notions should make little appeal in the realm of cultural progress.

"There can be culture without a knowledge of ancient lore, but for it to reach its fullest development the facts of history must be known and understood in their true relation to each other. It would be impossible to conceive a broad culture that left out romance and poetry, and a study of the humanities unquestionably quickens the finer feelings and exalts the beautiful and the good in the hurly-burly of life.

"In the educational system of the present time great attention is paid to civics, just as great stress is laid upon sociology and applied science. This is as it should be, but there is such a thing as overdoing the practical. People are already growing weary of the efficiency cult. Let's have efficiency, but not at the expense of genuine culture."

In his insistence on a closer correlation between studies and the facts of the world lies Dr. Flexner's strongest point, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post*. Yet as one thinks of this higher utility in education, his short way with history, for example, is far from con-

vincing. If history as taught to-day is a matter of meaningless names and dates, the thing to do, says the *Post*, is to revise the text-books. "You will hardly train the citizenship of the future more effectively for dealing with the problems of industry by making the child visit Gansevoort Market and the Bush Terminal, to the neglect of James Watt and the Industrial Revolution in England."

"It is inevitable that, in a Modern School, stress shall be laid on the meaning of science. In Mr. Flexner's scheme the children will construct and understand a fireless cooker, a camera, a wireless telegraph, and they will ultimately deal with phenomena and their relations in the most rigorous scientific form. The elementary experience will mean something. Yet in the face of the profundity and complexity of modern science, one wonders whether the fireless cooker and the camera will bring the mind much nearer to Science than the present-day historical text-book brings the child to History, or than the declensions and Caesar's Gallic War bring him to the beauties of classic literature. The actual content of the child's studies is insignificant compared with the treasures of knowledge. It is the method that counts."

THE ROCK ON WHICH PROJECTS FOR CHURCH UNITY SPLIT

CONFERENCES and discussions on the subject of church unity seem evasive to many laymen. The *Continent* (Presbyterian, Chicago) evidently believes that some plain speaking is in order at this time. The difficulty is not the mere "pocketing of ecclesiastical vanity," says the editor, Nolan R. Best; it lies in fundamentally different conceptions of the character of the church. He devotes a full first page to an explanation of the matter which presents an issue more or less glossed over or minimized in propaganda for unity. "Jesus not Tied to Bishops" is the caption of this editorial.

The reason why the Protestant Episcopal church and other churches cannot get together, explains Mr. Best, is simply because they do not agree on what the church is. Differences in doctrine, formerly much discussed, having largely dropped out of interest, people wonder what it is that still holds denominations apart. They do not realize that outside the realm of doctrine a contradiction of views about church organization persists which is more difficult to reconcile than any dispute on theology.

"The opinion of the churches episcopally organized is that a church cannot be a church of Jesus Christ unless it has bishops to govern it and ordain its min-

isters—that God is not satisfied with any administration of sacraments in his church unless the man administering them was ordained to his ministerial office by a bishop.

"This statement does not, of course, apply to the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has superintending officers called bishops, but they are not and do not assume to be bishops in the technical sense in which authorities on church polity use that term. The position just described is, however, the avowed position of both the Roman and the Greek Catholic churches, and the same opinion is represented within Protestant lines by the Protestant Episcopal Church and affiliated churches like the Church of England.

"It is not therefore mere bigotry which leads Episcopalians, as is often complained, to 'unchurch other Christians,' but fixed opinion imbedded in their profoundest religious faith.

"Back of all unwavering Episcopalian minds lies the belief that Jesus Christ, when on earth, deliberately organized a visible church with an unalterable form of official ministry—a ministry in three orders, bishops, elders and deacons—and in substance, if not in terms, made it known that he would never sanction any association of men professing to be a church if they departed from the structure of this model society.

"The claim of this opinion is that authority for the work of the ministry is handed down from generation to generation only through the succession of bishops—that the Holy Spirit does not come upon mankind in power except as a bishop

or clergyman authorized by a bishop imparts the divine benediction."

Now for a Presbyterian or a Congregationalist, ordained in his own church, to be reordained by an Episcopal bishop, would signify, we are told, that he has come to the conclusion that his former ordination did not convey to him any grace of God.

"But the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist or whatever like sort, in fact believes nothing of the kind. He believes that he and others do have grace direct from God regardless of all the bishops on earth.

"And he considers it impossible to imagine even that Jesus ever in his earthly lifetime constructed such an ironclad formal church organization as the advocates of the 'historic episcopate' allege. Certainly in all the record of him and his apostles as written in the New Testament there is no hint of any such thing.

"The non-episcopal churches say that, as they know Christ, he was a soul so completely immersed in spiritual realities that he simply could not have concerned himself with choosing officers for an organization and drafting a constitution and such other formalism.

"To him Christianity was a life—a vital, self-perpetuating force which must scatter through the world spiritual seed to reproduce after its kind wherever it fell on good ground.

"How it might grow—under what exterior forms it might flourish—he cared not if only the life was still the life that

truly came from him. Housed in one form of church or another—what could that signify, provided only men were being made new creatures in himself?"

More unthinkable than all else, continues this editorial expositor, is the idea that the Lord Jesus would set artificial limits on spiritual forces.

"He was not creating in the earth a monopoly of grace; he was giving his grace to the whole world as a free gift for all men.

"For any company of men then to constitute themselves God's exclusive representatives on earth is a straight-out contradiction of Christ's own generosity and democracy.

"And people who have been trained to see Jesus Christ in this large view as one divinely superior to visible bounds and bonds cannot possibly consent to have him hooped around with ecclesiastical forms and ceremony—restrained in narrow confines of either appointed ritual or unchangeable precedent."

SOME OF THE FALLACIES AND FOLLIES OF FEMINISM AS SEEN BY A MAN

THE motto of feminism is, "every employment open to women." The motto of humanism, which should prevail for the sake of women and social welfare, according to John Martin, is, "no employment open to women unless proven non-injurious." Mr. Martin, who is a useful member of the Board of Education of New York City, is writing particularly of women employed in modern industry, where the female invasion has been glorified as part of the struggle toward the feminist goal of "economic independence." It seems to him that, as a matter of fact, such an industrial subjugation of the sex has taken place that "women's prime difference from man, instead of being ignored, as feminists demand, should be more and more watchfully considered."

"Potential motherhood is woman's prime social value, of higher worth to her and to the nation than any quantity of cotton she can spin, or ledgers she can balance or ribbons she can sell across the counter.

"To the maintenance of her power for healthy, happy motherhood, every other factor in her life must be subordinate. Law and custom should distinguish, with eternal vigilance, in matters industrial between man's place and woman's place. . . .

"A man may be terribly overworked without affecting his power for paternity. He may toil for twenty-three hours and yet become the father of a healthy child in the twenty-fourth hour. He may stand the live-long day at a machine and subsist on black bread and water, and still beget vigorous babies.

"But a woman who similarly stands all the long day before an unwearying machine cannot bring forth healthy offspring. She has sold something which her wages have not paid for, never could pay for—the life and vigor of the next generation."

With a perversity which perplexes the feminist, the genuine wage-earning mother in factory, mill, field and store, Mr. Martin points out, regards her "economic independence" as a curse to herself, her children and the community, and is eager to escape it. Not the industrial enslavement of the mother, but the remuneration of the father adequate to sustain a reasonably comfortable home is what should be sought, as Mr. Martin views the situation.

The series of articles in which these views are set forth appears in the

Survey under the general title of "The Four Ages of Woman." The four ages are: the years before marriage; the two stages of married life—before and after children come; and the later years of maturity beyond child-bearing age. Mr. Martin encountered in the Board of Education the radical claims of leading feminists in the controversy over the dismissal or retention of married women teachers by the public school system. Feminists demand the substitution of "economic independence" for "female parasitism." They demand "all labor for woman's province," and "equal pay for men and women." They advocate "self-support of all women, single or married, widowed or divorced." The trouble with such feminist demands, as we gather from Mr. Martin's objections, comes when it is sought to apply them to the facts and conditions of life. Chiefly they lend themselves to the disintegration instead of the conservation of family life, and Mr. Martin contends that social and racial welfare need all the forces of family conservation that can be enlisted.

Consider, says Mr. Martin, the salary schedule of the wage-earning school teacher in large cities like New York. The salaries are arranged "as if there was a deliberate purpose to present the maximum temptation to spinsterhood. For sixteen years and more after starting to teach, the woman's salary is annually increased almost automatically, and promotion to the highest positions is the reward reserved to those who eschew motherhood." The humanism which Mr. Martin advocates would organize school systems on the presumption that every teacher is desired to marry before thirty and will approve her return to the service for ten to fifteen years, after forty-five, enriched by a woman's highest experience, the rearing of a family.

But feminism advocates the elimination of sex distinction and "equal pay for men and women." What happens is this, according to Mr. Martin's analysis: The continuous service and promotion system is strengthened to operate as a renunciation of marriage. The supply of competent men willing to be teachers is less than that of women; men's wages in private employment average double those of

women. The salary schedule inevitably tends to be fixed at the lower woman's wage level. More important still is the fixing of a minimum or living wage for occupational service to society. When sex is considered in framing salaries, a man's living wage means a family's living wage—the Australian standard is a man, wife and three children—while a woman's living wage means an individual wage. Eliminate sex considerations, and you do not establish a family wage for women. The "equality" secured is a degradation of men's wages such as came in the New York schools. Mr. Martin declares that this came to pass by pressure of the New York feminists upon the Board of Education and the legislature. "If the demand for equal pay be conceded," writes Mr. Martin, "the legal minimum wage for men must be abandoned, as must also the legal obligation upon the man to support the wife and children—a high price to pay for a doubtful advantage to groups of women."

More sex discrimination in favor of womankind rather than less, is what Mr. Martin's humanism calls for. Progress does not lie in the direction of ill health, pain, infant mortality, subordination of maternity to money-making.

"A minimum of three babies, and probably four, on the average, to every strong, fertile woman, is essential to keep the nation at its present strength and to provide for slow, natural increase; and the woman capable of contributing three children to the nation does not atone for her neglect to reproduce by making the pile of material goods a trifle higher. To bear and give home training to three children will employ a woman fully and strenuously for fifteen or twenty years."

That feminism is responsible for every evil of our industrial system Mr. Martin would not assert, but that it lends itself to the exploitation instead of the protection of women he asserts and reasserts. Feminism, in short, sets up a straw woman instead of the flesh and blood woman whose natural relation to industry actually differs at each of the "four ages" of her life. The crux of that relation is motherhood, insists Mr. Martin, whereas feminists cavalierly treat motherhood as "incidental."



LITERATURE · AND · ART



Removing the Dollar-Mark
from Literature.

IN a recent interview, published in the *New York Times*, Amy Lowell, who may be described as the priestess of Imagism and free verse, was quoted as saying that she wished that no man could expect to make a living by literature, and that she wished American magazines did not pay for contributions. Speaking at the recent banquet of the Authors' League, Miss Lowell explained in detail why she believed that poetry and literature should be absolutely divorced from commerce. According to the *New York Tribune* she told the authors:

"I regret the necessity of art trafficking itself for dollars and cents. I regret that the world misconceives the value of art so greatly as universally to underpay it. Other arts eventually become self-supporting; poetry practically never does. And here my strange paradox brings me back again, for to this failure of the golden lure I believe we owe it that poetry is so single-minded, so prone to follow out its own dreams unhindered by public opinion.

"Also, I am not aware that I have said anything against the poet earning his living by some other work than that of poetry. History has shown us many examples of poets of the first rank filling practical positions at the same time. Chaucer was a hard-worked magistrate; Shakespeare was an actor and hack playwright to a popular theater; Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; Mallarmé was professor of English in a boys' school; Samain was a government functionary. I could go on enumerating such cases.

"To take a momentary glance at other arts, we have only to remember that Pierre Loti and Rimsky-Korsakov were naval officers, and that other great Russian composer, Borodin, was a physician and of unusual eminence in his profession."

Poets need not starve in garrets on stray crusts of bread, says Miss Lowell. Let them make their living in some other way, and they are freed from the necessity of lowering their art to the tastes of "that part of the public which pays well for its pleasures." But the poets have already, declares Amy Lowell, flung aside this temptation. "They have certainly earned the right to better payment, if strenuous self-sacrificing endeavor constitutes a right."

First Aid to the Public.

OTHER pregnant advice for the American literary public was given by Miss Lowell. We do not take art seriously enough here in

America, she asserted. (It has been asserted before.) We are too prone to fads. Anything freakish, odd, or strange is sure of immediate attention. But this clamorous attention often does scant justice to the work which arouses it. We are all talking about the "new poetry," says Miss Lowell, yet our understanding about it is "extremely prescribed." Here are other faults to be remedied:

"Another of our American characteristics is that we are inclined to dig artistic movements up by the roots to see how they are getting on. Now, it is a melancholy truth that altho America produces a great many young artists of unusual promise, she has difficulty in bringing them to a satisfactory maturity. Our literary history is strewn with clever first books. I remember that the same phenomenon was remarked upon by Mr. Bertrand Russell in regard to other fields of intellectual activity. His explanation was that young men here are expected to 'make good' soon after leaving college, and that the effort to do this exhausts them mentally, and prevents the further ripening their powers should have.

"I think that the same explanation, slightly altered, applies to poets. Once a man has written a book of promise, the whole force of American life is upon him to urge him to the quick production of another. With us, reputations are made and lost overnight. The habit of the older countries, where it takes ten years to make a reputation, which, once made, is unassailable (unassailable to all intents and purposes, that is), is certainly more conducive to the growth of a great art."

The Advent of the Great
American Critic.

WHAT we really need in this country, if we are to help the poet and the literary artist, Miss Lowell emphasized, is the great American critic. The book "reviews" of most of our newspapers are absolutely worthless, except in so far as they help the publishers and the booksellers. Poets are treated not as artists but as news items. The few trained and eager critics we do possess devote themselves almost exclusively to the works of authors dead and of assured fame. "We, the poets, need the critics as encouragers, correctors and middlemen; we, the public, need the critics to point out to us what we might otherwise miss, or, seeing, fail to understand." The advent of the highly trained critic is one of the crying needs of American life, we infer.

"These critics will do more than any other body of men to temper our Ameri-

can atmosphere to the degree in which art can most happily flourish. Again, the critics can do more to raise the taste of the public than we, the artists, can do. We speak, perforce, in terms of art. But where those terms are not understood they naturally have very little effect in modifying conditions. It is not the artist's business to explain. It is enough that he create. But his future depends upon explanation. It is to the critics that the world owes the knowledge that great artists have been. The work of a great man is recreated in every generation by those few men who study and love him and who proclaim this love aloud for their contemporaries. If the artist is the heart and brain of art, the critic is its arms and legs, its motive power, in short."

Our Debt to Mr. Wright.

IF we may believe Burton Rascoe of the *Chicago Tribune*, Willard Huntington Wright's first novel, "The Man of Promise" (Lane), is as tragical as Sophocles's "Oedipus Rex," as benevolently ironical as Anatole France's "The Gods Are Athirst," as artistic as the best of Turgenev! (You say we need critics, Miss Lowell? Say it again.) Mr. Wright has, according to the *Chicago critic*, lifted American fiction out of that fifth-rate place it occupies in the world of letters. Mr. H. L. Mencken likewise is of the opinion that in Willard Huntington Wright America has at last produced a novelist. So he informs us in *The Forum*. "There is a touch of the Greek spirit in it," says Mr. Mencken. "If this novel falls a bit short of its apparent aim, it gives evidence of a serious purpose that may yet bring in a great harvest." He continues in the same strain:

"Wright has done his story with great painstaking, and it shows a symmetry and bears a polish that are very rare in American fiction, or, for that matter, in English fiction. John Galsworthy works in somewhat the same fashion, but there are important points of difference. For one thing, 'The Man of Promise' is harder and more formal in structure than any novel of Galsworthy's that comes to mind, and for another thing it lacks Galsworthy's mellowness, his middle-aged toleration, his visible feeling that nothing really matters. Wright is a far younger man, and the fine fierceness of youth is still in him: he takes even a work of fiction seriously. There is, indeed, almost too harsh an earnestness in his book, and, by the same token, too meticulous a finish. As a document in psychology, it is too well-made, as the plays of Scribe were too well-made on the side of mere intrigue. One gets a sniff of the laboratory."



HE POKES FUN AT MODERNITY

Louis U. Wilkinson's first novel "The Buffoon" is benignly satirical of those Americans who live in London and call themselves Vorticists. It is a study in the most modern Epicureanism.

Woman vs. Genius.

THE Man of Promise" is a thesis-novel in the strictest and most austere sense. The Springfield Republican thus explains the theme: "It is that the man who would attain the cold heights of intellectual perfection and achievement must be an ascetic. The grosser influences of worldly approval, the association with women, or any yielding to luxury and lionizing must be rigidly eschewed." Mr. Wright, we read further, vividly presents his hero in all the glory of his promise and as vividly marshals the forces that thwart the fulfilment of those promises. "Mr. Wright shows much cleverness in dissecting an uncommon character, in keeping his story varied within narrow confines, and in assembling a series of progressively dramatic episodes around the personality of West. But whether West repays this minute study is a question."

The critic of the New York Globe—a woman, we believe—is of the opinion that Mr. Wright depicts women as the great conservatives, the base materialists, "vampires, choking vines, millstones, perpetual board-bills, handicaps, cry-babies" of our civilization. They drag Mr. Wright's Nietzschean man of promise down from the heights. But Mr. James L. Ford, of the Herald—a most masculine and "safe and sane" reviewer—is of the opinion that the hero's wife and mother are absolutely right in their attitude, and he is not sure but that the author will agree with him that the novel is to be taken as a record of West's life rather than as a document designed to prove something.

Something of the same impression is finally gained by the *Globe* critic, who adroitly remarks:

"Mr. Wright's novel is written in the manner of some of the Europeans. The style is austere, detached, and somewhat monotonous. The story is told in the third person, and there is very little dialog. All of which unquestionably gives a certain dignity to the story. Despite the material, there is little of the grubbiness that is found in Dreiser's story on a similar theme. Even when the man of promise pulls the lady around by the hair, he does it more in classic sorrow, as you might say, than in common anger. As a whole, the story is consistent and the narrative well sustained.

"But personally (perhaps speaking as a book reviewer) we cannot get up much sympathy for that 'ethic of culture in ten volumes' that was never written. Perhaps, after all, this is what, in a beneficently planned world, women are for—to keep ethics of culture in ten volumes from being written."

An American Publisher Introduces an English Novelist.

IF occasionally we complain that too many American writers of talent are not recognized here until they have been taken up by English publishers, there is a certain compensation in the knowledge that once in a while American publishers "discover" a new English writer. Alfred A. Knopf, youngest and one of the most ambitious of our publishers, has given us "The Buffoon," the first novel of Louis U. Wilkinson, an Englishman whose reputation in this country has heretofore been made as a lecturer on literary topics, and whose book suggests the art of the Frenchman Régnier rather than Wells or Bennett. "The Buffoon" is a penetrating study of a modern type, a selfish British bachelor of Epicurean habits, whose sense of humor holds him aloof from life, and who is finally brought by his own destructive sense of cosmic and ironic comedy to a complete disillusionment. Edward Raynes is a new type in fiction, yet his psychology is a peculiarly real one not only in England but in America. Part of Mr. Wilkinson's novel is devoted to a semi-caricatural portrayal of the Vorticists of London, whose inflated pretensions are neatly pricked by the incorrigible Raynes. The book is a unique combination of delicacy, frankness and strength, devoid of conventionality and rubber-stamp ethical values. For this reason, no doubt, its appeal may be limited. Announced as the first novel of a "matured talent," some of its critics are of the opinion that it ought likewise to be the last. Yet the interest of many readers may be aroused rather than crushed by the condemnation of Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly, who in the *Bookman* summarily dismisses "The Buffoon" in this fashion: "If it is a fair example of the way his (Louis Wilkinson's) mind en-



A NOVELIST NOW

Willard Huntington Wright is known as an interpreter of Nietzsche, a champion of modern art, an esthetician, a truculent critic of critics, and now with "The Man of Promise" he has written a book which is acclaimed by some critics as one of the great American novels.

visages life it is fervently to be hoped that it will also be his last."

The H. C. Bunner Boom.

FEW are the novels and shorter stories which can hold their own, in this age of competition and superabundant productivity of fiction, even for a decade. New editions in response to popular demand after the death of American story-tellers are rare exceptions. Practically three decades have passed since the stories and novels of H. C. Bunner were first published; a score of years have passed since his death. The republication of two volumes of his stories (Scribner) is, as Professor Brander Matthews points out in his introductory note, a concrete tribute to their vitality and charm. Tho Bunner died in 1896, some of his best stories date from the '80s. He was essentially a master of the short story, in the opinion of Professor Matthews. Yet his work expresses a charm of personality and a striking individuality of outlook. "His prose was the prose of a poet, pure and pellucid; his style had both clarity and color. He became a master of the art of the short story, finding his profit in a loving study of Boccaccio and Maupassant. Even those of his longer tales, which stretch out almost to the dimensions of a novel, were really only short stories writ large; they had the urity, the swiftness, the singleness of purpose which is the distinguishing characteristic of this form of fiction." All of his stories reveal a fertility of invention playfully delighting in its own exercise. Yet they were informed with the "larger interpreting imagination":

"While Bunner had sat at the feet of the European masters of fiction to spy out the secrets of the craft, his own subjects were chosen almost without exception from the life of his own country. What could be more intensely American than the narrative of the adventures of Zadoc Pine, with its persuasive portrayal of the man's native gumption, his unvaunting self-respect, his sturdy kindness? This vision of unmitigated and essential Americanism is set before us in a tale which is also a tract, if we choose so to take it—a tract setting forth the stern duty of self-help and of resolute independence.

"Not only were Bunner's studies from life sketched from our own life here in America; many, if not most of them, were also studies of New York, the city of his ancestors and of his own abiding love—al tho he had not been born in it, nor was he to die in it. Thirty years ago colonialism still lingered in our literature. There were not a few among us who doubted whether this sprawling metropolis of ours, so varied in its aspects and so tumultuous in its manifestations, would ever prove to be a fertile field for fiction. Here Bunner was truly a pioneer; he drove a furrow of his own in soil scarcely even scratched before he tilled it; and if the later crop is to-day more abundant this is, in some measure, at least, because all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed."

Incidentally, *Puck*, the weekly edited by Bunner and which first gave to the American public most of his short stories, is now reprinting some of the best remembered of them—a significant sign of Bunner's persistent popularity.

A Poet's Funeral.

NICARAGUA seems to have demonstrated that poets are not without honor even in their native countries. Rubén Darío, considered by many, at the time of his death, the greatest living poet writing in the Spanish language, died a few months ago in the Central American republic, where he was born and spent most of his life. The Nicaraguan government, the five other States of Central America, the Roman Catholic Church, the literary societies of Nicaragua, all united in honoring and glorifying the dead poet. The Cathedral of the City of León granted him the rituals decreed for Roman Catholic princes. A great military funeral was held by the State. The various obsequies covered a period of ten days, during which the whole country was in mourning, as decreed by Congress. The literary societies held funeral feasts copied from the traditional ceremonies of the Greek burial of national heroes. "The flames of the pyre," so *El Independiente* of León informs us, "illuminated the city by night." Darío was mourned throughout Latin America. In Mexico, we read, the Department of Fine Arts of Carranza's government decreed that the buildings under its

control should be in mourning for three days. The Argentine government was represented at the funeral. A movement has already been started in Spain to erect a monument to Darío in the royal gardens of the Buen Retiro, in Madrid. The *Mercure de France* of Paris publishes an essay characterizing Darío as a world-figure in modern literature.

Darío's Place in Spanish Poetry.

IN Latin America, we read in the Madrid *Heraldo*, there had been no dearth of good poets, even of vigorous and inspired poets; but not until the appearance of Rubén Darío appeared a true spokesman of Latin America who was at the same time a great and exquisite poet. "The work of Rubén Darío," according to a writer in the Chile *Mercurio*, "is that of a supreme esthetic mind and a most individual stylist." Defining what the Nicaraguan poet has contributed to the new Spanish poetry, Díez Canedo writes in the Madrid *España*: "As Rachilde says of Verlaine, *il a ouvert les fenêtres* (he opened the windows). He made us know the foreign poets he loved. He read our old poets with us. He freed us from a rigid prosody. He imbued us with a love of beautiful form. He transformed the oratorical stanza into a more flexible medium of expression. He brought to us a bit of exoticism, a bit of archaicism, a bit of preciousness. But above all he brought a gift of exquisite sensibility and fine feeling for new things." Señor Darío visited the United States a year or so ago, but was not received with any degree of enthusiasm. This alleged neglect aroused some editorial comment. But the Nicaraguan poet was not an unconditional friend of the United States. He mistrusted our "imperialistic" tendencies, especially in our dealings with Latin America. A short time after the Panama affair he wrote his forceful ode, "To Roosevelt," which was translated by Professor W. C. Hills, of Colorado. The Hispanic Society has just announced a volume of Darío's poems, translated by Robert Shores, Thomas Walsh, and Salomón de la Selva. Pedro Enriquez Ureña contributes an introduction.

Odors and Literature.

IN his new study of Rudyard Kipling (Holt), R. Thurston Hopkins devotes an entire chapter to the part played by odors in the poems and prose of the English writer. Mr. Hopkins shows that the robust Kipling is quite as deeply sensitive to odors as Huysmans, Baudelaire, Verlaine or any other "decadent" was. Kipling often uses odors to conjure up the atmosphere of India and the Orient. Odor-imagery is not, as Mr. Hopkins

points out, a sign of literary decadence and sensuality, as is sometimes supposed. In Kipling it is a sign of sturdy normality. This discussion of the olfactory nerve suggests some interesting comparisons to a writer in the New York *Evening Post*. Shelley, he notes, had an extremely vivid sense for odors. "To him the fragrance of a flower was an exquisite pain." His pages are filled with "sense-rapturous" odors.

"The Champak's odors fail, like sweet thoughts in a dream," 'till the scent it gives makes faint with too much sweet,' 'the air is heavy with the scent of lemon flowers,' 'and the jessamine faint and the tube-rose sweet' are only a few examples from the perfumed bowers of his verse. The fact is that the sense of smell happens to be the least developed of all the human senses. Hence, poets, as well as average people, use it least frequently, and hence its lapse into disrepute."

One recalls George du Maurier's exclamation in one of his novels, "Ah, if I could whistle an old Paris smell!" and his concrete expression of the varied odors of the Quartier Latin. The description of odors, mostly disagreeable, was one of Zola's most effective weapons in his bag of "naturalistic" tricks.

American Leadership in Hispanic Studies.

IN no small measure the success of the Cervantes tercentenary, which was celebrated in April throughout the Spanish-speaking world, has been due to the efforts of an American, Archer M. Huntington, founder of the American Hispanic Society. Coincident with this information, we now learn from Professor Pedro Henriquez Ureña, the distinguished Latin-American critic, that the United States is superseding even Germany in Hispanic studies. M. Alfred Morel-Fatio recently pointed out in the Madrid weekly, *España*, that the Germans "practically invented Calderon . . . they gave the great poetry of the Romancero its full value." So much so, it seems, that most Spaniards are under the impression that all important studies of Spanish literature are manufactured in Germany! That, however, is a mistake. Even Prosper Mérimée, author of "Carmen," and the veriest amateur in the literature of Spain, reveals a finer understanding of it than could be found in many bulky German volumes. "Besides," continues M. Morel-Fatio, who holds a chair in the Collège de France, "it is in the United States that Hispanic studies are most flourishing now. I have as pupils students who come from American universities and I can see the method and the intelligence they have used in their work there." Professor Ureña, writing from the United States to the *Heraldo de Cuba*, remarks in similar fashion:

"The rôle that Germany has played in Hispanic erudition is now taken by the United States. In France there have been eminent scholars of Spanish literature, such as M. Foulche-Delbosc, editor of the most important publication devoted exclusively to the subject, and the venerable M. Morel-Fatio. Italy possesses, among others, the brilliant and versatile Arturo Farinelli. Benedetto Croce, the leading Italian philosopher, is also a noted Hispanist, and is not averse even to erudite minutiae. England is well known in this field principally because of James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. In the Scandinavian coun-

tries there are philologists like Erik Staaff and Munthe. But outside of Spain no group of Hispanic scholars is comparable, on the average, with that of the United States.

"There have always been in the United States lovers of the soul of Spain. Among these have been Washington Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Prescott, Ticknor. Even authors who wrote nothing on Spain, like Edgar Poe or Holmes, made quotations in Spanish; John Hay was, until not long ago, a representative of that tradition; and Mr. Howells, dean of present-day literature of the United

States, has often praised that of Spain."

Among the distinguished American students of Hispanic subjects, Professor Ureña names Professors Rudolph Schevill, Charles Carroll Marden, John Driscoll Fitz-Gerald, Clifford G. Allen, Henry R. Lang, Milton A. Buchanan, George T. Northup, J. D. M. Ford, and others. A book on the study of Spain in the literature of the United States has just been announced by Señor Miguel Romera Navarro, a Spanish writer who resides in this country.

WILL WOMEN WRITE THE GREAT NOVELS OF THE FUTURE?

SHALL we prophesy that the greatest stories will be written in the future by women? Perhaps so, suggests George Malcolm Stratton, the distinguished psychologist of the University of California. Woman, inferior to man in most of the great arts, approaches in fiction the mark of man. "Even genius is sensitive to circumstance and weather," Professor Stratton explains, "and women in the past have been exposed to peculiar frost and drought. If we think upon these things, we cannot call quite foundationless the hope that in the story-teller's art women in the end will clearly excel the men, bringing to the race those further riches promised in the imaginative lives of little girls." This somewhat startling suggestion is presented in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it is based upon a detailed comparative study of the tale-composing faculty in children. Girls, rather than boys, yield heart and soul to the spell of story-making. "My stories were very real to me," is one girl's confession. "The stories were always very real; the pictures of the events passed through my mind with almost the vividness of hallucinations at times, especially at night," is the admission of another girl. Boys do not experience in their stories, Professor Stratton explains, the same sense of reality, "the very throb and tremor of life." His interpretation of this difference is interesting. "Just because each human life is in some degree imprisoned, does each of us love a tale. But only those who are more restricted in act, while yet free and rich in impulse and in longing, will seek more eagerly to act in fancy."

"Now the male has within him the demon of unrest, and the social restraints with him are less; and in his freedom, tense with real risks, he feels less call for mimic striving. In business, in the control of police and railways, in litigation, and in war, he finds almost enough to quench his thirst for personal clash. But woman, with a nervous vitality and a pas-

sion surely no whit below man's, yet with less muscular strength and with social confines which hitherto have given her a less changing and perilous work than man's—what wonder if her energies, blocked in their outward flow, should burst over into imaginary action? As both boys and girls compose their tales, I find, far oftener when the body is still—sitting, or in bed while not asleep—than when it is active; so it is in harmony with this that women should in their greater bodily quiet and weakness prepare a warmer welcome for fancied deeds. Their life is less agile and closer to the gates of dreams. . . .

"Now man's demon, in driving him to arduous employment, drives with him his imagination. Woman also works; but as she gains freedom from the squaw's millstone and hoe and bearing of burdens, there does not come in their place—at least not yet—that pressure of profession and commerce and organized craft, with their fixed hours and high momentum and all that monetary gauge of success that keeps the male with soul and body at the wheel. With us the women still govern the home and child—a work whose driving energy is not so high, more guided by quiet traditions, commonly less insistent and engrossing upon the mind. The grievance of some who would rightly enlarge woman's life is that her traditional labor has too much of monotone and provides no interest and open door. But without wishing it for her, we may recognize that what is unfavorable to life may favor a certain quality of imagination. The very hum-drum of household duties, as many a young woman has assured me, may send the mind off to build castles in the clouds. Man's work is so absorbing, so full of stake, that this doubling of the stream—actual performance running by the side of imaginary performance—is often quite impossible. He must give all his powers to shop or ship, to politics or war. His engrossing action, however, is not wholly hostile to the imagination; it merely summons it to high service in religion or science, in commerce or invention, and leaves it neither time nor desire to weave a tale. Girls as a group start with free imagination—freer than the boys'—and are by circumstance enabled to keep it unspotted from the world."

No smoothed-out and simplified heart, we read further, can ever write

a great novel. "Cervantes must find in himself something that, if set free, would have made him a real Quixote, a Sancho Panza, and one ready to jeer at both." Those who have exclusive attachments are ill fitted to create tales. "Any great novelist's proper self must not sit too fixedly upon him; he may feel it, but he must be able to slip it off, and into another, as with a coat."

"Now the character of your common male is fastened, rather, like the coat of an animal. His self is too much with him, and resists a sympathetic entrance into contrasting parts. But woman—if we attend to the class and not to the individual—is of less rigid structure; she is more mobile in her feelings, ready to answer emotionally at the instant's call. With her there is sympathy which, taken broadly, is but a ready entrance into characters different from her own. . . .

"The average woman possesses a greater variety of character, as of wardrobe, than does the man; she can more readily lay aside or suppress some important part of her and bring some contrasting feature into view. She carries in herself a ready wealth that is more applicable to the story than to painting or to music. Thus it is that in painting and in music she is to be passed by man with ease, but in the story, if at all, with greatest effort."

There are many forces which urge women into the field of fiction rather than into that of the other arts. Then why, asks Professor Stratton in conclusion, why do they not achieve more in this field? Why does woman not notably excel man in fiction? This achievement the future may hold in store for her. "May we not be confident that talent clearly supreme will appear among those who show so high a preparation? Why should we not prophesy that the greatest stories will hereafter come only from the daughters of men?" The study of genius, however, he admits, gives us no assurance in this matter:

"In man there is endless daring and a purpose not lightly to be turned aside; and sheer contrivance will often outwit natural gifts. It will be remembered that

we found the girl letting her story tell itself; while the boy repeated, retouched, criticized, putting pains in place of spontaneity. And later, in maturity and in an art already developed and difficult to carry to still higher excellence, these male traits may balance the scale. Analysis and self-criticism and dogged ingenuity and the love of domination may make good the lack of ready and free fertility.

"It must also be remembered that we have examined evidence merely of a more

widespread fitness among women as a group, and have not looked to supreme and single excellence. And while the general level of women's aptitude is perhaps higher than men's, yet fame does not rest upon a general level so much as upon individual peaks.

"For one person who knows of the Thibetan highlands, where for weeks the traveler may never descend to the elevation of Mt. Blanc, thousands know of some single and higher point in Andes or

Himalayas. Altho there is an amusing distribution of fictional talent in women,—so that, lift your hat where you will, your greeting will go to some story-writer of promise,—yet in men Nature strangely heaps her gifts upon few and distant individuals. To man she more often gives the distinction we call genius, which treats the statistician and his dull averages as love does locksmiths. The wind in these matters of the kingdom blows where it lists."

THE FRENCHWOMAN WHO IS ACCLAIMED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST MODERN SCULPTORS

WE ought to be proud of our own times, which have produced such a genius as Mlle. Jane Poupelet. Such is the assurance given us by Janet Scudder, the American sculptor, who goes on to pay tribute to the Frenchwoman as a sculptor who has given "a record of her personality and power that will pass on through the ages, just as the four marvelous Pompeian bronzes in the Naples museum (than which no greater art exists) have passed on through the ages, bringing with them the aroma of their own moment and a passionate pleasure in the beautiful that nothing can destroy." Mlle. Poupelet's work is but little known here, the first considerable exhibition in America having just been held in the Goupil Gallery. The Frenchwoman is, however, widely noted on the continent. She has been deco-

rated with the cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government. Rodin has expressed great admiration for her work, and some of her more ardent admirers, *Harper's Weekly* notes, rank her with the great Rodin himself as one of the great sculptors of the modern world. There is nothing prolific or unpremeditated in this sculpture. Mlle. Poupelet is the author of her work to the last details, as the art critic of the *New York Times* points out. She chisels the rough surfaces of the bronze after it comes from the mold, she develops the patina, which plays so important a part in the effect produced by her statuettes. Most artists who take this care in certain special pieces indicate the fact by a double signature. "Those who own her work know that it is in every instance the complete product of her hand and brain." Viewed together at the Goupil Gallery, the *Times* critic

discovered "an unsuspected range in the artist's feeling and unsuspected depths of reality in her formal art." She writes:

"Take, for example, the little figure of a rabbit, compact, of ingratiating surface, and an embodiment of rabbit character. One ear flaps down and tells the whole world of students of animal life that the one thing a rabbit can do better than any other animal is to flap its ear down. Take the little figure of a donkey on which the artist worked a year, turning out nothing else in that time. Here you have the stiff-necked folly of the most pugnacious and obstinate of beasts. You have it not only in the steely resistance of the head, but in the stiff tail and rebellious spine. It is the essence of donkey. Then take the beautiful 'Bather,' her laughing head lifted in the glee of the expected plunge, her strong arms touching the earth, her magnificent back, with its great muscles hardly rippling the broad pure surface, a live, full-



THE QUINTESSENCE OF DONKEY

Jane Poupelet worked on this statuette alone for an entire year, studying her subject and simplifying her model to a degree that has eliminated all the non-essentials. The result is formal, almost archaic, yet tender and appealing.



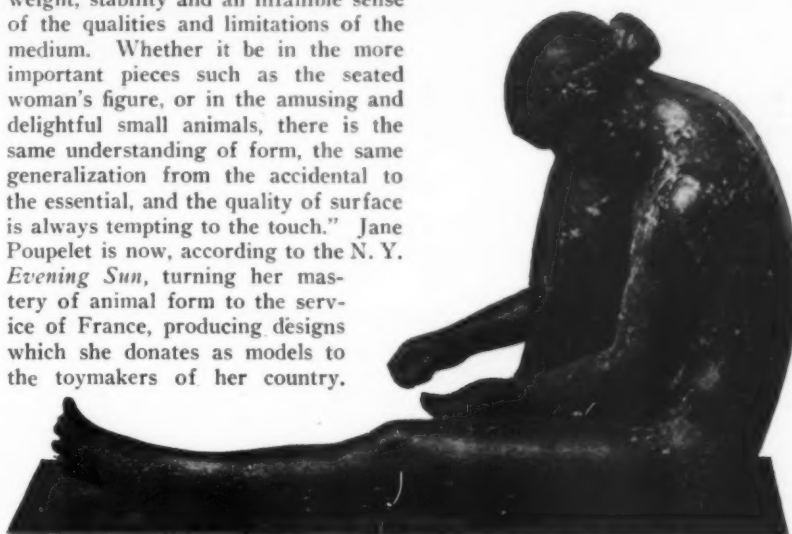
THE FLAPPING EAR

Only the student of sculpture, perhaps, can grasp the exquisite yet immortal art which finds expression in the ingratiating surface of this little rabbit. Yet it will live throughout future ages, if we accept the authority of Miss Janet Scudder, the American sculptress.

pulsed, joyous creature, quick to meet all vital experience, yet monumental, a thing to live through generations of changing fashions. In its way, the 'Woman at Her Toilette,' bought by the Metropolitan Museum, is not less splendid, and the long curve from the bent head to the outstretched foot is something to applaud."

The sculpture, particularly the nudes of Jane Poupelet, we read, have little in common with that school which has received its inspiration from the great Auguste Rodin. Rather, at its best it recalls the Pompeian and even more archaic types of sculpture. It reveals an almost formal simplicity, a synthetic idealization. Critics point out that her sculpture will never become tiresome through too great an emphasis upon detail. However light her mood, the critic of the New York *Evening Post* notes, Mlle. Poupelet never exhibits anything insignificant. "In everything Mlle. Poupelet produces there is style,

weight, stability and an infallible sense of the qualities and limitations of the medium. Whether it be in the more important pieces such as the seated woman's figure, or in the amusing and delightful small animals, there is the same understanding of form, the same generalization from the accidental to the essential, and the quality of surface is always tempting to the touch." Jane Poupelet is now, according to the N. Y. *Evening Sun*, turning her mastery of animal form to the service of France, producing designs which she donates as models to the toymakers of her country.



A WOMAN AT HER TOILET

This has been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

THE CLIMAX OF AUDACITY IN THE MODERN ART REVOLUTION

THE crowning audacity of the recent exhibition at the Montross Gallery, New York City, by the "four musketeers of cubism"—Marcel Duchamp,

Jean Metzinger, Albert Gleizes and Jean Crotti—was, if we correctly estimate the violent reaction of the metropolitan critics, the bust of M. Duchamp devised by M. Crotti and described in the catalog as "sculpture made to measure." Sculpture of this sort has never been seen before, says the N. Y. *Herald*. "By two lead wires running in two directions, the artist has made an exact profile of his subject. A piece of flattened lead suggests the forehead and strands of drawn lead represent the forelock of the hair. Two delicate strands are bent in perfect likeness of the lip-line, and two glass eyes, made to match Mr. Duchamp's, are placed back under the forehead. The effect is weird, but the artist obtains a perfect likeness of his subject, much as would a cartoonist with a few strokes." The critic of the *Evening Sun* compares this amazing *tour de force* to the old-fashioned wax-figure, more skilfully done. "It recalls to us a very useful wire head-piece that used to enable us to play the mouth-organ, leaving the hands free for drumming, piano, or any other instrument of torture." Charles H. Caffin of the *American* tells us that while Mr. Crotti's whole show suggests an "emasculated precocity," its "climax of empty-headedness" is attained in this audacious portrait. Mr. Caffin evidently believes that this type of work has been exhibited to make fun of the American critics and public, and he suggests that it discredits the other work of the ex-

hibition as well. "The misguided effort of these young men," he writes, "to adapt themselves to the American vice of humor casts a gloom over the whole exhibition."

Two competent and authoritative New York critics have, nevertheless, discovered distinct merits and interest in M. Crotti's facile mastery of a me-



IS THIS A WORK OF ART?

Jean Crotti's "portrait of Marcel Duchamp" is perhaps the most discussed single art exhibit of the past season in New York. It is entirely constructed of wire and drawn lead—and a specially constructed pair of artificial eyes. The entire structure is supported by a single wire.

dium that is nothing if not "modern." "There is, to be sure," the *Times* critic writes, "only one portrait in wire of Marcel Duchamp, and this may be the reason why, in its secluded position, it attracts the attention of every one. Aside from its novelty, and no one can deny that the medium is novel, it is a clever linear performance. Caran d'Ache would have chuckled over it."

The critic of the *Sun*, instead of condemning the French artists or peremptorily dismissing their work, commends their honesty and straightforwardness. "It is the most unhesitating and direct presentment of the modern feeling that I have seen in New York this winter," he writes concerning the exhibition, "and its honesty ought to win the respect of those who love fair play in the art world. It has also a special significance from the fact that all of these artists have made distinct progress in expression and have increased their stature as artists." This critic asserts:

"The portrait of Marcel Duchamp by Monsieur Crotti is one of the most impressive works in the exhibition. He calls it a portrait 'made to measure,' but Monsieur Crotti measured everything; he used his prerogative as an artist and didn't put everything in. It has no jaw, no cheekbone, no back. It has merely a metal plate for the forehead and scalp, to which the hair, made of silver wire, is attached. This hair is managed with amazing and artistic skill. A wire profile of the nose and mouth hangs from the metal plate and two artificial eyes of porcelain are suspended in the places that approved draughtsmanship demands. The wire mouth and nose are fine as lines and they suggest Marcel Duchamp. I know this description sounds incredible, yet this affair is a work of art and a good portrait."

INDOMITABLE GAIETY OF THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS OF THE TRENCHES

SINCE the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, no less than sixty, perhaps as many as one hundred, newspapers and journals have sprung into life among the soldiers of the French front. All of France has been talking about them, reading them when chance brought them to the "rear," preserving them as the most interesting human documents of the war. The publishing-house of Berger-Levrault has finally gathered together extracts from some of the earlier of these evanescent sheets under the title of "Tous les Journaux du Front," and published them with an introduction by Pierre Albin. A few of these papers have been printed in Paris and other cities; but in nearly every case, the publishers state, they have been edited and written in the trenches, under the very fire of the enemy's guns. They reveal the fact that only the people "at home" are morose or pessimistic. "The French soldier has kept his smile." Non-combatants are advised to read these papers in "the gray hours, the hours of doubt or of impatience."

Newspapers of this sort, M. Albin notes, date from the times of Tamerlane and Julius Caesar, or at least

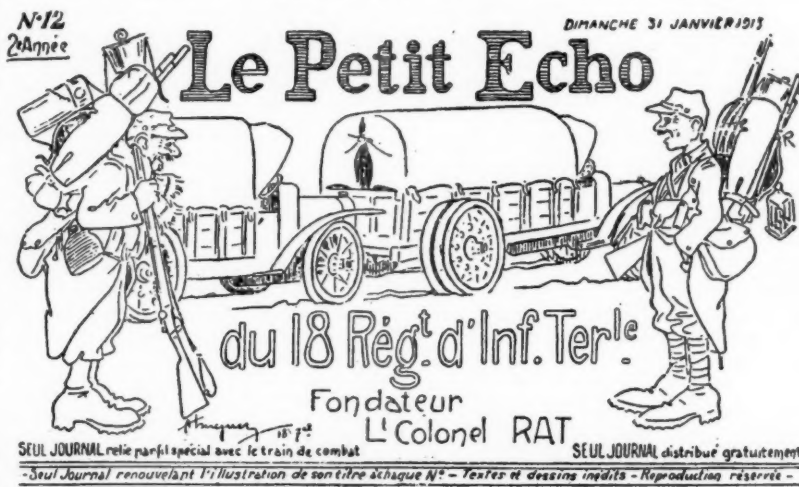
of Charlemagne. But, declaring it the duty of a German to trace the devious technical history of this fugitive type of literature, he dismisses the past and proceeds to describe the "unshaven" journalism of the present:

"The dominating impression one receives in reading the *presse poilue* is its gaiety. A gaiety frank or French (the adjectives are synonymous), deep-voiced—gaiety that can be overheard from one trench to the other. . . .

"There has been no sadness at the front. The old French gaiety has been saved. They would not believe that everything had been lost. They accepted courageously the length and the bitterness of the battle. They settled down. They started newspapers, they wrote articles, they made verses. Of course, these were not papers comparable to the immense

the enemy took Anvers or Lille. . . . Yes, one must admit, there reigns at the front a sense of reality which ought to inspire the rest of us, poor folk of the 'rear'! The *poilu* press breathes cheerfulness. But this cheerfulness is no sanctimonious optimism."

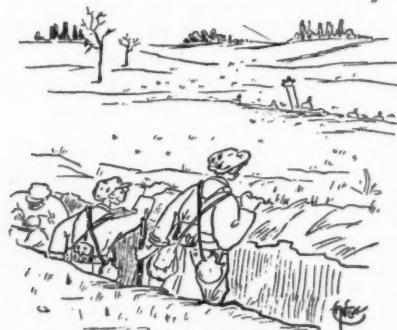
These papers offer a striking contrast to the newspapers of Paris and London, M. Albin thinks, the latter filled with rumors and false reports, ill concealing at times their discouragement and impatience. The admirable quality of the newspapers published in the French trenches is their expression of indomitable courage. They are filled with confidence in spite of all reverses. There is a lesson of moral strength and fortitude in them for all of us, French or foreign.



THE LITTLE ECHO

This paper holds the reputation of being one of the finest published by the French soldiers. It is the organ of the eighteenth regiment of territorial infantry. Printed in green or blue ink, publishing drawings, music and special plates, it enjoys an artistic reputation in the trenches.

"You will draw from them more than one lesson of cheerfulness and endurance. You will learn from them not to underrate a redoubtable adversary redoubtably armed, to revise your vision of things which has been deformed, distorted by the professional press systematically too optimistic or too pessimistic. To live in thought and spirit for a moment with those who brave death every day, you will regain an appetite for life and for joy."



A FRONT PAGE

We have reduced this page of the humorous journal "Ah Bath" considerably. It is entirely a hand product, written, drawn and "printed" in the French trenches.

Temps, the luxurious *Figaro*. Typographical composition was replaced by copying gelatine, and the 'make-up' lacked variety. But the verve, the animation, makes one forget all those mechanical imperfections. *Allons!* nothing was lost, since gaiety was born anew in the very face of the enemy."

The French soldiers have gone through many bitter moments since the first newspaper of the trenches saw the light of day; but this gaiety has continued to inspire courage. The broad laugh of these newspapers is by no means a silly laugh, says M. Albin. "It is the laugh of Rabelais, conscious of reality. If it expresses only the funny side of things, it is not because it has forgotten their serious aspect. . . . This laugh does not mistrust the strength of the enemy nor its bravery when this bravery manifested itself. It does not mistake a failure for a victory. It realizes the extent of the task to be accomplished. It did not ring out when



A CELEBRATED PAPER

"Le Poilu" boasts a circulation of no less than 13,000 copies among the soldiers of the French army in the trenches. It has been published at Châlons-sur-Marne, and is described as a "literary, humorous and artistic paper of the life of the Troglydites, which appears when it can and where it can."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

WE HAVE said it before and we say it again—the Poetry Society of America will not be a complete success until a policeman or two has to be called in to preserve order. When the feeling about poetry runs so high as to endanger the peace of the community, then indeed have the days of the high gods come again. Well, we seem to be almost there. If the discussions about *vers libre* and Imagism continue we may still see a blessed riot somewhere. In a recent copy of the N. Y. *Evening Journal*, for instance, Ella Wheeler Wilcox takes up the challenge of the new school of poets whose priestess is Amy Lowell. Mrs. Wilcox admits that "occasional beautiful results are obtained by these New School poets" and that the movement has given a fresh impetus to literature. But she deplors its "impertinence and intolerance toward the established poets, its insufferable self-conceit, and its unwillingness to leave well-earned laurels on distinguished brows." To further express her feelings, Mrs. Wilcox resorts to free verse herself and represents the new school of poets speaking as follows:

We are It!
Nothing ever was, nothing is, nothing
ever will be,
That can compare with us.
Imagists, Impressionists, Futurists, and
all that sort of thing,
We sit
Right on the pinnacle of Mount Parnas-
sus, and sing.
All the other kind of poets are hanging on
the crags down under us, knowing
they must soon drop into oblivion.
We have dug the old dead poets out of
their graves and left their skeletons
bleaching on the ground.
Until we came, Poetry was stumbling
along in
A rut,
Her rules and regulations, her rhymes and
meters and musical cadences tangled
like draperies about her feet.
We took her from the rut; we stripped
her nude
And showed her perfect form.
Heavens! But that made a storm!
The critics thought us rude,
But we were only kind.
Then we began to educate her mind.
We told her Shakespeare was a
NUT,
And Milton, Homer, Dante, Tennyson,
Wordsworth, were all crude,
Common rhymsters who had no real
worth.
As for the Muses, they were a silly crowd,
Allowed
No least recognition by US; they must get
off the earth, for we own it.
Nobody cares for us, but that is our pride.
We would be ashamed of popularity and
pay.
The rarity

Of our readers proves our excellence,
At least, to Us.
And we make such a continual fuss
About ourselves that, anyway,
We couldn't hear what other people had
to say.
In fact, we don't consider that there are
any other people.
There is no art, or music, or poetry, or
beauty in the world, save what we
make.
On the pinnacle of self-satisfaction we sit.
We are IT.

But the Imagists, according to
"A. C. H." (Alice Corbin Henderson),
writing in *Poetry*, are already out-
classed and *démodé*. There is a still
newer school which she calls the
I-am-its, and she reproduces extracts
from their poems in *Others* until she
is forced to desist because there are
no more capital I's left in the printer's
font. Thus with Mrs. Wilcox assail-
ing the Imagists for excessive it-ness
and the organ of the Imagists assailing
the poets of *Others* for excessive
I-ness, we feel like the Irishman who,
on passing a saloon and seeing three
men thrown out in rapid succession
and hearing the row still going on in-
side, asked solicitously whether it was
a private fight or whether anyone
could take a hand in it.

The leading poem in *Poetry* for
May is a noble production which we
hasten to reproduce here in part to
silence the sounds of strife:

BALDUR.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

OLD loves, old griefs, the burthen of
old songs
That Time, who changes all things,
cannot change:
Eternal themes! Ah, who shall dare to
join
The sad procession of the kings of song—
Irrevocable names, that sucked the dregs
Of sorrow from the broken honeycomb
Of fellowship?—or brush the tears that
hang
Bright as ungathered dewdrops on a briar?
Death hallows all; but who will bear
with me
To breathe a more heartrending lamenta-
tion,
To mourn the memory of a love divided
By life, not death, a friend not dead but
changed?

Not dead—but what is death? Because
I hoard
Immortal love, that withers not, but keeps
Full virtue like some rare medicament
Hoarded for ages in a crystal jar
By wonder-working gnomes; that only
waits
The sound of that lost voice, familiar still,
Or sight of face or touch of hand, to
bring
Life, like the dawn whose gentle theft
unties

The girdle of the petal-folded flowers,
And ravishes their scent before they wake:
My love is like a fountain frozen o'er,
But no returning sun will ever break
The seal of that forbidden spring; no foot
Invade the weed-grown pathway; never
kiss
Wake the enchanted beauty of the wood,
And bid the wheels of time revolve again.
Thou one should walk the ways of life,
and wear
The sweet remembered name, yet he is
not
My playmate; no, the boy whom I have
loved
Died long ago; the man is nothing but
His aging sepulchre.

And I, even I,
Know in my deepest heart that I am not
The boy who loved him; and I would I
were,
With a most bitter longing which there
are
No creeds to comfort. Do we madly
feign
The soul to be immortal? Fools!—it is
not
Even mortal, does not last the little space
The body does, but alters visibly,
And dies a million times 'twixt breath
and breath.

The soul—that vaulting speck, that busy
flame,
That climbing passion-flower, that god,
that atom—
It is the seeding-point of forces fed
By earth and air and all we hear and see
And handle. We take life and give it, but
We may not keep it. Sooner might we
hope
To clutch the trickling moments in our
palm,
Take hold of the eternal pendulum,
And bid the sun of our desire to stand.

The note that we most often miss in
the "new" school of poets is the sanc-
tifying note of tenderness. We are
glad to find (in *The Little Review*) a
poem by Carl Sandburg that has that
note. We have never before seen any-
thing of his that had it:

GONE.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

EVERYBODY loved Chick Lorimer in
our town.
Far off
Everybody loved her.
So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold
On a dream she wants.
Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer
went.
Nobody knows why she packed her trunk:
a few old things
And is gone. . . .
Gone with her little chin
Thrust ahead of her
And her soft hair blowing careless
From under a wide hat,
Dancer, singer, a laughing passionate lover.
Were there ten men or a hundred hunt-
ing Chick?

Were there five men or fifty with aching hearts?

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.
Nobody knows where she's gone.

Finer poems have been written on the war by Masfield, Chesterton, Rupert Brooke and others than any single poem written by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; but Mr. Gibson's complete output of war poetry is the most notable by far that the great conflict has produced. It is poignant, distinctive, unforgettable, and most of it applies to almost any soldier fighting on any side. We quote from his new volume, "Battle and Other Poems" (Macmillan):

SELECTIONS FROM "BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS."

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE QUESTION.

I WONDER if the old cow died or not.
Gey bad she was the night I left, and sick.

Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot—
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong
To leave the cow to him, and come away.
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep bumming in my head all day.

And all I think of, as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this—that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.

SALVAGE

SO SUDDENLY her life
Had crashed about that gray old country wife,
Naked she stood, and gazed
Bewildered, while her home about her blazed,
New-widowed, and bereft
Of her five sons, she clung to what was left,
Still hugging all she'd got—
A toy gun and a copper coffee-pot.

MANGEL-WURZELS.

LAST year I was hoeing,
Hoeing mangel-wurzels,
Hoeing mangel-wurzels all day in the sun,
Hoeing for the squire
Down in Gloucestershire
Willy-nilly till the sweaty job was done.

Now I'm in the 'wurzels,
In the mangel-wurzels,
All day in the 'wurzels 'neath the Belgian sun.
But among this little lot
It's a different job I've got—
For you don't hoe mangel-wurzels with a gun.

HIS FATHER.

I QUITE forgot to put the spigot in.
It's just come over me. . . . And it is queer

To think he'll not care if we lose or win,
And yet be jumping-mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said
A thing or two. I'd give my stripes to hear

What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

THE JOKE.

H'E'D even have his joke
While we were sitting tight,
And so he needs must poke
His silly head in sight

To whisper some new jest
Chortling, but as he spoke
A rifle cracked. . . .
And now God knows when I shall hear the rest!

Another series of striking war-poems, but without the strong personal note Mr. Gibson's poems bear, appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. We reprint the first and most vivid of them, written, as we are informed in a note accompanying the poem, "with-in sound of the guns on the British front."

SIGNALS.

BY GILBERT FRANKAU.

THE hot wax drips from the flares
On the scrawled pink forms that litter

The bench where he sits; the glitter
Of stars is framed by the sand-bags atop
of the dug-out stairs.

And the lagging watch-hands creep,
And his cloaked mates murmur in sleep—

Forms he can wake with a kick—
And he hears, as he plays with the pressel-switch, the strapped receiver click
On his ear that listens, listens;
And the candle-flicker glistens
On the rounded brass of the switch-board
where the red wires cluster thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
Wires that whisper and chatter
At night, when the trench-rats patter
And nibble among the rations and scuttle
back to their lair;

Wires that are never at rest—
For the linesmen tap them and test,
And ever they tremble with tone:—
And he knows from a hundred signals the
buzzing call of his own,
The breaks and the vibrant stresses,—
The Z, and the G, and the Esses,
That call his hand to the answering key
and his mouth to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
On the words that his mouth shall utter,
When rifle and maxim stutter
And the rockets volley to starward from
the spurting parapet;
And always his ear must hark
To the voices out of the dark,—

For the whisper over the wire,
From the bombed and the battered
trenches where the wounded moan
in the mire,—

For a sign to waken the thunder
Which shatters the night asunder
With the flash of the leaping muzzles and
the beat of battery-fire.

Here is a delightful fancy charmingly developed which we find in the *Century*:

THE BALLET OF THE ROOF-TOPS.

By CANDACE THURBER STEVENSON.

DANCE, beggars, dance to the tune I
am piping!
Master and man of the ballet
am I,
Monsieur the March Wind. Now up with
the left foot!
Back with the right foot! Now flutter!
Now fly!

All of the clothes that are hanging on
clothes-lines

Over the roofs of the city I drill.
Dance, beggars, dance to the tune I am
piping!

Up with the smoke-wreaths, and dance
with a will!

Little white camisole, give us a *pas seul*!
Float like a wraith, just as I do it—so!
Sheets in the background, pray steady
your flapping!

Ready, you others! now, *pouf*! off you
go!

Beggars, dance on to the tune I am
piping!

The sky's your drop-curtain of quivering
blue.

And look! From the maze of the myriad
chimneys

Swirling and whirling the smoke dances,
too.

Beggars, dance on mid the maze of the
chimneys!

Soon the play's over; the maid comes;
you're furred.

Little white camisole loved by a lady,
Here's your last chance; make your bow
to the world!

This is from *McClure's*. It carries a
smile and a tear in it.

OLD BOATS.

By THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I SAW the old sea captain in his city
daughter's house,
Shaved till his chin was pink, and
brushed till his hair was flat,
In a broadcloth suit and varnished boots
and a collar up to his ears.
(I'd seen him last with a slicker on and
a tied-down oilskin hat.)

And it happened that I went home last
June, and saw in Mallory's yard
The old red dory that sprung a leak a
couple of years ago,
Dragged out of good salt water and
braced to stand in the grass

And be filled with dirt from stem to stern,
where posies and such could grow;

Painted to beat the band, with vines
strung over the sides
And red geraniums in the bow—a boat
that was built for water
Made into a flower garden. I looked, but
I didn't laugh,
For I thought of the old sea captain liv-
ing in town with his daughter.

Miss Widdemer's lyric in the *Bell-*
man calls for no comment. One
doesn't discuss this sort of thing.
One just enjoys it:

AND IF YOU CAME

By MARGARET WIDDEMER.

AND if you came?—Oh, I would
smile
And sit quite still to hide
My throat that something clutched
the while,
My heart that struck my side.

And you would hear my slow words fall
(Men do not know!) and say,
"She does not love me now at all,"
And rise and go away.

And I would watch, as quietly
Your footsteps crossed the sill,
The whole world dying out from me . . .
And speak on smiling still.

Here is a portrait of a deceiving
woman. The more there are like her
the better the world will be and the
nearer heaven. We reprint from
Survey:

THE DECEIVER.

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

AVERY sly, deceitful woman this!
She sends a secret telegram, and
then
Pretends surprise when the neglect-
ful son
Comes home at last to see his aging, fond,
Long-hoping parents. Or she buttonholes
And artfully disturbs the peace of mind
Of careless husbands, with a whispered
word
About the pale wife's slowly hollowing
cheek.
She shrewdly was suspected, twice or
thrice,
Of warming and enlarging messages
(A little cold, a little cold and brief),
Entrusted to her by estranging friends:
So sly and deep and meddlesome she is!
'Tis known she sold her ancient heirloom
watch
To send away a convalescent child
For seaside air: and yet she brazenly
Declared she lost it in the Gypsy woods
Along the road that leads to Pleasantvale.
Such a deceiving woman as she is!

We are not in love with the title of
the following poem (which we take
from the *Sunset Magazine*); but the
poem itself is a success.

THERE IS NO DEATH!

By ALDIS DUNBAR

I WAS a tree;
The sap ran swift in me.
Through storm and sun
My strength of root was won.
And then . . . From day
My forest sank away.

A blackened stone—
Hid in the deep Unknown!
For ages still
I felt God's purpose thrill,
Each bough and bloom
Transmuted in the gloom!

Lo, at man's need
I am both flame and speed!
I am the power
That slept in branch and flower!
And I am light
(Fair light!)
On rain-wet leaves at night!

In the N. Y. *Sun* Clinton Scollard,
stirred by the tide of patriotism that
begins to reassert its strength as
troubles thicken around us, gives us a
fine national poem which is a wel-
come departure from his usual line of
melodious but too often uninspired
lyrics.

THE DRUM OF LEXINGTON

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BUT yesterday I saw the historic drum
Which William Dimon beat,
Upon that fateful far-off April
morn,
Along each winding street,
And on the memorable Green of Lexing-
ton,
Bidding the patriots come
And face the banded hosts of tyranny.
At the reveille was a nation born
Pledged to the sacred rights of Liberty.

Now 'neath the rays of the same vernal
sun
Peace broods about the Green,
But it remembers yet,
Girdled with stately elms memorial,
The hurtle of the deadly musket ball,
And how its sod was wet
With sacrificial blood—the whole sad,
ruthless scene!

Would that the drum of Lexington again
Might sound its summoning call,
Sound from the rocky coasts of Maine
Where Agimenticus, inland, fronts the
seas,
To where the long trades sweep and swell
and fall
Round the Floridian quays!
Aye, sound from Puget, on which Shasta's
crown
Majestically looks down,
E'en to the borders of that stricken land
Beyond the brown coils of the Rio
Grande!

Have we grown sleek with sloth?
Sloughed the old virile spirit, taken on

Abasement for a garment? Are we loath
To rouse us, and to don
The rapt heroic valor once again
That girdled us when men indeed were
men?

Caution and doubt and fear seem subtly
crept

Upon us, and inept
We stumble, falter, palter, and we need
Not the smooth word, but the swift
searching deed.

If bleed we must, then rather let us bleed
Than sit inglorious, rich in all the things
Save those which honor brings!

Now every slope of our dear land is fair
Beneath the azure of the April air;
The impatient loam is ready for the seed.
But we? Take heed, take heed,
My brothers! And O you, brave wraith
Of dauntlessness and faith,
You, William Dimon, come!
Come, sound the old reveille on your
drum,
The drum of Lexington,
And make us all, in steadfast purpose,
one!

It is a searching but not pleasant
poem—no more pleasant than the play
"Damaged Goods"—that comes to us
from the *Bulletin*, of Sydney, Austra-
lia. Talk of your tragedies of the
trenches! Here is a tragedy that
makes them shine by contrast—one of
the baleful tragedies of peace.

"MEDICALLY UNFIT."

By ALEXANDER ALLAN.

GOD, are You listening? I'm here,
My forehead on my sprawling
hands,
Locked from the world's pig-eyes
that leer—
The world that winks and understands.
Can You or CHRIST or Heaven rinse
This spotted soul and body free
From that which makes me carrion, since
The Loathly Woman branded me?

My sword leans by the angled wall,
The dusted spurs flung down beside.
Slow sun-spots on the ceiling crawl—
Where shall I walk, or hope, or hide?
Written in tears, and seared in fire,
Across my brain these letters blur:
"This is the land of your desire,
Yet never shall you fight for her!"

And those, Your little satraps, God,
Who cloak and house the vile Unseen
Lest some poor venturing, zealous clod
Should bind the ghoul and make her
clean—

For them all true things breathe and be,
All systems end, all worlds begin
Before a late-barred hostelry,
The keyhole of a city inn!

Smothered in words the Small Sins die,
Or scurry from Your helots' sword;
The councils drone, the altars cry,
"Thy mercy on our harlots, Lord!"
The man-child lisps a censored prayer,
The son laughs on to Fate assigned,
Pity the men the mothers bear—
The mothers that You made are blind!

Fall, tears—men's tears! 'Tis not for me,
Leaping the fosse to charge and die,
Or offer, in love's blasphemy,
This slow corruption that is I!
These crowding, clamorous tones that call
Are not *her* tones; for me there shines

No woman-smile at evenfall,
No little house among the vines!

This, that lay cold beneath my palm,
Lies now against that cold despair,
My heart—and in the rending calm,

A shattering second hence, shall tear
Spirit and brain and soul apart
From life and loathsomeness, and bring
Cleansing at last! A *man's* death,
heart! . . .
One comes! God, are You listening?

TIMOTEO GOES TO THE WAR

This is a real letter, tho it seems almost too delectable to be the real thing. It is from an Italo-American, Timoteo di Stasera by name, who was living in New England when Italy went into the war. Being a reservist, Timoteo went back to do his bit in the army. As he had been a member of the New England chapter of the Epworth League, he wrote this epistle to the members of that chapter. The letter was transmitted to Dr. Dan Brummitt, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, who gave it to the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, who gave it to a grateful world. It has Wallace Irwin and his Hashimura Togo beaten by a mile.

DEAR FRIENDS, EPWORTH LEAGUERS:
I am very well, and you the same?
You will know I was to write you the all-about when I came here. I do so. See that is Gradisca, Ossame camp; not Vizzini, in Sicily. Ah, *not!* Consular agent when he gave me the papers said, O, yes, you can go to Vizzini for may be a week when you get to Naples. That was nice promise. "Good." I said, just to myself, "Ah' will see my father and my aunts, and the all cousins. May be last time. Yes, I look forward so long as five years to do so."

So I had six American Bibles, two neckties, fifteen handkerchiefs. These for presents. So I was to tell them of America, of Jesus and the Epworth League, and say to them, "This Bible read, and remember Him if I am gone to be killed in the war." Ah, I much thought of doing them so much good, may be. All right.

DID I? I did—not! It was this way. When we reservists reached off at Naples, the officers were by. We were all taken and given a *segno*, what you would say is a mark. Very well. I was inquiring as to passage to Catania. "What?" The officers say that "What?" like a rough word. "No, you are not going to Catania!" I say the consular agent told I might to Vizzini, my old home, go for a visit. They laugh at me, and it was, "Here. Right this way!" Do you know what came to happen? We were put on the cars, and off to the front-camps. No go home for Timoteo! Go to camp, drill in camp, needed there. Shoo!

I was surprised. All right. We get to the place. It is called Ossame camp. I do not like that word, for it is meant, that is, means "heaps of bones." There had been fighting there, which made the name. That is the Isonzo river, and so much mud all the time.

The soldiers were more glad to see us. I will ask you what do you think they call us? It is, "Mister." It is, "How are you, Mister?" They swear very much and loud; but not at us. No. They speak pleasant to us. They are glad for us to come, and all the questions they ask about that America! "Is there much chance for business?" "What wages?" "What prospects?" So many questions, and so many ask them. I guess that they will want to go to that America when the war is not, and that is why they are so questioning. Before I emigrated I was used to ask such questions; but these soldiers beat me for asking things.

They make me laugh, the way they try to make out English expression. It is like this, "O, Mister, I am frendaciously glad to see you!" No such word as fren-

daciously. But O, that is but one odd word! They say also, "oleglorisy," "georgwashly," "lincolning," "redingenish," and so many others. They may be think it is fun. I guess so.

THEY ask me do I ever see Mister Wilson, and was I in the Panama canal work? Those two things, Mister Wilson and canal, are first up in their minds about that America. O, but they speak to us well, kind. They have our American cigarets, and they know the names of American whisky better nor I do. I tell about high buildings and may be subways, and then they tell me I am a lie, and laugh at me. So I keep still.

You know I am not a coward fellow, but no, I would not wear my pin. Why? Because they say E. L. is for Ecco Lucro, which is meaning, that I am in the war for just the pay! No: I do not wear it—outside. As it is, they say that we from that America are *abbigliamenti*; which means that we are dandies, and overdress. Would you think that?

You will want to hear if the soldiers are much for religious. You would not ask it if you heard them swear at the chaplains and talk nasty about the Sisters. They are the worst kind not to care for their souls. I do not guess that they ever think on such things much, very much. There is mass. Who goes? Call none at all. I am ashamed. I thought that if they showed religious I would read my Bible aloud. But not they.

O I MUST tell you. When we got here the ufficiale took all my things, and gave me a *bolletta*, which is a piece of card, to reclaim them. I had the six Bibles, but I put one in my bosom. I do not know that may be I will get the other things back, but I have seen my neckties on three different soldiers yet. Where are the Bibles and handkerchiefs? I ask myself.

But no; I get no chance to talk for Jesus and to read the American Bible to any one. Sorry; but you know I am not a coward.

But I must tell you. We were drilling, and we have to run fast as legs can, to Civilita, eight miles. We have to work in trenches. We have so much to do. All right. By and by there will be fighting. We are what you call raw. General di Ludo says, tho, that we are all for the right. I can use my gun very good as any one, I think. Not yet in war. At a target. Well, we were drilling. It was the two weeks ago, I guess; one morning. Then we heard firing, our side, the other side too, up by the Piccone. We heard the shouting, Abbordo!

You would say it was what you call a

skirmish. We call it *scaramuccia*. It did not last much. Too cold. But we had soldiers wounded, and I think sixteen killed that time. When we were dismissed I went over to see. I had permission. The wounded were taken to the hospital-tenda, and the doctors and nurses got busy.

MAY be it was after noon. A nurse came in our quartaparte, and said one soldier want to see me in the hospital-tenda; one wounded soldier. Me? I ask. Sure! I went. He was shot bad, to die. He had asked me much about that America, and planned to go. One arm gone. What do you think? That was what he wanted to ask me. What chance for a one-armed man in America, and would the Ellis Island let in a one-armed man? I saw he could not live. A chaplain came by, and he cursed him.

It was my chance. I took out my Bible, my American Bible, and told him about Jesus, and read to him. And he did not swear. And he listened, and got weaker, and asked me to keep reading. He whispered to ask were I an American priest? No; but would he like me to pray with him, for him? Sure. Several others listen, too. The doctor came. The doctor whisper to me that the soldier was dying. I would stop. He motion me to read on. He said something, and what you think he said? He said, when he got there, meaning to that America, he should get one American Bible.

I see that he was going not to that America, but to that other world. "Yes," I answered him, "when you get There you will have Jesus, if you will! Will you have Him for your Savior?" I know he said "Yes." I heard man in another bed say "That Mister says when we go to that America we will have Jesus there." I turned to correct him, when my soldier began to struggle, and reach for my Bible. I put it under his hand, and there it was till he died.

Please do not think I put myself forward, but after he went, the others asked me to read. I sent a nurse to my officer, and it was permitted. I read to them. I hope it did some good. But O, they are so ignorant! They liked to hear the Bible, but they wanted to kiss the little stars-and-stripes I had for a bookmark. They mean well.

There may be fighting most any day. I had this time to write, and it may show you how I am getting on. We have enough to eat. The fish is a white meat like chicken, and I appreciate, also vegetables. This must be all.

Yours truly,
from TIMOTEO DI STASERA.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

THE BIG PROBLEMS OF WATER-POWER POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES

IN a subsequent number, **CURRENT OPINION** will present a symposium on water power by the leading engineers of the country. Only the opinions of practical operators will be given. Meantime, some considerations may be noted.

The St. Paul Railroad has electrified four hundred and fifty miles of its mountain line. A director of the railroad, and also president of the power company, testified: "The railroad will pay for its power \$550,000 a year. It is now paying for coal over the same area \$1,750,000. On another section of road, the payment for water power is \$96,000 as against \$270,000 for coal. These figures are for the hard mountain grades."

With such testimony, there is only one inference possible. Within a few years, all the railroads, which can, will use hydro-electric power.

IT is estimated that there are twenty million tons of nitrogen above each square mile of the earth's surface. Yet we are paying \$75 a ton for Chilean nitrates and spend yearly on Chilean nitrates \$21,000,000. Chile's nitrate beds will be exhausted by 1923. At that time, the United States will be compelled to take the nitrogen supply from the air.

In Europe, 1,200,000 hydro horse-power are used to extract nitrogen from air. In the United States up to 1915, not a horse-power was used for that purpose. It took the War to waken us. England is about to establish a nitrogen plant in Iceland. Capital would have established such plants in the United States, but bonds could not be financed on short-term permits.

The fertilizers sold to the farmers of the United States cost \$170,000,000 a year. Why not manufacture our own fertilizers? The United States uses only twenty-eight pounds of fertilizer an acre. European countries use two hundred pounds. American crop returns are lower than European returns by half.

OF the bills before Congress, the Shields Bill is an act to regulate the construction of dams across navigable waters. It provides that the Secretary of War is authorized to grant permits for dams and power plants where he believes the building

of such dams will improve the navigability of streams. Dams are to be built without cost to the Government and the grantees are to provide and operate locks, gates, sluiceways, etc., all without cost to the Government. All plans for dams and works are to be approved by the War Department. The grantee is to pay a rental for public lands used and a charge for rights and privileges in the use of water. These rentals and charges are to be fixed at the discretion of the Secretary of War, and the money received therefrom is to go into a special fund in the United States Treasury to be used for the further improvement of waterways. Permits are to be granted for fifty years, after which time the Government may either extend the original lease, make a new grant, or upon two years' notice take over the property upon payment of its fair value, to be determined by mutual agreement or by the Federal courts.

THE Ferris bill is "to provide for the development of water power and the use of public lands in relation thereto and for other purposes." It would be practically impossible to finance under it. With the amendments that have been adopted by the Senate Committee, the bill should be generally speaking a workable measure. It provides for the leasing of public lands for a period of fifty years "for the purpose of constructing, maintaining, and operating dams, water conduits, reservoirs, power-houses, transmission lines, and other works necessary or convenient to the development, generation, transmission, and utilization of hydro-electric power." Upon three years' notice after the expiration of any lease, the United States may take over the properties which are dependent in whole or in part for their usefulness on the continuance of the lease, by paying their full value, which is to be determined by mutual agreement between the Secretary of the Interior and the lessee, or by proceedings instituted in the United States District Court for that purpose. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to specify in the lease and to collect charges or rentals for all lands leased, which charges are to be based on the value of the land, to be determined by the amount of horse-power to be developed, but which shall not in any event exceed the sum

of twenty-five cents per developed horse-power.

ON the merits of these bills, there is the widest possible divergence of opinion. Mr. Forbes, of Harris and Forbes, who has probably marketed as many water-power bonds as any other man in America, says: "The passage of those two bills along the lines indicated should make possible the development of many of the great unused water powers of the United States." He says frankly our rigorous laws have hitherto hindered water-power development in the United States.

Gifford Pinchot, who led the fight against the water-power interests six years ago, says of the very same bills: "The Shields Bill gives to the power interests without compensation the use of water power on navigable streams. The amount of water power these streams will supply is larger by far than all the power of every kind now in use in the United States. It pretends to but does not enable the people to take back their own property at the end of fifty years; for in order to do so under the bill, the Government would have to pay the unearned increment and to take over whole lighting systems of cities and manufacturing plants. Private corporations are authorized to seize upon any land they choose to condemn."

"The Ferris Bill, relating to National Forests, was a good bill as it passed the House. As reported in the Senate, it encourages monopoly by permitting a corporation to take as many public water-power sites as it may please. The corporation could not be kept from fastening on Grand Canyon. The bill takes the care of water power in National Forests from the Forest Service and gives it to the Interior Department. The water-power legislation is too favorable to the men who control through eighteen corporations more than half the total water power used throughout the United States."

The main crux of the argument with the public is how to obtain cheap power; for cheap power means cheap fertilizer, cheap munitions, cheap light, cheap heat, cheap freight, cheap paper. That, rather than posterity, is the crux of necessity now.

MANUFACTURING NITRIC ACID WITH WATER POWER

THE dispute of the Conservationists with the Hydro-Electric Power people over the two bills now before Congress should be kept distinct in the mind from the question of a nitrate plant owned and operated by the Government.

Hydro-electric power is to-day a necessity in the operation of railroads, of industrial factories, of municipal street railway and lighting plants, of ammunition manufactories to produce nitric acid, of fertilizer establishments to fix nitrogen for farm purposes, and of paper manufacturers to make wood pulp. There may be other great industries in which hydro-electric power will shortly play an important part; but it is already an essential factor in these commercial organizations. To put it in terms of every day:

One cent's worth of electric current will toast thirty slices of bread, or brew fourteen cups of coffee, or boil thirty eggs, or light a room for five hours, or iron for twenty-five minutes, or keep a vacuum cleaner humming for ninety minutes, or sew 60,000 stitches on a sewing machine.

There are in the United States 600 manufacturers employing 400,000 men using \$200,000,000 of capital—dependent on water power.

ONE of the great transcontinental railroads, which has adopted hydro-electric power for its mountain divisions, reports that it is saving its shippers twelve cents a mile for every 1,000 tons hauled. Electric power can haul up-grade a heavy load at fifteen miles an hour, where the steam engine hauled the same load at only eight miles an hour. One forty-degrees-below morning in the past severe winter, three steam locomotives froze to the tracks a few hours after leaving the round house. Electric motors were sent out and rescued seventy-five cars of stalled freight which they pulled to destination twice as fast as the steam locomotives could operate. The electric power is credited with 200 miles for every 100 miles that steam power covers. An Eastern railroad, which has just adopted electric power, reports its "hauling capacity as literally doubled"; and there are countless municipalities all through the country, like Winnipeg or Calgary, which have transformed a civic deficit into a profit by the operation of municipal electric power plants.

All this has given electric power a tremendously vivid and practical appeal for the popular imagination and explains why the dispute of six or seven years ago became so acrimonious. Should the power people be permitted

to use "white coal"—waterfalls—free? Should they be given an irrevocable monopoly over waterfalls and dams? Should the permits in National Forests and on navigable rivers be during the government's pleasure or for a term of years; if so, what term of years? We all recall the dispute and the acrimony with which it was waged—more acrimony than judgment, more argument than fact.

THE dispute would hardly have broken out afresh but for the reaction of the War on American industries—the shortage of nitrogen for farm fertilizers and the shortage of nitric acid for explosives. We may be indifferent to the farmer's dilemma, when Chilean nitrates go up to \$75 a ton, and yet more indifferent to the shortage of nitric acid for explosives in the European War; but when General Crozier, Chief of the American Army Ordnance, tells us frankly that in case of war we would be short of saltpeter to make gunpowder—then hydro-electric power to make nitrates from the air becomes again a burning and acrimonious question.

Germany can no longer obtain nitrates from Chile; and Germany is now extracting nitric acid from the air; and General Crozier forewarns that the United States must prepare to do likewise. This country needs a reserve of sixty-five million pounds of sodium nitrate in case of war; and we have a reserve of only forty million pounds; and the other nations of the world are absorbing the Chilean supply. No matter how much nitrate we might store in reserve, General Crozier testified, it would be inadequate compared to our needs in case of war; and in war, a blockade might cut off the Chilean supply. To obtain nitrogen from the air in commercial quantities, the motor power must be cheap; and the only unlimited supply of cheap power is water power; and that requires an enormously expensive plant. Capital will not invest in such a plant for a short term of years; so the permit for waterfalls and navigable streams must be extended; or the government must embark in the manufacture of nitrates for itself. Which brings up the whole dispute of six years ago.

WHEN the War broke out, Germany had three nitrogen plants, Norway two, Sweden two, France one, Switzerland one, Italy two, Austria one, Japan one, and Canada one, with a total capacity of 200,000 tons a year and an output of \$15,000,000. Norway had besides hydro-

electric plants to produce fertilizers from the air. Since the War, Germany has increased her output from 50,000 tons to 850,000 tons, and her nitrogen plants represent a capital investment of \$100,000,000. She is manufacturing nitrogen from the air both for fertilizer and munition purposes. The plant in Canada is under American direction and is one of the most efficient in the world. Before the War, nitrate of soda could be bought at \$1.85 a cwt. It now commands from \$3 to \$4, and the entire Chilean supply is largely going to two or three big firms.

THE process of manufacture to extract nitrogen from air is not highly technical and may be described in the words of an expert thus: "Nitrogen forms 80 per cent. of the air. To fix nitrogen, there must be used excessive heat and excessive cold. The cold separates the nitrogen from the air by liquefying the air, and the heat fixes the nitrogen in combination with some element from which it can be used. By compression, the air is cooled to 380 degrees below zero, at which it liquefies. Slightly warmed, the liquid air gives off pure nitrogen. By subjecting lime and coke to 6,000 degrees in an electric furnace, the two are fused into calcium carbide. The carbide is brought to white heat and the nitrogen pumped on it is absorbed into cyanamid, which contains 20 per cent. ammonia, 12 per cent. carbon, 70 per cent. slacked lime. This can be used as a fertilizer; but the nitrogen can be converted into nitric acid for explosives. This is one process of extracting nitrogen from the air. The other process is called the arc or calcium nitrate method. The electric arc produces a temperature so intense that nitrous fumes are formed which are caught and fixed in sodium nitrates."

THIS account omits minor processes, but on the whole describes the methods of extracting nitrogen from the air; and the only cheap electric power for this process is water power. The cyanamid process can be operated at a third to a half the cost of the other process. It is employed in the Niagara Falls plant, which is now producing from 64,000 to 70,000 tons annually. The Southern Electric Chemical Company, or Duke Company at Great Falls, South Carolina, and on Saguenay River, Quebec, is also going into the production of nitrates. Another of the large chemical companies is experimenting with European patents to extract nitrogen from the air. The du Ponts have offered to construct a hydro-electric plant for the production

of nitrogen by the arc system for munition purposes if encouraged to do so by the government. The plant planned would cost \$20,000,000 and the du Ponts would stand back of that outlay only on condition of a water-power permit for fifty years. At the end of fifty

years, the government would have the option of taking over the plant at an impartial valuation. Lastly, it is proposed by advocates in both Houses of Congress that the Government go into the business of manufacturing its own nitrates.

The War—or rather the scarcity of nitric acid for explosives and of nitrates for fertilizer—has forced the water-power dispute to the fore, and the country's decision will have an important bearing on preparedness and on farm prosperity.

SEEING AMERICA FIRST ON OUR OWN GREAT INLAND SEAS

TO many hard-driven business people cooped in offices for ten months of the year and not hardy enough for the strenuous life of camp in the wilds, an ocean voyage is almost a necessity for July and August. This year, the Atlantic is off the map as a pleasure-ground; for those who cannot go as far afield as the Pacific or Alaska for their ocean voyage, it is well to remember, we have in the Great Lakes our own inland seas where we can cruise free from the danger of submarines. You can sail the Great Lakes two-thirds the distance of the ordinary voyage from New York to Europe; and you can do it at about one-tenth the cost of the ocean voyage.

Ordinarily two hundred thousand tourists cross the Atlantic in the mid-summer rush. Last summer, sixteen million people took pleasure-trips on the Great Lakes. It is hardly necessary to tell that there are on the Great Lakes as palatial steamers as on the Atlantic. There is no *Imperator* and there is no *Vaterland*; but there are steamers more luxurious than any American lines now plying the Atlantic. A dozen different types of tours may be planned for the Great Lakes.

YOU may set out from Cleveland or Toronto and go down Lake Ontario through the Thousand Islands running the rapids of the St. Lawrence. At Montreal, you can change to a steamer for Quebec, and at Quebec, for a steamer to the Saguenay, and thread up the Saguenay between such rock walls as mark the fjords of Norway. Montreal is modern, but Quebec is as picturesque and historic as it ever was; and any part of the St. Lawrence might be a section of Old France. Or you may go up the lakes from Cleveland or Buffalo, with a pause at the Soo, where traffic is many times greater than at Suez and where

you may run the rapids if you like, and go on up Lake Superior, where it is cooler than at sea in mid-summer. Or you may set out from Chicago and stop at Mackinac, one of the historic posts of the half-way West, and either go on up Lake Superior or down Lake Huron to the St. Lawrence. Or by setting out from Georgian Bay, you can cross Lake Huron, pass the Soo and go down Lake Michigan or up Lake Superior. Possibly, the most restful trip for the tired worker from the Atlantic Coast is to start at Saguenay, come up the St. Lawrence, transfer to one of the Cleveland or Buffalo lines and go up the whole length of the lakes. This trip is several hundred miles longer than the voyage across the Atlantic. You can have a state room to yourself, or share it; or you can have a parlor suite with bath.

THERE are other rough-and-tumble types of trips for the Great Lakes which afford more unconventional travel. Sometimes, the big wheat and ore liners will give limited accommodation to a few passengers. This brings you in very close contact not with "old salts" but old fresh-water sailors, who handle as much traffic as "a salt." Then, each lake has its light-house patrol steamers, which leisurely skirt the rocky coasts and afford the most restful trip conceivable. You can sleep. You can read. You can dream. You can row in to the light-house man, or the Indian Reserves, or the rocky bayous, where you can troll for rock bass or ply the line for white fish. The other type of trip means landing, camping and canoeing. From Tadoussac to Isle of Orleans, from Georgian Bay to Mackinac, all along the north shore of Lake Huron, along the Picture Rocks of Lake Superior, are countless such resorts. You can live in a hotel, or you can camp. You

can take your own canoe, or rent from an outfitter; or you may use a motor boat, which the old habitués of the Lakes hate and call "puff-puffs" and wish would rip on a rock, they bring so much of noisy modernity into the placid calm of the Lakes. From these points, you can ascend easy amber currents for hundreds of miles into the woods primeval. On the St. Lawrence, such resorts have recently taken on all the advantages and disadvantages of fashion. You are sometimes invited to "a cottage" in the Thousand Islands. Well—don't expect a slab sides. There may be twenty servants and five bath rooms. Georgian Bay still retains the primitive, tho the fishing clubs and a few residences mark the beginning of a change. On the north side of Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and Lake Superior, it is still utterly primitive. I have slept under my upturned canoe in one of these sections. Back from Lake Superior, you can thread up and up into a forest hinterland as primitive as it was in the days when Radisson first discovered it.

THE Lower Lakes, frankly, are being fished out. Back up the Saguenay, you will find good fishing. Up the backwater streams of Lake Superior, you will find fish abundant as ever, and later in the autumn, deer and grouse abound.

In the Rocky Mountains—the Arrowhead Lakes and Sicamous regions, for instance—are delightful ten-day lake-trips with such trout fishing as puts the wildest liar to the blush; and the trip from San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver to Alaska and Bering Sea is longer than the voyage across the Atlantic—much of it through a primitive wild world.

Tho the submarines may ply their devilish traffic, no one need weep for seas to wander.

FINANCING CANADA IN THE UNITED STATES

WE have been hearing a great deal about South American trade for the past two years, and the commercial entente gradually growing up between North and South America may prove in the next half century one of the greatest factors for world peace; but the fact remains the

United States is still doing 50 per cent. more trade with the seven million people north of the boundary than with the seventy millions of people south of the Gulf.

The year 1915 may be regarded as marking high water in trade with South America. Trade stands—in-

cluding imports and exports—\$467,600,000 for 1915, \$320,500,000 for 1914, \$344,700,000 for 1913. Yet in 1913, in spite of the failure of reciprocity a few years ago, the United States did \$626,265,000 of business with Canada. This volume of business represents a year when the land-boom had collapsed and

the impending depression of the coming War had reacted on commerce in Canada.

EVENTS, facts, not theories, must be the finger prints on the wall foretelling the future; and these figures speak for themselves. Canada is a growing country; and growing countries are big buyers. They consume more than they produce. Canada has sent to the United States a population of a million and a half. The United States have sent to Canada a population close on two millions. It is estimated more than \$2,000,000,000 of American capital are invested in Canada. Three-quarters of the grain elevators, two-thirds of the coal deposits now being worked, more than two-thirds of the copper mines in operation, 90 per cent. of the hydro-electric development in the Dominion, all the nickel mines, are financed by American capital.

Before the War, Canada's provincial governments, municipalities and the federal government borrowed from British capital what averaged \$1,000,000 a day. Since the War broke out, the Canadian provinces have borrowed in the United States \$36,000,000, the Dominion Government has borrowed \$120,000,000 and municipalities almost another \$100,000,000.

These facts tell the trend. The United States have become Canada's banker. In 1909, Canada sold only 3.9 per cent. of her bonds here. In 1914-

1915, she sold 60 per cent. And why not? Canada's national resources to-day represent the only great undeveloped fields of copper, nickel, pulp wood, hydro-electric power, timber lands, salmon and white fisheries, free agricultural lands. When a country of seven million people sells \$600,000,000 of war orders and \$300,000,000 of agricultural products in one year, there need be no fear for that country's future, tho she is spending from \$8,000,000 to \$12,000,000 a month on the War. Even in 1914-15, which may be described as the hardest year Canada has known financially since Confederation, 5,000 miles of new railroads were laid. It is not surprising when the last Canadian loan of \$75,000,000 was launched in New York, it did not require peddling. It was avidly gobbled up by the investor.

WE have exaggerated reports of racial strife in Canada. To those who know, this is a joke and on a par with a labor riot in the United States or a lynching emeute in the South. I was in Montreal where riots were supposed to have occurred against enlistment. I could not find a soul who knew of a blow having been struck. Canada is proverbial for her Scotch, almost Calvinistic, edition of law and order; but there is one foreboding to be considered by Canada. Her hands are so full of the War that she ignores or does not realize that every nation on the earth to-day has

its emissaries in the United States pushing commercial and financial extension.

In the land-boom days, Canada had her real estate agents everywhere in the United States; but on the collapse of the land-boom, these gentry folded their tents and silently stole away. It seems almost incredible to put on record that Canada has no official financial representatives pushing her interests in the United States to-day. Mexico has. China has. Japan has. Servia has. Belgium has. Roumania has. Why not Canada? Because she has an overly large infusion of that American spirit of "take it or leave it."

It is a testimonial rather to her financial soundness than to her own efforts that her loans have gone so well; but a new era is being worked out in the world of commerce to-day. The United States with all its prosperity and wealth no longer considers that it does not need to try. The nation that takes its place in the sun in the new era will be the nation that goes after its place with both feet and hangs on to its place with both hands. To stand still and hang back is to fall back. Canada has won such a vantage place commercially, she cannot afford to let the little nations, or the turbulent nations, or the bankrupt nations pass her.

At the present moment, it is plainly up to Canada herself to keep her pace and her place commercially in the United States.

REGARDING STANDARDS FOR GAS SERVICE

THE worthy director of the Bureau of Standards, in taking exception to the statements made in the article, "Putting Cheap Gas on the Map," in the March number of *CURRENT OPINION*, tries to show the lack of information of the writer by showing that many states have abandoned the candle-power requirement and that the Bureau of Standards has gone on record so as to suggest such a change.

Unfortunately, he overlooks the fact that the heating-value standards that are adopted by most Public Utility Commissions, force upon the gas-maker no alternative in manufacturing gas except what he heretofore had in a dual standard—candle-power and calorific value.

The standards of heating value, per cubic foot, as they are to-day, run from 550 to 650 B. t. u.'s [British thumb units] per cubic foot. Such calorific value can be obtained only by carbonizing gas coal, which would give you a candle-power equal to that required in the past with small exceptions; and in the event that water gas is considered, carburetion is necessary, whether the

candle-power requirement is imposed or not.

In other words, granting for the sake of argument that we are eliminating the candle-power standard and retaining the heating-value standard, based upon manufacturing processes in use during the time candle-power standards were required, it does not change the situation a bit. It is impossible for anyone to produce a gas more economically, having a 600 B. t. u. standard without candle-power requirements, than to produce a 600 B. t. u. with the candle-power requirement.

THE fact still remains that legislation in this country is attempting to force the manufacturer of gas to sell the heating capacity of his product on a standard that gives no advantage to the customer, and allows no means of changing the process of manufacturing to any extent, or giving latitude to the gas engineer to produce the cheapest form of gas, adaptable to every use to which heat may be applied.

There are no such gases existing in

nature that have a calorific value of around 600 B. t. u. per cubic foot. A standard which makes it necessary to produce such gas will have to be a mixture of very rich hydrocarbon gas and such lean gases as carbon monoxide and hydrogen. So that the choice of a heating-power standard, no matter where it would be set, would surely work a hardship on the manufacturer in some localities and would force him to adopt manufacturing processes that may not coincide with the advantageous market of the raw material.

As long as heat is admittedly the essential requirement in gas, why adopt any standard of heating value; why not rather sell the gas on a basis of the unit heat-value content?

It is just as easy to calculate a bill of gas based upon 300 B. t. u. as it is to calculate a bill on a gas that contains 600 B. t. u.

There may be other standards that could be followed to give the customers the best service, such as flame temperatures, pressures, and other characteristics that would make gas desirable and safe.

Teaching People How to Eat For Health, Strength and Efficiency

By Arthur True Buswell, M.D.

IF you have ever lived on a farm you have heard of "balanced rations" and what remarkable results they have accomplished when fed to cattle and other animals. The United States Government has a department devoted to teaching farmers how to feed their stock so as to develop it to the highest point of health and efficiency.

Yet until recently I have never heard of "balanced rations" for humans or, in fact, of any serious attempt made to teach people what to eat and what not to eat. I was therefore greatly interested in the work of the Corrective Eating Society of Maywood, New Jersey. It seems that this Society is dedicated to teaching people how to combine and proportion food for greater health and efficiency and their work is meeting with success so great that it almost seems too good to be true.

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialist in this country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor, but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question, especially its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in **literally eating his way back to perfect health** without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

To-day Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more ginger, more vitality, and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates energy and power.

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which fully developed would result in a new science—the science of Correct Eating.

From that day to this he has devoted his life to telling others of the power of Correct Eating. From his research work he became convinced that 90 per cent. of the ills of mankind originate in the stomach and intestines. He found that these ills responded to corrective eating. Since then he has told 23,000 people how to eat, what to eat and what not to eat with the result that almost invariably they were brought back to a type of health that they never dreamed they could reach.

Though he had treated so many thousands of people personally, Christian says he felt hampered. He wanted to tell millions instead of thousands. So he founded the Corrective Eating Society with this object in view.

Now the Society is teaching us that the reason most people are below par physically and mentally most of the time—the reason that business men break down at middle age—and the reason that the average life of man is only 39 years, is simply because we don't know how to properly select and combine our foods.

Very often good foods, when eaten in combination with other good foods, create a chemical action in the digestive tract and are converted into dangerous toxic poisons, which are responsible for nearly all sickness. In other words, good foods wrongly combined will cause acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and numerous sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

These truths have been strongly brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life" and

by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to remove the effect, by cleansing out the system and removing the poisons **after** they had formed, wholly disregarding the cause.

The Corrective Eating Society, however, has gone a step further. Instead of waiting until the poisons accumulate, they tell you how to prevent them. They have shown that just as some combinations of food produce slow consuming poisons that wreck the system, other combinations of food taken in the right proportion become the greatest tonics for health, efficiency and long life ever discovered. And a wonderful feature of their method is that results come practically with the very first meal.

As Christian explains, in no case are patented or proprietary foods prescribed. All of the foods may be obtained from your garden, at your local stores or in any restaurant. It is not necessary to upset your table to follow his suggestions—neither is it necessary to eat things you don't enjoy or to which you are not accustomed. Everything is so simple that one marvels at the results.

In order to help as many people as possible, not only those who are ailing but those who want to maintain their health, The Corrective Eating Society has prepared a book based upon Eugene Christian's 20 years' experience. This book, *Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons*, is being offered for free examination to those who are interested. This work was written expressly for the layman. Technical terms have been avoided and every point is explained so that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be, they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness for all ages from infancy to old age and covering all occupations, climates and seasons.

Each and every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency and restoring health not merely once but many times—so that every vestige of experiment has been removed.

Christian says that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the science of correct eating. That most people dig their graves with their teeth is as true as gospel, in his estimation. Food is the fuel of the human system. And just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will certain foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a thousand has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust and a little coal would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 30 per cent. efficient—no wonder the average life is only 39 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103 per cent. within the past 30 years!

Yet the Corrective Eating Society shows how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to perfect health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relationship of health to material success is so close that the result of the society's teaching is a form of personal efficiency which puts people head and shoulders above their less fortunate brothers. Everyone knows that the best ideas, plans and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do. I understand that The Corrective Eating Society's lessons have times without number been the means of bringing great material prosperity to its students by endowing them with health so perfect that work seems like play.

If you would like to have the Book of 24 Lessons in Corrective Eating written by Eugene Christian out of his vast experience, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, 36 Hunter Avenue, Maywood, N. J., and they will mail you a set for examination.

I am authorized to say that it is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that you will either return the lessons within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

There will of course be some who will doubt the efficacy of Corrective Eating, but I am certain your objection will be quickly removed once you examine Christian's course. Anyway, you are obligating yourself in no way by accepting the society's generous offer which enables you to investigate its wonderful work before you pay for the lessons. If the more than 300 pages contained in the course yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital health on every page.

I suggest that you clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank used and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc., 36 Hunter Avenue, Maywood, N. J.

Gentlemen:—You may send me prepaid a copy of *Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons*. I will either remail these to you in five days or send you \$3.

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MANY a man, who used to dread Summer, now welcomes it, because of cool, comfortable B.V.D. It makes going-away enjoyable and staying-at-home endurable. It has been called "The Biggest Contribution To The Summer Comfort Of Man."

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SINCE 1881 OVER 10,000 LEADING DEALERS
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ENVER BEY AND HIS GOLDEN SANDALS

[One expects bloody war tales from the fringe of the African desert. But this story is different. The haunting quality of a mirage is in it, even after you are convinced that the flash of gold from flickering feet on the desert trail is real. It comes from one of the far advanced military outposts of the French in South Tunisia, under the shadow of the Italian-Turkish war, while yet the Great War was a-brewing. Myriam Harry writes it for *Le Temps*. Our translation is by Helen E. Meyer.]

NOTHING can be seen in these regions but dunes, the tents of wandering Arabs, and a few of our Algerian soldiers whose blue mantles spread like the wings of giant birds before the vanishing trail of the Tripolitan. In the courtyard of the post there were two mitrailleuses and forty soldiers sent from Gabès and from Fom-Tatahouine.

It had been a lovely day, but we had been forced to witness suffering. A Jew had been arrested for selling lorgnettes and card maps of the Italian staff. A Greek had been grilled for some offense, and a Bedouin sheik had been condemned for inciting his tribe to cross our frontier and join the army of Enver Bey, the modern "Mahdi," who was preaching Holy War and arming the desert.

The sun set in a dark sky and night came down. The simoon stretched a burning screen between earth and sky. We were with the officers of the garrison in the *popote*. Too much depressed by the evil atmosphere to talk, we sat in silence listening to the melancholy braying of the camels, and to the sonorous rolling of the sand.

Now and then the cook opened a door and let in the yellow wind. There was sand in our food and sand in our wine glasses. Even the determined gayety of the officers gave way before the universal depression.

THE dinner was half over when an orderly came in with an air of discreet importance and whispered to the commandant. The commandant answered a few words, the orderly slipped away, and in an instant an officer entered leading a guest glistening with sand, and muffled like a woman.

When he cast aside his white burnous and his veils, his khaki uniform and his *en filali* boots showed us that he was a Turkish officer. He was small, slender and well formed. He looked very young, with his little moustache yellowed by sand, and his satin smooth cheeks gold-powdered by the dust of the simoon.

He apologized very gracefully for his intrusion just at dinner-time, and for his rough dress.

He spoke in French in a tone as soft as the cooing of a dove, but now and then his voice lost its sweetness, and his talk was more like the staccato bark of an angry dog than like the address of a courtier.

The nervous delicacy of his authoritative hands was something that we saw at once; and by the way in which he broke his bread and set down his mug I saw that despite his youth and lack of gold lace he was born a master.

It was evident that his desire was to be taken for a man of the world.

He spoke of Paris, of the theaters, the Bois, and the boulevards. He was systematically frivolous, so frivolous as to contrast sharply with what we knew of people of that serious land. But when one of the officers spoke to me in Arabic his frivolity vanished. Suddenly serious, he said to me, "Madame . . . you speak Arabic!"

"A little," I answered. "I was born in Jerusalem."

"In Jerusalem!" he cried passionately, turning his wilful face full upon me. "In Jerusalem! We hold that city as holy; it is the city of the friend of God: Abraham. Have you seen the tomb of Abraham? . . . the Mosque of Omar? . . . Mount Nebo, where our prophet, Moussa, sleeps? If you know all that you are almost an 'hadjia.' You have a right to the green turban!"

When I told him that I had traveled in Arabia with my father when I was very young, that we had lived with the Bedouins, and that when I was an orphan, a poor girl, in Paris, I had longed to return to the desert, a fiery light danced in his black eyes.

"Araby!" he murmured. "Cradle of Islam and the Arab race! Land pure as gold, and firm and lasting as the rock! I, too, have longed for it, and had I lived there, no nation in Europe could have taken one foot of the fields sown to wheat under the benediction of Islam!"

Astounded by an explosion of fanaticism from a gentleman who had done his best to appear as a man of the boulevards, the officers gazed at him, and noting the impression made by his outburst he changed the subject of his talk. He spoke of France and of his love for the French people.

"An alliance with France would be the salvation of Turkey! *I am a Turk,*" he said, and raising his mug in which there was nothing but water, he drank to France, and to the French army. The officers urged him to stay at the post until morning.

"No," he answered. "I must be on my way while the sun is gone! I shel-



Forty-one Years of Telephone Progress

The faint musical sound of a plucked spring was electrically carried from one room to another and recognized on June 2, 1875. That sound was the birth-cry of the telephone.

The original instrument—the very first telephone in the world—is shown in the picture above.

From this now-historic instrument has been developed an art of profound importance in the world's civilization.

At this anniversary time, the Bell System looks back on forty-one years of scientific achievement and economic progress, and gives this account of its stewardship:

It has provided a system of communication adequate to public needs and sufficiently in advance of existing conditions to meet all private demands or national emergencies.

It has made the telephone the most economical servant of the people for social and commercial intercourse.

It has organized an operating staff loyal to public interests and ideals; and by its policy of service it has won the appreciation and good will of the people.

With these things in mind, the Bell System looks forward with confidence to a future of greater opportunity and greater achievement.



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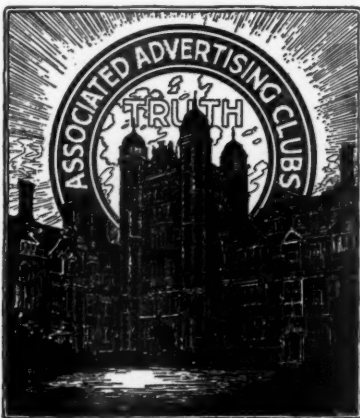
From Stone to Sheepskin— from Pompeii to Philadelphia

The Art of Advertising is as old as the world. Evidence of this has come down to us in the relics of long-vanished civilizations. We know how advertising was demonstrated in the days of Pompeii.

Those copymen of 2000 years ago were masters in their way, but great as was their skill, advertising was denied the dignity of the Sheepskin. This symbol of academic appreciation was never conferred upon the craft.

Today, however, Advertising has come into its own. It is recognized as something greater than any Art or Science cause it colors the whole fabric of life more intimately. It is a world-wide power for good in spreading the gifts and benefits of civilization among all the peoples of the earth.

Its battles are legion. Its successes colossal. Advertising creates; civilization clarifies, estimates, applies. Advertising is the friend of every man, rich or poor; maker of things, or user of what others have made.



One of the buildings of the University of Pennsylvania, where the 1916 Convention of the A. A. C. of V. will be held. Write the "Poor Richard Club", Philadelphia, for particulars.

Advertising has won its place because of its enormous potency as a factor in the business life of the world. It disseminates knowledge; binds far countries together. It is a force for raising the standard of living, and making what were once only the luxuries of the rich the necessities of the poor.

And now the great University of Pennsylvania—a famous seat of learning—has conferred the Sheepskin on Advertising. When next June arrives the advertising fraternity of the world will gather within its doors at Philadelphia. They will number 10,000 and more students of life—life that embraces all the science, economics, culture and art of the ages—10,000 wide-awake, vigorous, hustling, practical men of business.

The course will be short, but its benefits of inestimable value. Sparks will be struck from the contact of keen minds that will kindle new fires of optimism, of courage, of understanding amongst men. Come to Philadelphia, June 25th to 30th.

tered my caravan from the storm in the ravine. My people are refreshed, likewise my mules!" He wrapped himself in his white mantle, flashed us a smile, and turned to go. One of the officers said that the simoon had passed.

WE all went to the gates with our stranger, and we saw, not far off, horsemen in white mantles standing by their horses in the moonlight, waiting for him.

He thanked us for our hospitality, coming to one, then to another, standing for a minute before each one of us. Then, as he swung into his saddle, I saw his feet in little slippers that flashed like glowworms. The white-robed group rode swiftly to some distance. Then they stopped, their leader wheeled, and, like the wind came flying back. When within speaking distance, he drew rein, waved the long-side fold of his burnous, and cried: "*Kalbi farhâne, ichouftik, yabint es shâme!*" ("It is a good omen that I met you, O daughter of Syria!")

COMING as he had come, heralded by the simoon, his visit had left a strange impression. We could not sleep. We knew that the moon would show us all that eye could reach, so we dressed and went up to the roof, to see if he was still in sight.

The desert lay before us motionless save for the sand clouds turning above the dunes. As we gazed we saw on the trail of the Tré a ghostlike caravan. Separated from it by a discernible distance rode a horseman all in white, escorted by white-robed horsemen, and behind them mules moving with awkward steps, their feet flashing pale light.

"What is the meaning of those flickering feet?" asked my companion. "They seem to be walking on silex."

"There is no silex in the desert."

"Are they treading on glowworms?"

"There are no glowworms in the desert. . . . It may be that the sand is phosphorescent, or it may be some effect of the simoon. But what an affected dandy! . . . Who is he?"

"Some politician of the Turks! His own story is that he is a flour merchant."

Some months later we learned that our stranger was Enver Bey. When he called on us he was on his way home from Berlin, bearing a secret message from the Kaiser to the Turks. Germany was the ally of Italy, and Italy was at war with Turkey.

The gold, which was contraband of war, was, in part, hidden in the sacks of flour carried by the mules, and in part worn as bodily clothing. The ver-

satile Enver had served two purposes by using an expedient as safe as it was fantastic. He had placed his gold in his own shoes and in the shoes of his mules.

It was the sheen of the Kaiser's concession that we saw as the phantom caravan defiled along the trail of the Tré.

COURAGE OF PROVENCE

[Last of the hopelessly crippled soldiers being exchanged at the station in Marseilles came—the blind. Then Adrienne, a girl of Provence, revealed the spirit of France. The story thrills the heart. Henry C. Dodge tells it in *The Independent*.]

I DO not know if other wars have left in their wake so much of that most hopeless of afflictions—blindness, but it is the most terrible and impressive result of this war. A dozen of these poor sightless heroes, each supported by two orderlies, came through the door of the station, out into the sunlit square. They felt the warm glow of the Provençal autumn, but they would never see its brilliance again. Their Provence, the "Empire of the Sun" as its children love to call it, could now only give to them its soft airs, its familiar sounds, and the warmth of its summer days. The brilliance of its mornings and the beauties of its nights, its rugged Alps and its lordly Rhône, and the sparkling blue of its Mediterranean, are to be no more for them.

The waiting crowd, silent and with uncovered heads, as if at mass, made a lane through which the blind soldiers came. They stumbled over the flagging and down the steps with groping feet, and always, tho the orderlies guided them by the arms, their hands were stretched before them, open wide; hopeless, hesitating hands, distrustful of the dark.

The last in line was a handsome boy not over twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. His fair hair was pushed back from his forehead by the black bandage over his eyes, his red fez was tipped to one side by another dressing on his head—and his right sleeve was empty. And tho there glittered on his breast the Military Medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, pinned there when he had crossed the Swiss border into France, he was trembling from head to foot, and kept repeating over and over and over, "J'ai peur, j'ai peur, j'ai peur"—"I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid." France had given him all she could—but he was afraid of the dark.

AND then that happened which changed the whole gruesome picture of horror and misery into something sublime.

A girl stepped out of the crowd to the boy's side, put her arm about his waist, and took his groping hand in hers. She

was no more than sixteen, beautiful with the dark, splendid, Greek beauty of the women of Provence—a girl of the people, who looked as tho she might have come into Marseilles that day from the country with her cartload of garden truck.

"Courage, mon vieux," we heard her say, and the boy could feel, I am sure, the smile in her voice, even tho he could not see, as we could, her smiling and compassionate eyes. "Do not have fear. Let me walk with you."

The orderly saluted and unhesitatingly

stepped aside. The boy turned his bandaged eyes toward the girl, and, as he felt the protecting arm about his waist and the strong hand closing over his, his trembling ceased, his shoulders went back, and what had been a terrified child became a soldier again. It was the woman's touch that he had been needing, the hand and the word of encouragement of a woman of his own France—during the agonizing days in the hospital and the long terrifying train journey in the darkness.

"Courage, mon vieux!" It was the spur

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"



MAZDA Service—a systematic research for making lamps more economical

THE MEANING OF MAZDA.—MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA

Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

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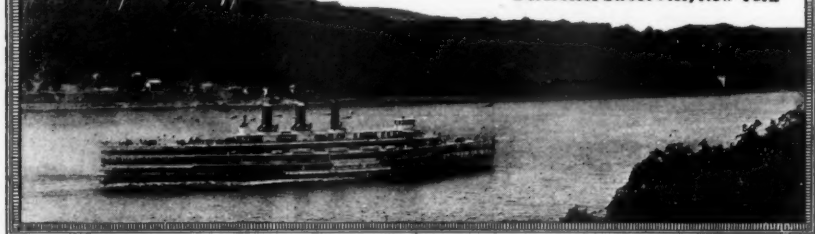
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to make him a soldier again. One does not show fear before a woman. He took the few steps across the pavement to the waiting ambulance with steady and confident feet, his head turned always toward the sound of the voice at his side, and as he walked he smiled into the girl's face. How long it had been since he had smiled!

THEY came to the curb; and as she released his arm and an orderly stood ready to guide his foot to the step of the ambulance, he turned to the girl and paused a moment, with trembling lips. He raised his hand half way to the salute, and stopped.

"What do you call yourself, my friend?" he said.

"Adrienne, my lieutenant," she replied softly, still smiling.

There was no trace of coquetry in her voice or in her bearing. She stood, slim and straight, before him, like a soldier before his superior officer.

The boy whipped off the red fez from his blond head and tucked it under the empty sleeve pinned to his breast. His hand went out and found her shoulder, as she instinctively stepped nearer to him, a look of incredulous wonder upon her uplifted face.

"*Merci, Adrienne,*" he said huskily, and bent and kissed her upon both cheeks.

THE little peasant drew herself up like a queen, but her eyes were full of tears and for a moment she could not speak. Then, tremblingly but proudly: "*Merci, mon lieutenant.*"

Her hands were clasped together upon her breast and on her face was the look of Jeanne d'Arc standing before the Vision. The boy took his seat in the ambulance and as it swung away from the curb his hand went to the salute, and his bandaged eyes turned toward the spot where she was standing. And until the car disappeared into the traffic beyond the station gates we could still see his erect figure and his hand raised to his forehead.

The girl stood motionless, looking after him, until he was out of sight, her face transfigured and her dark eyes still brilliant with tears. She had not been kissed; she had been decorated, and she wore the red badge of her glory in her flaming cheeks as proudly as the blind boy soldier wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon his breast.

IMPORTANT!

When notifying **Current Opinion** of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "Current Opinion," published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Adam Dingwall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the "Current Opinion," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Editor, Edward J. Wheeler, 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Edward J. Wheeler, 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Business Manager, Adam Dingwall, 134 W. 29th St., New York City. 2. That the owners are: Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Leonard D. Abbott, 241 E. 201st St., New York City; Adam Dingwall, 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Isaac H. Ford, 1412 "N" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; E. W. Ordway, 1093 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward J. Wheeler, 134 W. 29th St., New York City; Wm. Beverly Winslow, 55 Liberty St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Adam Dingwall, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1916. [Seal.] P. R. Turner. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

PHONE 192 REGENT

*J. E. Jewell.**163¹/₂ & 164, Piccadilly**London, 6th January 1916*

To the Managing Director,
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURING CO.
Detroit. Mich. U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

Having in May last decided to purchase a new car, I was in the usual position of uncertainty that most would-be purchasers are in as to the car one can get as the best value for money.

I happened to see in the "Saturday Evening Post" one of your very clearly - and to my mind - very fairly worded advertisements, and immediately went to see your polite and courteous Manager, Mr. Bennett, with the idea of looking over the chassis of one of your new 7 seater 8 cylinder cars - I think you call it type 51.

I took my engineer with me (in whose ability I place very great confidence) and we had a thorough examination of the chassis and loose parts, and both came to the conclusion that apparently a better constructed and more carefully thought out engine, etc. would be practically impossible to find. As a matter of fact I placed an order with Messrs. Bennett for one of your cars.

I may add that I have been a very keen motorist since the year 1903, and have possessed several cars of British and French make, and have at the present time two other English-made cars as well as your 8 cylinder.

It may interest you to know that we took delivery of your car early in August last, and at time of writing she has done between 5 and 6 thousand miles, and up to the present we have never had occasion to lift up the bonnet, unless it has been to show an interested motorist the details of your engine. What I wish to say more particularly is, that in the whole of my motoring experience I have never struck a car that has given such complete and general satisfaction as the "Cadillac" has done, and I feel quite entitled by my experience to give an opinion. I do not know whether it is your firm, or another firm in America that makes use of the phrase: "One has not enjoyed the pleasures of motoring until he has ridden in a"... but if it is your firm, I have the greatest pleasure in thoroughly endorsing your statement: if it is not your firm that makes use of the above phrase in its advertisements, you are, in my opinion, thoroughly entitled to do so. Comparisons are always odious, but my experience of the "Cadillac" is that it is value for money in every sense of the word, which, I regret to say, I have never yet found in the purchase of any other car. It gives one a certain amount of pleasure to be able to write about an article that one finds all right: my previous experience of motor-cars was like taking a dip in the lucky tub - you paid your money and you either got a decent or a bad car; but from what I know of several people this side who are the happy possessors of a "Cadillac" I may say in all fairness to yourself, that I have never heard one that had anything detrimental to say about your car.

You may possibly think it strange that I take the trouble to dictate this letter to you: you do not know me, and I do not know you; but I think it only fair to yourself to let you know that you have at least got one very ardent admirer and happy owner of a "Cadillac".

I hope to be in New York the first week in February on my way to Pasadena, Calif. and if possible would like to have an opportunity of looking over your works in Detroit. Am not sure yet whether I shall have time enough to go to Detroit to do so, neither do I know whether you allow strangers to go over your works, but if you do, I should be very pleased indeed to do so if possible. A letter will find me if addressed to the Waldorf Hotel, 5th Avenue, New York.

Faithfully yours,

J. E. Jewell

SHEAR NONSENSE

Too Much for His Faith.

"The late Bishop Hare," said a Sioux Falls physician, quoted by the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*, "used, very reasonably, to impute skepticism to misunderstanding."

"He once told me about a Philadelphia business man of skeptical tendencies, who said to him:

"My dear Mr. Hare, I do not refuse to believe in the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's enormous size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained, but when I am asked, my dear doctor, to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the

wilderness—well, there, I'm bound to say, my faith breaks down."

The Politician's Start.

A politician who was seeking the votes of a certain community in Ohio, relates the *Argonaut*, to the end that he might be sent to Congress, thought it worth while to make mention of his humble origin and early struggles. "I got my start in life by serving in a grocery at \$3 a week, and yet I have managed to save," he announced. Whereupon a voice from the audience queried: "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"

Peril in Gardening.

The worthy couple sat side by side on the broad doorstep, looking, we wotted, as miserable as two lost geese in a hard hail-storm. We asked why they were so sad, reports the *Kansas City Star*, in view of the fact that the sun shone brightly and the birds swayed on the adjacent boughs.

"Alas!" they answered. "We have been making garden. Both of us are somewhat absent-minded, and after thinking it over we fear that Samuella has planted the liver pills and Horace has taken the sweet peas. However, we are not absolutely sure about it, and it is the uncertainty that hurts."

He Had Qualified.

A stranger in an Indiana village, according to the *United Mine Worker's Journal*, thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk, the minister announced that he should like to meet the board. The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk to the front of the church. The pastor, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him: "I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the board."

"Well," replied the visitor, "I have listened to your talk for more than an hour and if any one has been bored more than I have been, I should like to know who it is."

Degrees of Sadness.

A lecture on the war was being given at a finishing school for young ladies, and the lecturer wound up by exhorting his listeners to persuade every able-bodied man they knew to enlist. *Pearson's Magazine* adds that in the course of his fervent patriotic appeal he thumped the table and exclaimed feelingly: "What would be more sad than a man without a country?" "A country without a man!" promptly piped a particularly pretty flapper in the second row.

Warm Religion.

In an Eastern city a pastor of a colored Baptist church consulted a plumber and steamfitter about the cost of putting in a baptistry. The estimate was soon furnished and the figure was regarded as satisfactory. The *Continent* continues the story.

"But," said the plumber, "this covers only the tank and the water supply. Of course, you will want some sort of arrangement to heat the water."

But the colored pastor had a truly economic mind, and his own ideas of religion also, for he promptly dissented.

"You see," said he to the plumber, "I don't 'low to baptize nobody in that there baptistry what hain't got religion enough to keep him warm."

International Amenities.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai, we are told by the *San Francisco Argonaut*, an English sailor on his way to the foreigners' burial ground to lay a wreath on the grave of a former comrade, met an intelligent-looking native carrying a pot of rice. "Hello, John!" he hailed, "where are you going with that 'ere?" "I takee put on grave—grave of my flien," said the Chinaman. "Ho! ho!" laughed the sailor, "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?" "All time samee your flien come up and smellee your flowers," replied John.

Room at the Top.

This evidence of expert knowledge of system in modern business comes from the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

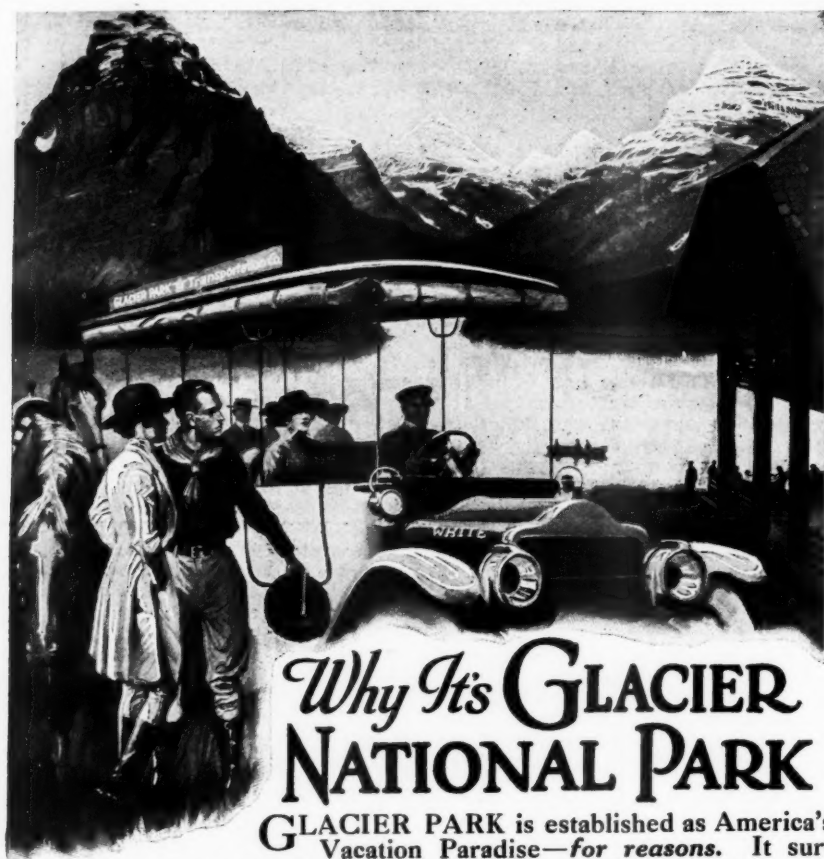
Head of Business—What position do you desire in our establishment, sir?

College Graduate—O, something like confidential adviser or general manager.

Head of Business—Good! You may have both jobs. I will make you an office boy.

The Chauffeur's Last Name.

Illustrative of the fads and fancies of some families which have suddenly acquired riches, says the *Hartford Courant*, is the delightful story which comes from a neighbor-



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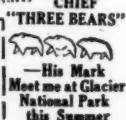
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"See America First"

ing town of the new-rich family which adopted the affectation of calling house servants by their last names. An application for employment as chauffeur was received and the applicant interviewed the woman of the house.

"We call our servants by their last names," she said. "What is your name?" "You had best call me Thomas, ma'am," replied the applicant.

"No, we insist that you be willing to be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all."

The chauffeur said that he was willing to be called by his last name, but didn't think the family would like to use it.

"What is your last name then?" said his prospective employer, somewhat coldly, as though she expected a revelation of international scandal.

"Darling, ma'am, Thomas Darling."

One On T. R.

A good story of ex-President Roosevelt's school days is recalled by the *Wichita Eagle*, which says he was once requested to recite a poem beginning:

At midnight in his guarded tent

The Turk lay dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, Should tremble at his power.

He only got as far as the third line when he began to hesitate. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee," and then stopped dead. The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and then dryly remarked:

"Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go easier then."

The Answer.

They were speaking of marriage proposals the other evening, when this story was recalled by Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina:

Some time ago a young man became very much enamored of a beautiful girl, and, meeting her at a reception one night, he determined to know his fate.

"Miss Smith," said he, leading the beautiful girl amidst the glad palms and seating her on a soft sofa, "there is something that I must tell you, something that I—"

"All right, Mr. Jones," interposed the pretty one, "only you must hurry. I don't want to miss the next waltz."

"It is a question that lies near to my heart, Miss Smith," continued the young lover. "Could you—do you think you could marry a man like me?"

"Why, yes," was the calm rejoinder of Miss Smith, "that is, if he wasn't too much like you."

An Editor's Platform.

If any one has—

Died.
Eloped.
Married.
Divorced.
Left town.
Embezzled.
Had a fire.
Sold a farm.
Had a baby.
Been arrested.
Come to town.
Bought a home.
Committed murder.
Fallen from an aeroplane.
That's news—Telephone us.
—The York (S. C.) News.

Slacker Gets Back.

Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, was talking about England.

"Everything is war, war, war, over there," he said. "Dear help the young man who is not in khaki. He has a dreadful time."

"Now and then, though, one of these slackers—as they are called—gets a bit of his own back."

"A slacker, for example, was passing a prison camp near London when an interned German shouted at him from the barbed wire fence:

"Hey, Kitchener wants you!"

"The slacker frowned. 'What?' he said.

"Kitchener wants you," the German repeated.

"Well, by Jove," said the slacker, 'he's got you, all right!'"

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College Graduates and Their Wives.

Dozens of old graduates were back, narrates the *Sunday Fiction Magazine*, and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend.

"Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one.

"Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke.

"I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate marital experience."

We hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars.

"Why, the girl he married, turned out to be a professional pickpocket."

The man who had first spoken sighed, but his eyes twinkled.

"Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs—what?"

The Amateur Militarist.

He was a "rookie" on his first sentry duty at one of the military training camps. The *N. Y. Evening Post Magazine* tells the story. The corporal of the guard had told him what to do when the officer of the day appeared, which by rule ought to be at about half-past nine that night. Sentry was to notify corporal when the officer had passed. At ten o'clock, no report from the sentry. The corporal wanted to know why. Much perturbed, the sentry said he was sorry. He had not seen the officer.

"Keep me posted," said the corporal sharply. "He is mighty late."

Fifteen minutes later the officer appeared, and this colloquy ensued:

Sentry—Who goes there?
Officer—Officer of the day.

Sentry—You're late, you are. You'll get hell when the corporal of the guard sees you.

The Small Boy at the City Hall.

The following likely story is told on the mayor of a Western city, unnamed by *Harper's Monthly*.

A small boy, who afterward proved to be a nephew of one of the mayor's stenographers, was wandering about in the City Hall when one of the officials there happened upon him.

"Well, sonny," inquired the man, genially, "for whom are you looking?"

"For my aunt Kate."

"Can't you find her?"

"I can't seem to."

"And don't you know where she is?"

"Not exactly. She's in here somewhere, though, and I know that the mayor works in her office."

Beating the Devil Around.

There is an Irish priest in the province of Quebec who deserves to be popular, in the opinion of the *N. Y. Evening Post Magazine*. He is half fellow well met with every one in the village, asks for contributions, and gets liberal ones, from Protestants and Catholics alike. One day a delegation of Baptists called on him—men who had frequently contributed to Father W.'s church—told him they were going to erect a new Baptist church, as the old one was too small, and asked him to subscribe to the fund.

"Well, boys," he said, after a slight hesitation, "you know my religion forbids my doing that, but I will give you fifty dollars to help tear the old church down."

Still a Proud Father.

That parental affection does not always see things as they are is illustrated by a story told by a Georgian. *Harper's Monthly* tells that he overheard this conversation between two natives who had formerly been close friends.

"All your boys turned out well, did they?"

"Yes; I reckon they did."

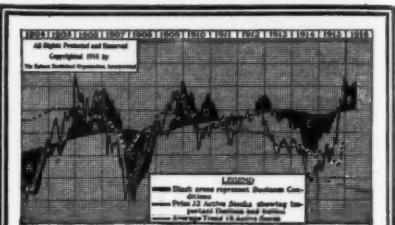
"What's John doing?"

"He's doctoring in Texas."

"And Dick?"

"He's enlarging of a country newspaper and collecting subscriptions."

"And William—what's he doing?"



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"He's preaching the gospel and splitting rails for a living."

"And what are you doing?"

"Well, I'm supporting John and Dick and William."

The Rewards of Literature.

"Did you make any money on your last novel?" asked the writer's close friend. The *Ladies' Home Journal* makes an up-to-date story out of the question and answer.

"Did I make any money?" echoed the great novelist. "Well, I should say I did! I sold that description of the Palisades in Chapter 3 to the Quickline Railroad for five thousand dollars. My tribute to the Plaster de Paris Hotel in New York, in Chapter 10, brought me three thousand dollars from the hotel people, and the United Resorts Limited paid me another thousand for my rhapsody on the sunset in the Umpegog Mountains, in Chapter 30, where the hero takes her in his arms. What's left of it I boil down into a short story and get ten dollars for it. Did I make any money? Well, now!"

Real Economy.

For real economy in war time London *Titbits* thinks the fact related in the following anecdote "takes the biscuit."

They were two burly Anzacs, and they met for the first time since Gallipoli in the Sirand. They had both lost a leg, and were walking on crutches. They stared at one another for some moments, and then the elder held out his hand.

"Gor, Billy," he exclaimed, "you're just the old man I wanted to meet. You're going to save me ten bob. Come inside." He pulled his friend into a neighboring bootshop.

"Here, what's the game?" said the other. "Why, Billy, old son, don't you see, you've lost your left leg and I've lost me right, and as we always did take the same size in boots we can split a bloomin' pair between us!"

A Very Clever Lawyer.

A Londoner who was staying in Scotland for a little while recently had need of legal assistance. *Titbits* tells that he went up to a sensible-looking man in the street and began: "Pardon me, sir; but are you a resident of this town?"

"Weel," was the cautious reply, "I've leev'd here a maitter o' fifty year."

"Ah! then, perhaps, you can help me," went on the visitor. "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you one in this town?"

The Scotsman dropped his voice to a confidential whisper as he answered:

"We hiv, but we hinna been able to prove it against him yet. He's ower sharp."

Such is Fame.

Down on the station platform at Tuscaloosa, Ala., a few weeks ago, says the *N. Y. Times*, a traveling salesman from Atlanta was "killing time" until one of the semi-occasional trains which run in that section should happen along and create an opportunity for him to return to the metropolis. At the far end of the platform, in the sun, an aged darky sat on a bench in revery. The salesman, for want of something better to do, approached the old fellow and engaged him in conversation.

"Good morning, Uncle!"

"Mawnin', Marse Clint!" Every adult white male in Tuscaloosa, it seems, is "Marse Clint" to the negro populace.

"Beautiful morning, Uncle!"

"Sho' is, Marse Clint—sho' is."

"What's your name, Uncle?"

"Mah name?" He looked up, surprised at the stranger's ignorance. "Mah name's Go'ge Wash'nton, Marse Clint!"

The drummer scratched his head in mock perplexity.

"George Washington—George Washington," he mused, aloud. "Seems to me I've heard that name before, Uncle."

"Reckon y'all has," replied the aged one complacently. "Ah been 'roun' heah goin' on eighty-foah years, Marse Clint!"

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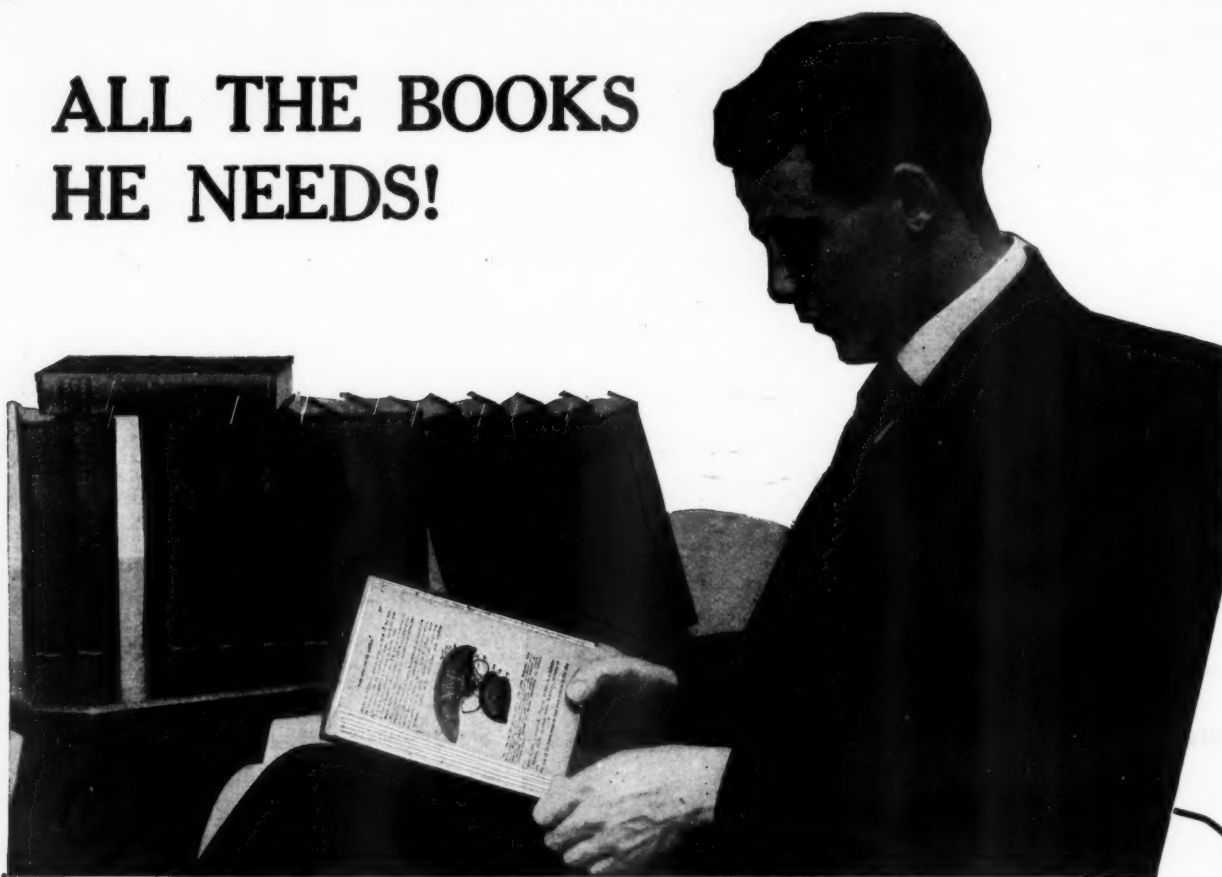
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HUGH MANITY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

[We take this little story-sermon from Pictorial Review. It is written by Dr. Frank Crane, well known as a newspaper syndicate writer and an author.]

TURNING the corner near my lodgings, I first caught sight of him. He was the queerest-looking object ever seen loose on a city street. He was an old man, with a frock coat, silk hat of ancient vintage, trousers too large for him, and the wrinkled, most comical, quizzical face any one ever saw in his born days.

Follow him? Of course. Every one that saw him followed him. You couldn't help it. There was already a pack of boys after him when I joined the procession. And not only boys, but grown-ups also.

At length he stopped on a corner where there was a dry-goods box under a lamp-post. Upon this box he scrambled, took off his hat, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen. So glad to see you here this Christmas eve. I know you all followed me because you think I've something nice for you. And I have. I have. I never disappoint you, do I? You can trust your old friend Hugh. That's my name, you know, if anybody here's never met me before—Hugh, Hugh Manity."

"Hurrah for Hugh!" shrieked a red-headed boy.

"Thanks, Bub. Just for that I'm going to give my first present to the children. All children, everywhere, every child in the United States, poor, rich, black, white. Here it is. It's an Education. Ha! Ha! Here it is. Take it and run along. Democracy without education, you know, is a joke.

"Oh! There's a lady. She's a fine lady—all wrapped up in costly furs. But your face is hard, lady. Your soul is hard, too. Something's the matter. I know. Here! Come here, you and your husband. This is what you want."

And out of his old hat, like a conjurer with his tricks, he pulled the darlings of little babies, cooing and laughing. The woman grasped it. Tears were in her eyes. Her husband was smiling. They hastily departed in their motor, bearing away their prize.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" cried old Hugh. "I know what makes 'em happy. I know. Come one, come all. Come and buy of old Hugh. Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not good? Come! Buy! Without money and without price!"

"Ah! Come here, girl! You out there shivering at the edge of the crowd. Lord love you! What's the matter with your eyes? They look as lonely as lonely. I know what you need. Here it is. It's Love. Take it. Love will make it all easy."

"Is it really love?" cried the girl.

"Really and truly. The gen-u-wine. Can't buy it. But when old H. Manity gives it to you, you can depend on it.

"Come, my man, you're next. What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd swallowed a quinin-foundry. Mercy me! Well, I've got just this Christmas packet for you. Take this. Put it in your heart, and life'll look different. What is it? Why, it's Faith. That's all. Just the old-fashioned kind your mother used to have when she sang to you o' nights, the kind poets use in their business, the kind everybody has to have, more or less, to keep from souring. Take it. It don't cost a cent. And whenever you give it away you'll have still more.

"Ah! I know just what you want, you pretty girl there. My, my, what rosy cheeks and snappy eyes! Come here, my darling. Old Hugh won't hurt you, tho he'd like to kiss you, as every man in this world would. But I'm going to give you something that will keep your beauty from harming you, and others. You know, beauty sometimes is a curse. Well, as long as you have this Christmas gift of mine, your beauty will only bless and help, and cheer all who know you. Here! It's called Loyalty.

"And here's what you need, you man, yonder, with your cunning eye and general air of success. You don't get much fun out of life, do you? Your employees are always trying to beat you. You have to watch your partners to keep them from gouging you. All your family wants is to get money out of you. Oh, it's fight, fight, fight! I know, and things look pretty glum this Christmas eve, don't they?"



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Well, here! Take this. It'll help a lot. What is it? Why, it's just *Unselfishness*. Use it, and see what happens!

"AND whom have we here? As I live, a pack of patriots—a German, a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Italian, a Turk, and an Austrian. Faces red. Arguing. On the verge of fighting. Here! Take a drink of this bottle. It's called *Common Sense*. There! What did I tell you. Anger all gone. All good fellows together now. Why? Because you have some *Common Sense* in you. Why should you quarrel over nothing at all? What do you, the people, get out of this war? Nothing but death and taxes. Look at 'em. They're going away arm in arm.

"And now I must run along. But before I go I'll just throw these gifts out to the crowd. Help yourselves.

"Here they are! Love folks, don't hate 'em. Be patient, don't be petulant. Don't punish. Don't hurt. Don't be egotistical. Be child-minded. And God bless everybody!

"That's what old Hugh Manity says."

With this, he jumped down lightly from the box and disappeared into an alley.

HOW GERMAN HOUSEWIVES MANAGE DURING THE WAR

["Ersatz" is a word they conjure with in Germany as this war is being waged. It means "substitute"—a substitute for anything that is scarce, and there are many things that are scarce these days. From Berlin, Charlotte Teller writes to the N. Y. *Evening Post* of the astonishing development and proud use of food substitutes in particular.]

THE most famous "Ersatz" is potato instead of wheat flour. It is much whiter than wheat flour—its pallor does not seem wholesome. But it has solved the flour problem.

Now there are appearing from every point on the German horizon the "Ersatz" for butter, fat, or oil. All schoolboys in country districts are given holidays to gather nuts. They are to be paid enough to make their work help towards the support of the family. Acorns, beechnuts, maple and linden seeds—their use has been found to be manifold in the making of oil and the feeding of cattle. And their importance as part of the struggle against the "starvation policy" of England is impressed on the children before they are sent out on the hunt.

The English paper blockade has resulted in welding the civilian population tightly together, of making it feel that it, too, is part of the army. Instead of depressing the people, it has roused their fighting spirit, until to go without some of the common luxuries of the table in order that there may be enough for all has become a matter of pride.

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The use of marmalade instead of butter, of which America has already heard, does not mean orange marmalade—for there are no oranges—it means plum butter and strawberry and apricot jam, sold by the pound from big preserve buckets, or in cans, if you are willing to pay more. They say that the German woman, knowing that butter would be high, has this year put up more fruit as preserves and jam than ever before—in spite of the fact that there are fewer cans and no rubber bands to make the tops secure. Courses are given and articles written, explaining how to keep fruit from fermenting. An "Ersatz" for rubber has been invented—two, in fact—the expensive "synthetic" rubber, which is not rubber at all; and rubber "made over" from small bits of old rubber.

EVERY sort of "Ersatz" for coffee is on the market. The price of good coffee, however, has not gone up, but only that of the cheaper grades. And chocolate! In America we have been warned against eating too much chocolate and candy. It would do no good to warn the Germans; they have too great a love of it, in the first place, and, in the second, too firm a belief in its being an "Ersatz" for what they have given up in the way of fine cakes and pastry. Every city block has at least one shop given over to chocolate.

The war has stimulated, as well, the movement toward "tubing" everything. Long rows of what at first glance appears to be tooth paste, are tubes of condensed milk, cocoa-and-milk all ready to have boiling water added, sardine butter, anchovy paste, and heaven knows what. Very soon all one will have to do to prepare a meal, is to squeeze a tube—once, twice, three or four times, according to the size of the family.

Alongside the tubes are the cubes, or "dice," as they are called. You can have lemonade cubes, pink or natural, tubes of pressed vegetables, of gravies of various flavors, and briquettes—the coke-like, pressed fuel is actually sold in inch cubes packed in boxes to be sent to the front. One of these little black cubes gives enough heat to warm one of the cans of vegetables, which are sent to the army in such enormous quantities. . . .

The substitute for fuel in the kitchen is the fireless cooker. All the war cook books tell the "Hausfrau" how to make one. If you can buy one, or have it made out of wood, well and good. But if that is beyond the purse, there are always newspapers. Directions are simple: Take twelve newspapers; wrinkle and crush them together until they lose their stiffness, and stitch them together as if they were cotton wadding; make a cloth cover and put buckles on, such as we use on arctics; make a round cap-like top and bottom out of the same materials; and put the covered pot into this, after it has

been on the fire the necessary length of time, five minutes boiling, ten, or twenty.

THERE is a "Housewives' League," now about a month old, which was organized for the purpose of teaching the German women throughout the empire what to do with the resources at hand. Just as the war cook book of last year is being used to-day in England, so no doubt the practical experiments carried on by these women at their headquarters in Berlin will trickle across the Channel and help out the English woman, who is suffering, not from lack of any particular articles, but from a rise in the general prices.

An "Ersatz" for fuel for warming the rooms is good bed coverings. Cotton wadding is not being brought into Germany now. And the supply of old and new "comforters" has gone to the front, to the lazarets and rest homes for the soldiers. But the German's devotion to his newspaper is having its reward. They are wrinkled and crushed until all the stiffness is out of them, and then stitched and enclosed in coarse or fine covers, as the occasion demands, for coverings.

The extra-large brown bed-quilts that I saw hanging over a chair interested me. I asked what they were for. The woman who was showing me about this exhibit of substitutes lowered her voice.

"Those are all for the Russian prisoners," she said. "You see, they have to be burned after they are used."

Then she showed me small military pillows, of almost no weight, whose filling was made out of newspapers cut into threadlike strips. They cost so little that they can be lost or thrown away without a pang, except for the comfort that they have given to tired heads in the trenches, or on the open ground.

The use of strong fibrous paper for chest-warmers, shoe-insoles, table-cloths, was not so striking as the use of waterproof paper, with a soft cottony cellulose lining. This cellulose-stuff is used in place of cotton sheets on sick beds, is so cheap that its use costs less than the soap to wash the bed-sheets; it can be made antiseptic, and so used to take the place of surgeon's cotton. This particular "Ersatz" is not likely to make the American cotton-growers' heart leap with joy, since it is likely to compete from now on with all sorts of cotton products, having been brought to perfection since the war began, and being put very successfully on the market.

BUT it is in the kitchen that the need of oil and fat and wheat flour and a thousand and one luxurious ingredients is most felt. And the return is, perforce, to the "simple life." The "Ersatz" for kitchen soap, for example (which costs three times what it used to), is soda!

In the drug stores the "Ersatz" is everywhere. You can't get glycerine soap, or cold cream, or brilliantine for the hair, but you find substitutes. Camphor moth-balls are a luxury, but you can get balsam insect powder, which is much more fragrant, and "moth root," which is just as effective. Lists are published from time to time telling you what is being used, and you use it.

Science and the Woman's National

Service League—a federation of all the women's clubs and organizations of Germany organized when the war broke out—have forestalled the cook's consternation by turning every kitchen into an experimental laboratory. All the women's magazines, the "women's pages" in the newspapers, are stimulating housewives and cooks to try the results of the scientific studies of learned men. Courses are being given all over the city of Berlin and in hundreds of other cities, to show women how to use the new products that are being put on the market—such as tapioca meal and chestnut flour, and how to cook without oil and butter and cream.

Courses are not restricted to cooking. The dearth of plumbers and gas-fitters has led to such inconvenience that the women are taking courses in soldering, in how to make electric bells ring, in cleaning gas burners, and even in plumb-

ing. The teachers come from the ranks of those who have had their training in domestic science—and the work is largely organized by the Woman's National Service League. Such study and preparation is likely to be carried over into peacetime (which seems now so far off). And a two or three years' course is to be demanded, if certain women have their way, as an "Ersatz" for military service.

What with women as the "Ersatz" for men, and chemists the "Ersatz" for cooks, and sunflower-seed oil the "Ersatz" for salad dressing, and newspapers the "Ersatz" for almost everything, it does not seem likely that our American trade warning, "Accept no substitutes," is to be held in reverence from this time forth. Even the substitute for a substitute is not without honor to-day inside what the Germans call "the iron ring" of their enemies.



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HUNTING THE SUBMARINE

[It is a new and strange form of hunting that the great war has developed—the hunting of under-sea boats by means of aeroplanes. What a time Nelson and Napoleon and Caesar and the rest must have in the place of the departed spirits talking over the new developments in military and naval methods! Henry Woodhouse, of the Aero Club of America, gives to the N. Y. Times the information he has received concerning this strange new "sport" of the Royal Aviation Corps of Great Britain.]

Probably the most interesting thing about the conflict between the dreaded German U-boats and the aeroplanes is that the *America*, which was built here before the war, and in which Flight Commander Porte intended to fly across the ocean, has destroyed no fewer than three submarines single-handed. One of these was blown up with bombs, and the other two were forced to come up, the *America* having broken off their periscopes. Then the destroyers got them.

The method of anti-submarine warfare is as simple as it is efficient. The aeroplanes go out, usually in pairs, followed by forty-knot destroyers, which follow after them and watch for their signals. The observer accompanying the aviator can see from fifteen to twenty miles in every direction, according to the height at which they fly. The destroyers can see the aeroplane at about the same distance, and its officers, with their powerful glasses, can tell every movement made by their scout.

If a submarine is sighted traveling on the surface, or if even its periscope is seen, the aeroplane drops a smoke bomb to call its destroyers. If the submarine submerges or remains submerged, the aero man keeps flying around and around, noting its direction. At forty knots an hour, the destroyers are soon on the spot, and they will follow the submarine and wait for it to come up and then blow it to pieces, or they may run ahead of it and lower their steel nets and catch it.

If it is feared that the quarry is going to submerge to a great depth, the nets are dropped as the destroyers come to the spot, and they often pick it up before it can get too deep for the nets.

Aeroplanes of the *America* and *Canada* class, carrying heavy armament and a large number of bombs, are much feared by the U-boats. In the early days of the war they were not afraid to come to the surface and fight the aeroplanes, but they don't dare do this any longer. The submarine is so fragile that a bomb or shell exploding near it will smash its sides in and sink it.

Of course, all the aeroplanes are flying boats or hydroaeroplanes, and have no fear of the water.

There have been a number of cases where the aviator has swooped down on the submarine and smashed its periscope. Then it is blind and must come to the surface, where it is easy prey for either the aeroplane or any destroyer or trawler, all of which have guns.

Of course, if the aeroplane destroys the submarine single-handed, none of its crew can be saved.

One of the most recent developments of this warfare has been the destruction of submarines on the bottom.

It is their custom to lie on the shallow bottoms when they want to wait for their

victims or to avoid destroyers. They will sink until they are down below the nets and then wait until the danger passes.

Early in the war, and even before the war, it was found that an aeroplane could detect a submarine even when submerged nearly one hundred feet.

Acting on this knowledge, the Royal Naval Aviation Corps has a plan that is sure death to the enemy. The observer "spots" the submarine lying in wait, and then signals for its destroyers. Of course, the men of the submarine have no idea of what is going on above them and can only wait to meet their death.

The aeroplane will circle about the spot until the destroyers arrive and then will indicate as nearly as possible exactly where the enemy lies.

Then the destroyers place a number of floating bombs on the water, each of which consists of what looks more like half a torpedo than anything else, and is kept at the surface by the broad, flat float.

After the bombs are placed, and they are powerful enough to blow up a dreadnought, the destroyers steam off out of harm's way.

The bombs are heavy and drop straight to the bottom when the destroyers pull the string that detaches them from their floats. On striking the bottom, they explode by contact, and as soon as oil comes to the surface, an infallible sign that the submarine is destroyed, they go on, looking for another victim.

It is not necessary for the bomb to strike the submarine, altho this has happened several times when the vessel was submerged at a shallow depth. The impact of the explosion of the several thousand pounds of "T. N. T." contained in the bombs is communicated to the submarine by the water, which is denser than at the surface, and caves the sides in.

Probably the pursuit of these submarines is the most exciting sport that has yet been experienced by an aviator, and the efficiency of the Royal Naval Aviation Corps has played a great part in eliminating the submarine peril.

MOVE!

[The following is from a letter of a Jewish mother somewhere in the war zone, probably in Galicia. It was read at a recent meeting held in New York City for the purpose of raising funds for Jewish victims of the war. Nothing more poignant has come from the scene of hostilities.]

It is Winter, not a mild Winter, a cold one; bitter cold.

All day we have been walking.

We have no idea where we are going. When a soldier says "Move," a Jew must obey. So Chaia, Berl and I move.

Our furniture we left behind.

Chaim, our eldest son, is in the army, and we are walking.

We have been walking since 6 o'clock in the morning.

Chaia leans on me, I lean on my stick, and Berl is carried, sometimes in my arms and sometimes in Chaia's.

I look at old Reb Srul, bent and worn like a reed in the wind; he, too, walks. Occasionally I talk to him. I try to console him; soon, soon it shall end, this constant walking. We will be placed somewhere and be allowed to remain.

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But he only sighs, looks up to heaven, and repeats the word "Peace."

Night comes. We have been walking for twelve hours. Some have fallen by the road, but we cannot stop, we must walk.

We are crowded into a dilapidated barn; it's cold, bitter cold in there.

Surah, the feeble-minded one, has just had an epileptic fit. Reb Sruel does not feel well. He is pale; I go to the door to speak to a soldier.

"A doctor, please," I plead. "The old man is dying."

"Good," he laughs. "Let him die. One-less to take care of."

All night we watch Reb Sruel die. We repeat prayers with him. Nobody sleeps.

In the morning Reb Sruel is at peace. No more walking for him; the women cry, some of us wish we could take his place. We are glad that he has been excused by the Almighty One from walking.

Some one suggests burial. We are about to ask for the privilege when the door opens and a soldier commands us to get ready to walk.

"More walking" is the pathetic echo that rings through the room.

We point to the body. A soldier commands us to walk. A Jew must obey, so we leave the old man in the hands of his God, and we walk.

Shear Nonsense

Learning the Bishop's Preference.

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner, according to *Harper's Weekly*. She was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning forward, replied:

"What did you say?"

"I said," replied the young lady, blushing, "are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop thought for a moment and then said:

"If you want my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned night-shirt."

Strategy on the Links

"Fore!" shouted the golfer, ready to play. But the woman on the course paid no attention, according to the *Boston Transcript*.

"Fore!" he repeated, with not a bit more effect than the first time.

"Try her with 'Three ninety-eight,'" suggested his partner. "She may be one of those bargain-counter fiends."

Schoolroom Humor.

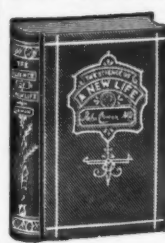
The *Boston Budget* tells this story of a Boston school on "exhibition day." The teacher gave out the word "hazardous" for a boy to spell, and to her great surprise he promptly spelled it "hazardous." Thinking that definition might jog his memory, she asked him to give her the meaning, whereupon her astonishment was intensified with the reply, "A female hazard."

The principal of a high school tells the following:

"One day at school I gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and although the problem was comparatively easy he couldn't do it. I remarked:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

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"The boy looked me straight in the face, and replied:
"At your age he was President of the United States."

One day, among other questions, relates another school teacher, I asked, "Who wrote Hamlet?" expecting some of the older pupils to answer; but all sat silent.

After a long pause little Johnnie, aged seven, held up his hand, and on being called on said, "I didn't."

That evening at a meeting of the township trustees, to which I was invited, I told of the incident, expecting a hearty laugh; but before the story could be appreciated one of the trustees, a shrewd business man with very little literary knowledge, burst forth with:

"The little rascal, I bet he did!"

Sunday-School Stories.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph and the N. Y. Evening Post respectively come these Sunday-school tales:

Ethel used to play a good deal in Sunday-school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise:

"Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day."

"Yeth'm," responded Ethel. "I couldn't help it. I dot a stiff neck."

"And now, children," said the pastor, "let us all repeat the Beatitudes—the 'Blesseds'—you know them. Now, all together—'Blessed are the'—"

The Sunday-school responded in that monotone usual in such performances in unison.

"Very good," commended the pastor. "And now, tell me, who said those beautiful words?"

No response. Pause.

"Can no little boy or little girl tell me who said those beautiful words? Any one?"

One little hand waving in the rear.

"Ah, Willie, I'm glad to see your hand up. Tell me, who said those beautiful words?"

"I did, sir."

Spelling Out the Truth.

Experience with spelling words in a child's hearing makes wholly credible what the N. Y. Times tells of two ladies, whose husbands are members of the Faculty of Oberlin College. They went to call on the new professor's wife. They were shown into a room where the small daughter of the house was playing. While awaiting the appearance of their hostess one of the ladies remarked to her friend, at the same time nodding toward the little girl, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y, is she?" spelling the word so that the child should not understand.

Instantly, before there was time for the friend to reply, came the answer from the little girl, "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but awfully s-m-a-r-t."

The Hamlet Type.

"The hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance," said Mr. Lawson, the "Frenzied Finance" man of Everybody's, at a recent dinner. "I had a boyhood friend of the type I mean—a fellow named Grimes. He was a falterer, a doubter of the most exaggerated sort."

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat lying on a table."

"Hello, Grimes," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"This waistcoat," he replied, holding the garment up to view. "It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it!"

Among the Wise Men.

"Are there any seats of learning hereabouts?" asked the Birmingham Age-Herald visitor at Perkins' Corners.

"I s'pose you mean colleges," said the native. "We ain't got nothin' of that sort, but if you'll set fur a spell on a cracker box at Sam Bixley's store you kin learn all about the right way to run the government."

Echoes of War.

An old English lady, who lived alone outside a small village, was nervous about Zeppelins, as the San Francisco Argonaut relates, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course. "I don't think there's much to worry about," replied the vicar in answer to her questions. "But, if you like, you can do as some folks are doing—sleep in the cellar." With profuse thanks, the old lady went off to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow. "The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said; "but suppose one o' them there submarines comes instead?"

Two workmen were discussing the war, obviously, says the Truth Seeker, under the influence of a great deal of unofficial news.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will an' all," replied the other. "You see, these Germans is taking thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners, and the Russians is taking thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on, all the

Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans in Russia. And then they'll start fresh all over again, fighting to get back their 'omes."

A gentleman remarked to a lady sitting next to him at a dinner, on the usefulness of wars in one direction—they disseminated a knowledge of geography. He confessed that he himself was deplorably ignorant of the Philippine Islands until the Spanish-American war broke out. The lady's face, proceeds the Christian Register, was a picture of horror. "Why," said she, "do you mean to say you have never read St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians?"

A Real Pollyanna.

"The truest philosopher," says Jerome K. Jerome, in the London Weekly Telegraph, "I ever heard of was a woman. She was brought into a London hospital, suffering from a poisoned leg. The house surgeon made a hurried examination. He was a man of blunt speech.

"It will have to come off," he told her.

"What, not all of it?"

(Continued on page ix)



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Below we give a list of half a dozen young people whose experiences are typical, whose achievements you may duplicate if you need funds for your education and are determined to get them.

FRANCIS S. HARMON, University of Virginia, states that he was rather skeptical when commencing the work, but he has since then earned over \$700, not only by his own personal efforts, but through money earned by students he has interested.

CLARISSA GIBSON, of Mount Holyoke College, has just finished her first season under the auspices of the Fund. She enrolled in March and began active work about the first of July. By September 12th she had earned and received over \$300 with an additional credit of \$100 to be later applied on her Scholarship.

MATIAS P. PEREZ is a young Filipino who came to this country because he wanted an American education. He is a student in a New England University. He tried almost everything that impecunious but

ambitious young people resort to for earning college expenses. He is now permanently enrolled under the Fund and has earned over \$400.

MAYER P. ROSS is a Brooklyn boy who is going to Cornell and who graduates this year. He has earned over \$2,200 during his association with the Fund, and says that, in addition to money, the experience is worth a second college education.

ELEANOR EAKINS, who made over \$1,100 in one short summer, says that the money, the experience and everything else that one gets out of the work are secondary to the anti-quitting spirit which it develops.

ANNIE V. SCOTT paid her way through the North Carolina State Normal College and is now meeting her expenses at a Woman's Medical College through the same means. She has earned over \$1,500.

The descriptive literature of the Fund, which will be gladly sent to anyone who asks for it, gives full particulars and names and photographs of many more students who have operated successfully under its auspices.

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is, of course, its successful candidates, yet part of their success is due to the fact that educators and public men of known integrity endorse the Fund and the work it is doing by consenting to serve on the Scholarship Fund Committee. Among these are

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We bespeak from the public the greatest consideration for the young men and women who are working under the auspices of the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund. Consider for a moment that these plucky students, after putting in a strenuous school year, instead of flitting away to the mountains or the seashore, plunge right into a vigorous summer's work. You may identify any Scholarship Fund student by the engraved certificate bearing the student's photograph, the signed endorsement of three or more responsible people, the official seal of the Fund, and the signature of the Director of the Fund, or the Editor of CURRENT OPINION.

You may trust these young men and women. We have not allowed them to take up the work until their characters and their motives have been fully investigated. If you know of any ambitious young men or women who need funds to meet their college or high school expenses, you will confer a benefit by sending us their names and addresses. A post card is sufficient, or just use the handy coupon.

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"The whole of it, I am sorry to say," growled the house surgeon.

"Nothing else for it?"

"No other chance for you whatever," explained the house surgeon.

"Ah, well, thank heavens, it's not my 'ead," observed the lady."

He Was Unanimously Elected.

When the term of the old negro preacher had expired, the N. Y. *American* reports that he arose and said:

"Breddren, de time am heah fo' de reelection ob yo' pastoh for anudder yeah. All dose faborin' me fo' yo' pastoh will please say 'Aye.'"

The old preacher had made himself rather unpopular and there was no response.

"Ha," he said; "silence gibs consent allus. I'se yo' pastoh fo' anudder yeah."

Experience With First Love.

"You say that you want some name engraved on this ring," said the jeweler to the bashful young man. (The *Chicago Herald* tells the story.)

"Yes; I want the words, 'George, to his dearest-Alice' engraved on the inside of the ring."

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest the words, 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

Her Birthday Gift to Father.

The little maid stood in the parlor doorway, one hand on the door knob, says the *Farmer's Advocate*. For a moment she gazed at her father, who was preparing to take his afternoon nap.

"Papa," she said, "do you know what I am going to give you for your birthday when it comes?"

"No, dear," answered the fond father, "but please tell me."

"A nice new china shaving mug with gold flowers on it all round," said the little maid.

"But, my dear," exclaimed her parent, "papa has a nice one like that already."

"No, he hasn't," his little daughter answered, thoughtfully, "'cause—'cause I've just dropped it!"

The Job's the Thing.

Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees, according to the *Chicago Herald*.

"They are like the brook," he said; "they flow on forever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of Si Hoskins."

"Si Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill owner's dam."

"There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee; and, finding him thus one morning, I said:

"What are you doing, Si?"

"I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir," he answered. "They're underminin' the dam."

"There goes one now," said I. "Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?"

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe, and said:

"Do you think I want to lose my job?"

The Three Most Important Foods.

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful iteration on the part played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats, respectively, in the upkeep of the human body. At the end of the lesson, *Farm and Dairy* reports that the usual test questions were put among them:

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied, "Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."

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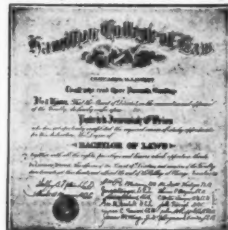
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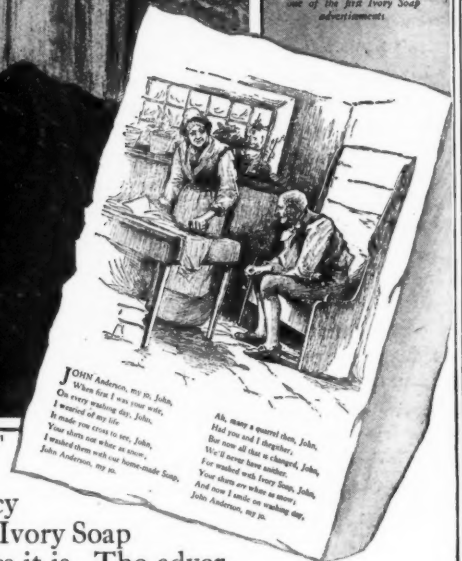
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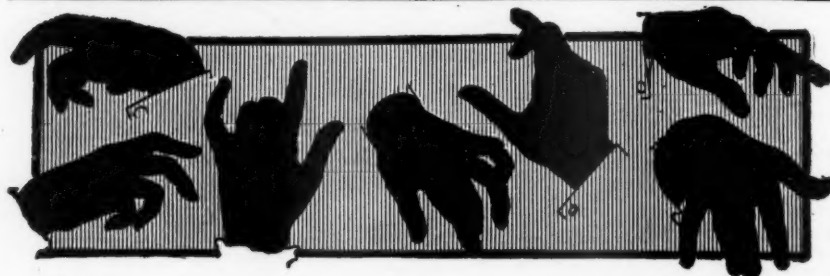
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THE FIGHTING TENTH ADDS GLORY TO IRISH ARMS

[This spirited story of how the heroic Tenth (Irish) Division saved the situation for the Allies in retreat from Macedonia to Salonica is now told for the first time by the London Weekly *Despatch*.]

ON December 3, which was a Friday, the British outposts brought in six Bulgar deserters who had much of interest to tell. They said that the Bulgars not only had suffered very heavily in their engagements with the Serbians but were losing men rapidly owing to sickness and frostbite.

"What is more to the point, they warned the officers that a big attack against our line was impending, that it had been arranged to take place that day but that the severe snowstorm had caused them to put it off to another day which would not be long delayed.

"These opportune tidings, which as events proved were thoroughly reliable, were communicated to headquarters and the necessary precautions for battle taken. The outposts were drawn in and finishing touches given to the trenches.

"The night before the great Bulgar attack began one of the battalions held a powwow in their dugouts, which they had covered in with a big tarpaulin that hid the smoke of a matchwood fire, lit for cheerfulness as much as for warmth. There was little in their surroundings to make them happy, but their own lively spirits allowed them to triumph over their environment and the night passed pleasantly in song.

"In that bleak corner of the Balkans thousands of miles from home Englishmen sang themselves happy with sentimental and topical ditties. If a program had been printed it would have run like this:

Song, "My Little Gray Home in the West."

Mouth organ solo, "Who Were You With Last Night?"

Song, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Whistling solo, "Stop Your Tickling, Jock."

Interval for refreshments (tea, bully beef and biscuit sandwiches, jam sandwiches, &c.).

Song, "Yiddle on Your Fiddle."

Mouth organ solo, "Tipperary."

Song, "Are We All Here?"

Note.—Smoking allowed in all parts of the house.

"Though the West Kents thus amused themselves and put many a shy comrade who refused to sing 'in the oven,' there was a feeling that danger was near. Instinct proved unerring.

THE Tenth Division stood to all night, so that if the enemy came in the morning they would not find their hosts unprepared. In the first trenches were the Connaughts, the Mun-

sters, the Dublin Fusiliers, the Hampshires and the Inniskillings, the latter to a large extent Ulster men holding the extreme right wing.

"Dawn had scarcely broken when the enemy made his expected attack. The conditions wholly favored him, for a fairly dense fog prevailed, and under its cover the Bulgars were able to get within 300 yards of parts of our line without being observed. The Inniskillings were the first to be attacked; about 5 A. M. their outposts were driven in and then a great mass of the enemy swooped down on the trenches, but were driven back by the fire of our Maxim guns and by the steady magazine fire that came from the trenches.

"Scarcely had the attack on the extreme right of our line had time to develop when the main body of Bulgars were seen running down a defile leading to the center of our front. They were perceived as a long, interminable stretch of men—a mass of shadowy figures revealed half distinctly in the mist. As they reached the end of the defile they spread out as from a bottle neck, and with wild cheers flung themselves on our line. But before they had got so far our guns smashed and battered the thick procession of men leaping out of the narrow gorge. It was impossible to miss them. British artillery had never had such a target since the first battle of Ypres, when the guns literally mowed down the half-trained German troops who attacked on the Yser.

"The slaughter of the guns was magnified by the slaughter of the rapid magazine fire at short range. Wave after wave of the enemy came on, each broken as it swept out of the defile, but the Bulgars were not to be denied. Tho their comrades fell thick and fast they came on, and by sheer impetus of numbers reached our trenches, where awful work was wrought. It was hard to hand fighting then—terrible to witness, terrible to think of. The short bayonet of the Bulgar, however, was of little use in these trench combats, and man for man the British won, but the Bulgars had the numbers and temporarily the first line of the Twelfth Division was overborne. The British were driven out.

THE British artillery had been doing splendid work, but by now the enemy artillery was in full blast, and they poured a devastating and withering hail of fire on our positions, which through faulty ranging put out of action more of the Bulgars than it did of us. The Munsters and the Connaughts and the Dublins quickly rallied, and with a wonderful bayonet charge drove the enemy out of their trenches again. The enemy, massed in close formation, swarmed in once more, but against the deadly fire poured into them they could make no headway for some time. The brave Irish regiments were pouring lead into them as fast as they could load their rifles. They poured into the oncoming masses as much as 175 rounds at pointblank range. This will give an idea of the slaughter that went on this December morning, as the dawn slowly beat the mists away.

"Mingling with the roar of the artillery and the clatter-clatter of the machine guns and the sharp snap of the rifles were the hoarse cries of the half-maddened Bulgars, whose officers ever drove them on to the death that came quick and hot from the British trenches. Men of splendid physique they were that faced our hail of lead, cheering in a sort of wild euthanasia of battle, with bugles and trumpets blowing defiant challenge

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as in the knightly days of the tourney. They did not know, many of them, whether they were attacking French, British or Turk, but unquestioning, unthinking, they came on with a fearlessness of life deserving of a better cause, leaping into our trenches and falling back dead with a bullet in the throat or a bayonet wound in the breast or with head blown off by one of our shells.

"But it was, 'for all our grim resistance, a hopeless kind of struggle. Sooner or later that unceasing stream of men issuing out of the narrow defile must sweep us back. Always the enemy returned to the charge, undeterred by heavy losses, undismayed by our deadly gun and magazine fire. The line held, and to their cheers we answered with our own cheers, and to their cries we gave back answer with our own cries, and if sometimes the thin line faltered the shouts of officers and men, 'Stick it, jolly boys! Give 'em hell, Connaughts!' brought new life and new strength.

IN the end we gave the enemy his dearly bought line of trenches and slowly fell back to our second line of positions, where the remainder of the division joined up and helped to beat off the sustained attacks, which lacked naught in violence. All day the Bulgars alternately bombarded and charged us. There seemed to be thousands and thousands of them. They gave us no rest at night. Wherever we stood they rained an unceasing fusillade of shell upon us and followed each rafale up with a determined infantry attack.

"Outnumbering the Tenth Division in the proportion of at least eight to one, they were obstinately bent on its destruction at whatever cost to themselves. Their artillery far exceeded ours in weight of metal, but in effectiveness there was no comparison. Almost all our shells told, while many of theirs did no more than splinter the rocks yards away. So Monday, December 6, was passed with the Tenth Division mightily pressed but still well able to hold its own. Tuesday the 7th was an exact replica of the previous day.

"The Bulgars heavily bombarded our line; then sent forward strong storming parties before whom we recoiled a little, but no more. The division never lost its cohesion, and it gave ground only at the rate of two miles a day, which is a proof, if any were needed, of the splendid rearguard action that this much outnumbered force fought. Our artillery kept them in sufficient check to give us all the respite we needed, and the rifle fire of the different regiments bit gaping wounds in the enemy mass that helped to throw them into temporary confusion.

"Teodorow, the Bulgarian General, is a great believer in the German method of attack. He reckons no loss in men is too great if the objective be gained. The objective in this case was the decimation of the Tenth Division, and under his orders the Bulgars charged and charged until the snowdrifts over which the battle was fought was black with the recumbent forms of his men.

"We fought as at Mons. The arrowhead of the division consisting of two or three regiments, the Dublins, the Munsters and the Connaughts, took the shock of the enemy attacks, while the

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sides made good their retirement, then the arrowhead rapidly fell back and joined us with the main body, while other regiments received the shock in turn.

"In the two days we drew four miles nearer to the Greek frontier. If we could continue to maintain this deliberate rate of retirement with our formations still intact we could hope for salvation, for we knew that reinforcements were due.

THE night of the 7th the Bulgars made a final attempt to smash our resistance. They redoubled the force of their bombardment; they increased still more the momentum of their infantry attacks. They came very near to achieving their purpose, and there were hours when one would have asked prayers for the Tenth Division, but British bulldog courage and obstinacy withstood all the fury of the enemy's onset, and our mountain artillery always found an easy target. By the 8th the force of the Bulgar attacks had spent itself. . . . In the two days' battle the Tenth Division inflicted on the enemy at least four times their own number of casualties and, what is possibly of equal importance, they taught him the temper and morale of British infantry.

"The Tenth Division outlived the horrors of Sulva; it outlived the days and nights of biting cold on the Serbian frontier ranges, and it finished the miracle, to quote the official phrase, by 'sustaining violent attacks delivered by the enemy in overwhelming numbers.' The slow, punishing, rearguard action it fought allowed the Allies to withdraw all their accumulated stores and munitions and to fall back without congestion into Greek territory again.

"The Tenth Division saved the situation by a display of courage and dogged heroism that cannot be too highly praised. One of these days we shall be told what the general said to the thinned units when he met them again at Salonica. . . .

YOU ask the most talkative of them to give you a picture of the oncoming Bulgar masses. 'A mad, swearing mob, they were,' he says, 'on us as thick as ants. I suppose they were swearing. Anyhow, we couldn't understand their lingo, and they didn't say much after we had let them have five rounds of rapid fire.' You ask another what he said when the Bulgars stormed the trench. 'Said?' is the reply, 'said? I never said anything. I was too busy pumping hell into them to say anything. But my pal was shouting hard enough for me and him as well. Get men with that spirit and neither Bulgar nor German shall best them.

"It is hard to explain how the Tenth Division, encompassed as it was, won through, and perhaps the most satisfactory thing to do is to fall back on the explanation of a Munster Fanger, whose only grumble is that he was kept twelve hours in those terrible forty-eight hours' fighting without food: 'They beat us with numbers. We couldn't hope to hold up against the crowd they sent against us, a daft, clumsy gang of men. We gave 'em hell, but their numbers beat us. But two days wasn't much of a time to give themselves to make us see we were beaten, and so we got away with them still coming after us. You'd got to be there to see what happened.' It sounds very much like an anti-climax, but it is really what happened. The Tenth Division escaped because it hadn't time to know that by all the rules it was beaten."

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SHEAR NONSENSE

Friend Dolan's Generosity.

Two Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend, according to a storyteller in *Everybody's*.

Said Malachi: "Sure, Dolan was a good fellow."

"He was that," assented Mike. "A good fellow, Dolan."

"And a cheerful man was Dolan," continued Malachi.

"A cheerful man was Dolan, the cheerfulest I ever knew," echoed Mike.

"Dolan was a ginorous man, too," said Malachi.

"Ginorous, did ye say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Dolan ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly," said Malachi, scratching his head in thought. "Wan day he come

into Casey's barroom, where me and me friends was drinkin', and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have... rain or snow?'"

Weird Answers to Examination Questions.

The latest list of queer and consequently humorous answers written on examination papers comes from the University of the State of New York, at Albany, which grants Regents' certificates. Among those who wrote the replies were candidates for teachers' positions, for qualification as law or medical students, and for admission to college. Here are some of the answers:

There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels. The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the out-sides have been taken off.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became father of his country.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The rosetta stone was a missionary to Turkey.

The Government of England is a limited mockery.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to its employees so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

The qualifications of a voter at a school meeting are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Achilles was dipped in the river Styx to make him immortal.

Gender shows whether man is feminine, masculine or neuter.

Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.

The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoats.

The first Governor of Massachusetts was Mr. Salem Witchcraft.

When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite hill they threw up their breakfast (breakworks).

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars and eight cuspidors.

Weapons of the Indian—bow, arrow, tomahawk and war-hoop.

Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination.

Rather Welcome.

The Reverend J. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of Temple Church, Los Angeles, California, welcomed a recent religious convention in that city in these words:

"You are as welcome as the sunshine after a storm. You are as welcome as summer after a winter in Chicago. You are as welcome as the first baby in a new home. You are as welcome as a baby at a Methodist christening. You are as welcome as the whale was to Jonah when 'all at sea.' You are as welcome as a meal to a hobo. You are as welcome as a watermelon to a negro. You are as welcome as a sweet-heart to an old maid. You are as welcome as a pretty girl to an old bachelor. You are as welcome as a mother-in-law's departure on a long journey. You are as welcome as a vacation to a school kid. You are as welcome as a ball game to a fan. You are as welcome as a tip to a waiter. You are as welcome as a big salary to a preacher. You are as welcome as a successful election to a doubtful candidate. You are as welcome as prosperous times to a Democratic administration. You are as welcome as European peace would be to the world. If you can think of anything else that is more welcome than anything I have mentioned, then that is just how welcome you are."

Class Consciousness.

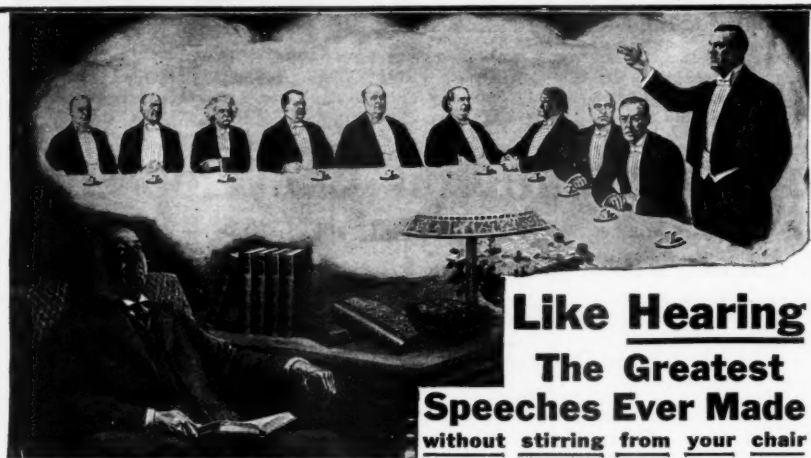
It was well known in staggeringly high society, relates *Everybody's*, that the beautiful Lady Rosemary had never been kissed before; and as, after a long, languorous embrace, the athletic young Duke of Rushmore released his hold, she gazed searchingly into his lovelorn eyes and questioned:

"And do the poor indulge in this way?"

"Quite frequently, little pet," answered the high personage.

"Well, well, well! And do they experience the same sensations as we do, dear?"

"Absolutely."



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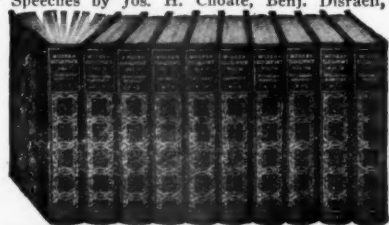
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"Dear, dear, dear! Why, it's much too good for the working classes!"

In the House of System.

The visitor was being shown about by the head of the up-to-date business house, according to the N. Y. *Evening Mail*.

"Who is that dapper youth at the glass-topped desk?" he asked.

"That is the superintendent of the card index system. He keeps an index showing where the index cases are."

"Who is the young man with the gray gaiters and the efficient ears?"

"He keeps an index showing the length of time it takes to index the indexes."

"Who is the girl with the golden hair?"

"She decides under what index an index to the index of the filing cabinets shall be placed."

"And who is the gray-haired man at the disordered desk in the corner?"

"Oh, that's Old Joggis. He doesn't fit in very well with the rest of the office, but I have to keep him around. He's the only employee who can find important papers when I want them in a hurry."

If the Boy Were Rich.

The *Aerial Age* tells of discovering a tired little boy who sat on the curb with his chin resting in his hands.

"I wish I was rich," he exclaimed.

"What would you do with your money if you were rich?" asked one of his playmates.

"I'd buy a great, big motor car," answered the little chap, "so I could fly my kite out of the back of it without running my legs off."

Lost in Admiration.

A musical director tells to *Everybody's* a story of the embarrassment evinced by a young woman at a reception given Madame Schumann-Heine last year. The young woman was an enthusiastic admirer of the songstress, and she had often expressed to the hostess her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be introduced to the famous woman she was so overcome that she lost her self-possession completely.

Blushing deeply, and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to emit: "You—er—er—you sing, I believe."

Foolish Results.

No slur on scientific management is necessarily conveyed by this story from the *Sacred Heart Review*:

The manager of a factory inquired whether a new man was progressing with his work. The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed: "Progressing! I have taught him everything I know, and he is still an ignorant fool."

Bakshish!

The tipping evil is no joke even in this country. But it has hardly reached the degree of insidiousness marked by this tale from the near East. *Brunos' Weekly* gets it from the German, Roda Roda:

"On the morning of my departure from Constantinople I gave the letter carrier who had brought my letters during my sojourn here, half a medshid as a tip."

"In the afternoon a man came up to me and said: 'My lord, I am a stranger to you. You never received a telegram. But may it please you to know that I am the telegraph messenger. May it please you to know that it was up to me to deliver telegrams to you, if such had been received for you in our office. I surely would have brought them to you most quickly. I know you will be just and you will not harm a man who has always been ready to serve you; I cannot be blamed that I have never been called upon to be of service to you. I, too, deserve half a medshid.'"

Diplomatically Qualified.

When Richard Olney was Secretary of State, *Case and Comment* recalls that he often said that the appointees to the consular service should speak the language of the country to which they were appointed.

The Secret "Affair" that Caused France's Downfall

WHY did Napoleon divorce the patient, serene, brilliant Josephine—the poor girl who became an Empress? What trick did he employ to annul the marriage? Why did he then marry the 17-year old Archduchess of Austria, without each having ever seen the other? Who was Champagny and what part did he play? What did Metternich say? What did Napoleon want, to gratify his ambition? How did these events bring about the downfall of Napoleon and of the mightiest nation in history? What would have happened had Napoleon heeded Josephine's advice?

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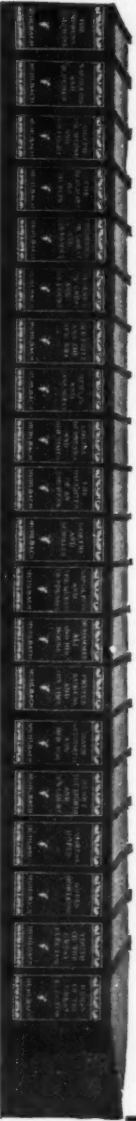
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An enterprising western politician who desired to serve at a Chinese port presented his papers to Mr. Olney. The secretary remarked: "Are you aware, sir, that I never recommend a consul unless he can speak the country's language? Now, I suppose you do not speak Chinese?" The Westerner grinned broadly.

"If, Mr. Secretary," said he, "you will ask me a question in Chinese, I shall be happy to answer it." He got the job.

Completely Backed Out.

Sir Herbert Tree's wit is well known among his friends, and they tell some very good stories about his funny remarks at rehearsals, according to the *London Globe*.

Once during the rehearsal of a certain play Sir Herbert asked a very young and by no means brilliant actor who fancied himself greatly to "step back a little." The actor did so, and Tree went on rehearsing. A little later the famous manager repeated his request, and the youth obeyed again.

Shortly afterward Tree once more asked him to "step a little farther back."

"But if I do," complained the youthful one, ruefully, "I shall be completely off the stage."

"Yes," answered Tree quietly, "that's right."

The Gentleman and the Automobile.

Tom Daly's column in the *Philadelphia Ledger* has this automobile story:

It has nothing whatever to do with a Ford. After all, the name of the car doesn't matter in this story; the interest centers in the two men who were in it: One was the owner and the other was an Irishman whom he had picked up on the road some five or six miles out. The intention of the man in the car at the start was excellent. "Well, well, Mike, what are you doing away out here?" he said. "Walking home from work? Step in and I'll give you a lift." But he hadn't gone far after that before he began to spoil it all. He talked of the cost of the car and how democratic he was; and when he finally drew up with a flourish opposite Mike's humble door he said: "Well, Mike, here you are. You'd go a long way in Ireland, wouldn't you, before you'd find a gentleman who would pick you up on the road and take you home in this style?" "Aye," replied Mike, "a quare place is Ireland. Ye'd go a long way there before ye'd find anyone to call ye a gentleman even."

Where the Man Lived.

One day a man who was interested in social work went into the tenement district and, wishing to see a certain man, but having only a general idea as to where he lived, approached a small boy. The *Associated Sunday Magazine* is our authority for the story.

"My boy," he asked, "can you show me where M. Schmidowitz lives?"

"Yes, sir. Come right with me, sir."

The boy entered an adjacent doorway and started to climb the difficult stair. Up four flights he went, the visitor breathlessly following, and finally paused at an open door.

"This is the floor, sir," said the boy. "Mr. Schmidowitz lives in there."

"Looks as if we had stacked up against hard luck," remarked the visitor, peering into the room. "Mr. Schmidowitz doesn't appear to be here."

"No, sir," was the rejoinder. "That was him sittin' down on the front doorstep when we come in."

Paderewski's Enterprising Pupil.

Paderewski, the *Sunday Fiction Magazine* says, arrived in a small western town about noon one day and decided to take a walk in the afternoon. While he strolled along he heard a piano and, following the sound, he came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons 25 cents an hour."

Pausing to listen, he heard the young performer trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes and not succeeding very well.

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Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can, afterward spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterward he returned to the town and again took the same walk.

He soon came to the home of Miss Jones, and, looking at the sign, read:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons \$1 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski.)"

Sensitive Man.

Every seat in the trolley was occupied, observed the *Evening Post Magazine*, when a group of women got in. Going through the car to collect the fares, the conductor noticed a man asleep. Seizing him by the shoulder, he proceeded to shake him back into a state of consciousness.

"Wake up!" shouted the conductor.

"I wasn't asleep," said the passenger.

"Not asleep," snapped the conductor. "Then what did you have your eyes closed for?"

"It was because of the crowded condition of the car," explained the passenger. "I just hate to see women standing."

Churchly Humor.

From the wit and humor recorded in the notebook of the late Bishop Walsham How, who loved the lighter side of life, *Tidbits* presents these pickings:

Stories of the remarks of children in regard to prayers are legion, but this would be hard to beat. A boy being asked whether he always said his prayers, replied, "Yes, always at night." He was then asked, "And why not in the morning?" To which he answered, "Because a strong boy of nine, like me, ought to be able to take care of himself in the daytime."

And then there was the little boy who, hearing the hymn read which says:

Satan trembles when he sees
The feeblest saint upon his knees,
asked, "Why does Satan let the saint sit on his knees if it makes him tremble?"

A real gem is the story of a child in school who was asked what he knew about Solomon, and said, "He was very fond of animals." Being asked what made him think so, he said, "Because he had three hundred porcupines." Another child who was asked why they hid Moses in the bulrushes, replied, "Because they did not want him to be vaccinated."

It is the Vice-President of the Liverpool Philomathic Society who vouches for the story that, in answer to the question "Define a parable," an examinee wrote, "A parable is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning."

And there seemed to be some ground for complaint when a Scotch minister from a large town once visited and preached in a rural parish and was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came in floods and destroyed some of the crops; whereupon one elder remarked to another, "This comes o' trusting sic a request to a meenister who isna' acquentit wi' agriculture."

Why She Was Not Responsible.

A little girl about six years old was visiting friends. The *Western Christian Advocate* reports that during the course of the conversation one of them remarked:

"I hear you have a new little sister."

"Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old."

"Did you want it to be a little girl?"

"No, I wanted it to be a boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."

Defining Parents.

Little Alfred was asked to write a composition on parents, and the *Truth Seeker* says he wrote this:

"Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but it's mostly the mas that make you mind."

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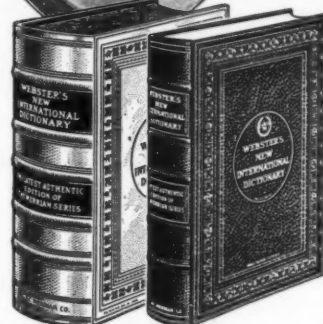
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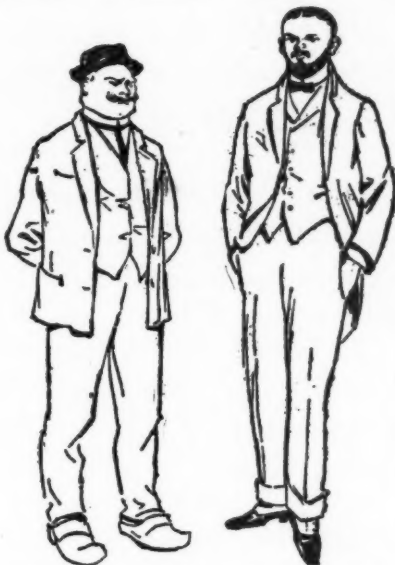
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(Continued on page iv.)

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guarded communities, under the indulgent rule of the French. But neither seven hundred nor six hundred individuals of different characters and different personalities can live together in a relatively small enclosure without developing the moral conditions, the petty rivalries, the prejudices, the ostracisms, and the gross misinterpretations of puerile events habitually found in such settlements. In that respect the concentration camps resemble provincial towns.

THE camp that we visited is in a suburb of a city in the west of France on the grounds of a monastery vacated at the time of the separation of Church and State. From the highway we went through an avenue shaded by fine trees, through gates, and across a small courtyard separated from the rank growth of a carefully tended vegetable garden by a high iron railing. In the garden a number of ruddy Germans were at work among growing things which gave the place the appearance of a prize truck farm. Around back of the "farm" we came to the ancient arcaded galleries of the old monastery, and picking our way over the moss-grown flags, over small objects, toys and bits of clothing dropped by the children who were in noisy evidence on every side, we came to the monastery garden, to mouldering pedestals supporting mutilated effigies of saints, and to the rusty marble basin of an ancient fountain. There, where in better days monks paced in silent spaces saying their morning or evening office, women sit on wooden benches knitting or sewing, children play in the littered paths, and men smoke their pipes as in the public garden of a German city. In this, one of the first established concentration camps, there are as many married pairs as celibates.



THE HERR PROFESSOR

As if to emphasize the likeness between the camp and a municipality, the Administration has qualified a committee composed of Germans and Austrians who act as monitors and, when necessary, present complaints to the Secretary General of the Prefecture. The committee holds small authority, but it is one of the most gracious of the French colonial conceptions, because it responds to the Germanic taste for all that represents the hierarchical. To the mind of the interned, the German committee by the grace of France is con-

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siderably more to be respected than Joffre's army.

EVERY division of the camp has a military chief, a non-commissioned officer, or "sons-off," just from the front. The "sub" acts as police captain; his business is to settle quarrels and restore order; he keeps informed of the needs, or fancied needs, of the captives, and, if possible, gives what they ask for.

Until 9 o'clock at night the interned pass their time as they please. They are free to receive money and to spend it, and free to write and receive letters, which are inspected and passed on, either intact or "deleted." They are free to receive visits from French relatives (if they have any), and their children have been provided with an excellent school. The chapel of the monastery serves as the general parlor. In it concerts are given by an orchestra led by a German interne from Pantin, where he had worked for years as an engineer. The musically inclined machinist showed us an instrument of his own invention and manufacture, a thing resembling an archaic viol. Dreamers and idlers pass time in the parlor of the camp as idlers outside the camp pass time in barrooms.

Life in the concentration camp is captivity without rigor, or, to speak better, without restraint. Either from pride or from phlegmatic acceptance of conditions, men who held high places in the world

take their internment like philosophers. We saw a personage well known in the lesser world of Parisian business, a man habituated to luxury, can in hand—the semi-conical enameled French "milk box"—in garments fit for the trousseau of a

scullion, and in the galoshes of a stable-boy, going like a day-laborer for his evening soup. As far as we could judge from appearances, the occasional visit of the guards is the only evidence of imprisonment.

THE quarters, on the ground floor of the monastery open on a corridor now known as the *Champs-Élysées*. Here in long and narrow sections, smaller and therefore easier to isolate by means of fragile partitions than the sections on the upper floors, dwell the people who



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came first and had a choice of places. Individuality and relative reserve distinguish this division. In a section notable for its neatness, we saw "the Countess," one of the all-too numerous newspaper correspondents sent to France by the directors of the German private inquiry



THE SCULPTOR, WITH HIS BUSTS OF HINDENBURG AND JOFFRE.

system. She spoke fluently of her superiority. "I was beautiful!" she said with pathetic self-satisfaction. "Now I am ugly; a disfigured wreck!" A flood of bitter recriminations closed her plaint. Halted by the reproach in her voice and in her manner, our guide raised his shoulders as a disturbed bird lifts its wings. "That is her view of it," he murmured as we passed on—"They are like that, when they are not abusive. They were built so!"

As we passed out of the building into the sunlight a pompous fellow begged us to make a note of the fact that "whatever discussion there may be in the community starts with the French women, who are as notoriously quarrelsome as the English!"



THE HUNGARIAN PAINTER

In the artists' quarter an Hungarian had arranged his cell like a studio. He sat in his corner hard at work. Sketches of life-like heads adorned his shelf. Another artist, a German painter, reminded me of the long-haired men we used to see on the roads of the little Parisian mounts of des Martyrs and Sainte-Geneviève. In the same neighborhood an engraver on brass showed us handsome medals of his own make. One man had pasted Joffre's picture above his bed. Another displayed the bust of Hindenburg and the portrait of Joffre side by side; and another had made a picture representing a German throwing down his arms and crying "Comrade" to a Frenchman.

We had found it impossible to draw any expression of personal opinion from the Germans; the Hungarians spoke freely. He begged us to believe he had no love for the *bosches*. But as all who were doing profitable business in Paris desire to return to Paris after the war we put small faith in their professions of sympathy.

In the broader corridors people of all ranks were passing. Some were well dressed, others had garbed themselves haphazard, on the plan of catch-as-catch-can.

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One of the big, handsome fellows, a German, wore an English monocle; and just behind him, appreciating his fastidious elegance and imitating his measured gait, came a brown-skinned Bohemian with double-lashed gipsy eyes.

A typical Faust's *Gretchen*, a Bavarian, smiled upon our guide with the confidence of a child. Her companion, the daughter of a French mother and German father, a native of Paris, directed our attention to a button-photograph, pinned as a brooch at Gretchen's throat: a life-like portrait of a French infantryman. "He is her sweetheart!" babbled the French girl. "Every hour of her life she prays to the good Lord for French victory!"

The wife of an Austrian halted us to declare her need: "Give me a piano!" she begged. "No one can sing without accompaniment in a place like this! I cannot practice, and therefore my voice is getting rusty!" "Shall you get her one?" I asked the guide. "Ma foi!" he answered. "I shall try to. That one is entitled to all that we can do for her. She is the daughter of a Russian general!"

THE question of sympathetic entanglements is appalling to men of feeling.

Among the interned are many who desire to remain in France. They would rather live in France as prisoners than to live away from France as free men. One of the interned in that particular camp is an old Parisian mechanic, interned from Belleville. Born in Germany of German parents, he came to France when very young. He can neither speak nor understand German; he looks with aversion upon his German neighbors, and turned eagerly to greet our guide as we passed his cell.

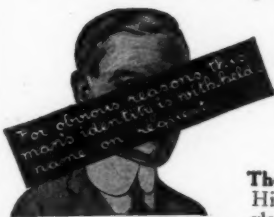
Except for the fact that the tradesmen snatched from profitable business in Paris clamored for leave of absence to be used for a brief visit to the scene of their interrupted work, we saw no dissatisfaction. Some of the strapping bachelors in the division for single men seemed well pleased with the sequestration which places them beyond the reach of military service. A group of basket weavers sang in harmonious undertones as they wove

their supple osier twigs. We heard snatches of the sweet, old folksong: *Sonnenchein*, and the Siren's song. (They sing well, these clear-eyed apostles of Hate!) But in the place set apart for families, the women bicker and insult each other. Their men, who respect the local authorities, preserve a strictly neutral silence. When the discussions go too far, a committee-man runs in. A few of the married ones are piteous in their humility; but the majority are monarchs in their circumscribed allotments. Personal taste has given a distinct character to each household. I saw a family enclosed by plaided hangings, while others had defined their limitations by varied widths of variously colored cotton cloth.

One of the Algerian Germans gazed upon us through the spectacles of the typical Herr Professor. Before him on a lap-board lay a number of neatly drafted mechanical estimates. He was at work on an invention of his own: a *triangular aeroplane for use in the defense of Paris*. His invention may not amount to much, but the fact that he passes his time in view of circumventing his government gives him a character of peculiar individuality.

In a secluded corner of the monks' garden we came upon a pair of human turtle doves—a man and wife still deep in the bliss of their honeymoon. They were married the evening of the day Franz Ferdinand died.

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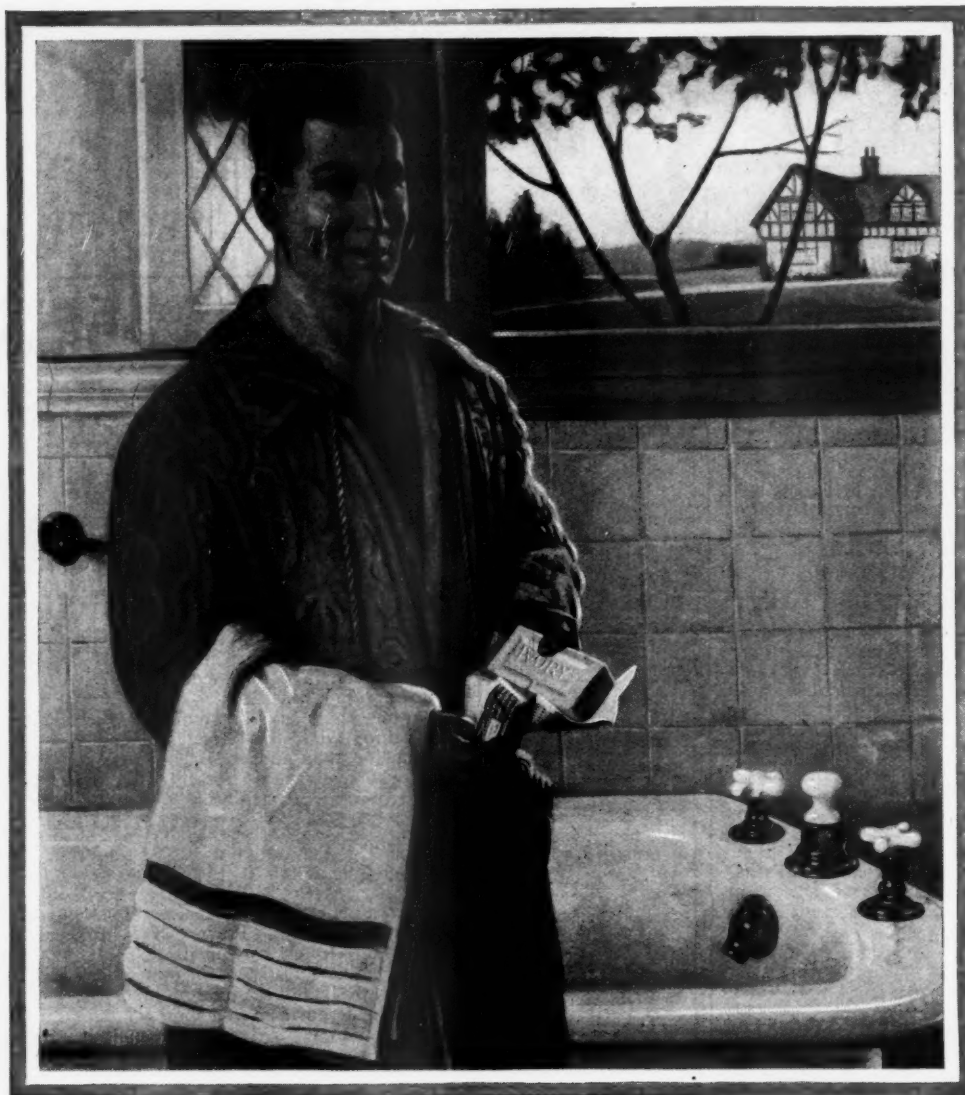
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Romance of a Business Man

From a Weakling to a Champion Athlete—From Office Boy to Business Organizer of World-Wide Fame

By CARL EASTON WILLIAMS

Thirty-three years ago a thin, frail, 15-year-old boy began a tragic fight for life and health. His



BERNARR MACFADDEN
Editor, author, business executive,
and noted physical culturist

mother had died of consumption, his father had preceded her. A hacking cough reminded this youth nightly of his condition. Manhood was not for him. Health would never be his possession.

Hopelessness encompassed him and there is no torture that is so damning as the definite conviction on the part of boy or girl that full maturity can never be attained.

But there was fighting spirit in this boy. He refused to give up. He fought on and on—"down-hill" and "up-hill"—at all times seeking the light that led to, at least, a bearable existence.

Buoyant health was not even a possibility in his mind. The best he could hope for would be strength enough to endure his daily duties without pain or weakness.

Suffering is a great teacher—a wonderful character builder. It creates will-power; it develops self-mastery. And this boy groping in the darkness of the "shadows of death" presently saw a great light. His soul awakened; his spirit was aroused to new and wonderful possibilities.

The splendor of health was within his reach! "Was it a dream?" he asked himself again and again. Could he really be a man, some day in the distant future? The joy of the thought almost overcame him. But it was true.

For a short while he even doubted the convictions of his own reasoning. But, as strength was gained, as pound after pound of solid muscle was deposited on his boney, emaciated frame, he was convinced and with this conviction came an unbounded enthusiasm for life. He actually wept for joy. His delight

was so keen—so intense—that it was painful.

With these soul-stirring facts before him, this youth went to work to win the rewards that he sought. He wanted to be a real man—a strong, vigorous specimen of his kind.

And he won!

From a miserable weakling this youth became an athlete of national renown, known and quoted as a strong man.

With the attainment of strength came the solution of another grave problem in his life. He found a profession, a life work. He determined to prepare himself to teach, preach and write on the subject so dear to his heart. He wanted to save others from the tortures that he had been compelled to endure. He was convinced that his education was incomplete. He went from a business office back to school. He made his athletic abilities pay his way.

This dreaming idealist detested business. He had been brought up in a business office; he never wanted to go back to the "grind" of dollars and cents. He wanted to preach the gospel of health, but he soon learned that in this age business was the foundation upon which was built human achievement.

He became a business man. During the first few years of his efforts, business was incidental, after sufficient money was secured to insure support. His main object was to spread the propaganda, to make converts.

As he progressed in his work, the importance of his business grew, and the successes of Bernarr Macfadden, the youth to whom we refer, read like a romance.

Bernarr Macfadden is to-day known throughout the world as an athlete, an author, and physical culturist. His real profession is that of a business organizer. His reputation is due entirely to his ability in organizing businesses.

Twenty-five years ago he entered New York City with less than ninety dollars. A few years later he started the PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE, now read by half a million monthly. Later, he started two magazines in England, which are now being published in London.

He organized a chain of Physical

Culture Restaurants which have economically fed millions of people.

He created a new healing art. He opened a number of sanitariums, one being conducted now at Brighton, England, and another, the International Health Resort, located in Chicago, the largest drugless sanitarium in the world.

He engaged the Madison Square Garden for a week on two different occasions, during which he conducted two huge Physical Culture exhibitions.

He bought two thousand acres of land and started what is known as Physical Culture City.

All these business enterprises were new. Similar businesses have never been conducted before, and they were brought into being successfully and continued practically without the aid of outside capital.

While engaged in these several business enterprises he has written fifteen books on health and vital-building subjects, of which nearly half a million have been sold at one dollar each; and prepared his Physical Culture Encyclopaedia consisting of five large volumes, embracing 1,300 illustrations on its 3,000 pages. More than fifty thousand of these have been sold at \$5.00 each.

Bernarr Macfadden, this business genius' most recent work has been the preparation of a remarkable course in which he has presented in detail the secrets of his own success. He tells how the steps were taken to obtain the mental and physical equipment which has given such remarkable results. He calls this a BRAIN-BUILDING, BODY AND ENERGY-DEVELOPING COURSE.

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SHARKS OF THE AIR OVER LONDON

[Fascination tempers terror when the Zeppelins are overhead, if one may believe an American who watched them in action. Lewis R. Freeman had presence of mind enough to write down his impressions right after a raid on London. Here is a part of his vivid story in the *Atlantic Monthly*.]

I WAS in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two, all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focused in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires of the "City."

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly, these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the skyline. Many of these fires died away quickly,—sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court; more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets,—others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

THE wooden clackity-clack of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about half a mile distant. After that, things happened so fast that my recollections, tho photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last "calmy calculative" act was to measure one of the oncoming airships—then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead—between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right hand, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas-bag with about a half inch to spare.

Up to this moment, the almost unde-

(Continued on page iv)

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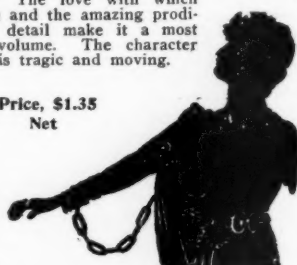
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viating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they seemed not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it occurred to me that the basement—for the next minute or two at least—would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a small but brilliant light winked twice or thrice from below the leading airship, and a point or two of change was made in the course, with the possible purpose (it has since occurred to me) of swinging across the great group of conjoined railway termini a half mile or so to the north. This meant that the swath of the bombs would be cut at least a hundred yards to the northeast, and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window.

DURING the next half minute the bombs fell singly at three- or four-second intervals. Then the blinking light flashed out under the leader again,—probably the order for "rapid fire,"—and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fire-trails—not unlike the wakes of meteors—lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any one time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs, the lines of fire streamed in a forward course, but from about halfway down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth, the hiss of cloven air—similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell—became audible, and a second or two later, the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell in a length of five blocks, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the next. Broken glass tinkled down to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo—it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half-latched door, and all down one side of the square curtains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. (I did not sit down and ponder the question at the moment, but the phenomenon is readily explained by the fact that, because the force of the explosives used in Zeppelin bombs is invariably exerted upwards, the air from the lower level is drawn in to fill the

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vacuum thus created. This also accounts for the fact that all of the window glass shattered by the raiders has fallen on the sidewalks instead of inside the rooms.)

TREMENDOUS as was the spectacle of the long line of fires extending out of eyescope to the City and beyond, there is no denying that the dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun-fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to be almost "hovering" when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a May-pole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward,—probably at the release of a heavy bomb,—but, controlled by rudders and plans, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. Indeed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the little grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift swayings and rightings, in the powerful guiding movements of those hinged "tails," and all at once the picture of a gaunt "man-eater" nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South-Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words "Sharks! Sharks of the air!" leaped to my lips.

WHILE the marauders still floated with bare steerage-way in flaunting disdain, the inexplicably delayed firing order to the guns was flashed around, and—like a pack of dogs baying the moon, and with scarcely more effect—London's "air defense" came into action. Everything, from machine guns to three- and four-inchers,—not one in the lot built for anti-aircraft work,—belched forth the best it had. Up went the bullets and shrapnel, and down they came again, down on the roofs and streets of London. Far, far below the contemptuous airships the little stars of bursting shrapnel spat forth their steel bullets in spiteful impotence, and back they rained on the tiles and cobbles.

Suddenly a gruffer growl burst forth from the yelping pack, as the gunners of some hitherto unleashed piece of ordnance received orders to join the attack. At the first shot a star-burst pricked the night in the rear of the second airship, and well in line with it; a second exploded fairly above it; and then—all at once I was conscious that the searchlights were playing on a swelling cloud of white mist which was trailing away into the northeast. The Zeppelin had evidently taken a leaf from the book of the squid. . . .

As soon as the firing ceased I slipped

into my street clothes and hurried out, reaching the "Square" perhaps ten minutes after the last bomb had fallen. That terror still brooded was evident from the white, anxious faces at street doors and basement gratings, but a mounting spirit was recorded in the gratuitous advice shouted out by the "Boots" at a hotel entrance to a portly and not un-Teutonic-looking gentleman who went puffing under a street light.

"No use hurryin', mister," chirped the young irrepressible. "Last Zepp fer Berlin's jus' pulled out."

A GERMAN BATTALION PERISHES IN THE SNOW

[From Petrograd comes the tragic story of a night fight in snow-buried barbed wire entanglements where a whole German battalion perished. Montgomery Schuyler furnishes the story to the N. Y. Times in the form of a letter from a Russian officer.]

WE WERE creeping across the snow, when we hear a frightened 'Wer kommt da?'

"Hold on, Germans! Where the devil

The Story of the Fact-Hunters



"And I've been airing my opinions about this war pretty thoroughly for about two years now," said Jamieson, gloomily.

"Well, it's high time we began to collect facts," said Mrs. Jamieson, briskly. "Where can you and I find out about those things?"

The Jamiesons' hunt for facts took them to many places—to their book store, where the amount of reading necessary to get any comprehensive survey of what they sought frightened them away; to their newspapers, where they found only tantalizing hints of the big, vital things they were after; to the library, where books and magazines seemed strangely antiquated; and finally to their librarian, Mr. White, who said: "My dear friends, what you want is an Encyclopædia. Only an Encyclopædia can answer these questions; everyone who wishes to read intelligently should have an Encyclopædia at hand. Every subject in the editorials to which you refer is covered, by a first-class Encyclopædia, provided, of course, that it is late. It must be late, remember. An Encyclopædia five or ten years old will not be satisfactory. And it must be easily consulted—no confusing index to direct you to different places where you get only smatterings of information which you must patch together to obtain the facts you want. Each subject should have its own article and the subjects arranged alphabetically like the words in a dictionary."

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TO every intelligent man or woman the march of world events that came to so shocking a climax in August, 1914, is of course common knowledge."

Jamieson read this aloud to his wife from an editorial in his favorite magazine.

"Such momentous affairs as the Ems telegram," continued the editorial, "Fashoda, the Kiel Canal, the Helgoland bargain—such names as Boulanger, Algéciras, Marchand, Delcassé, Lord Lansdowne, Zola, von Buelow, Draga, Kirk Kilisseh, Jaurès, Bagdad, Erzerum, Verdun, Salonika, Dardanelles—all of these and many more must of necessity be readily familiar to anyone who would so much as attempt an intelligent discussion of the war.

"And likewise such matters as the influence of the war on fine arts, science, political science, economics, engineering, politics, government, law, literature, etc."

Jamieson put down the magazine and stared blankly at his wife, who stared blankly back.

"Whe-ew!" said Jamieson, finally.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson. "Why, I hardly know any of those things."

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do they come from?" ask our men in sur-
prise. "Are they numerous?"

"Wer ist da?" we hear again.

"Our only reply is to fire by the squad,
and then again. The Germans are a little
surprised, but pull themselves together and
return the fire. It is dark and neither side
can see the other. In groping about, we
finally meet, and it is give and take with
the bayonet. We strike in silence, but
bullets are falling about us like rain.
Nobody knows who is firing and every
one is crying in his own language, 'Don't
fire! Stop!' From the side where the
firing comes from, beyond and to the right,
they are yelling at us, both in German and
Russian, 'What's the matter? Where are
you?'"

"Our men cry to the Germans, 'Surren-
der!'"

"They answer: 'Throw down your arms.
We have surrounded you and you are all
prisoners.'"

"Wild with rage, we throw ourselves
forward with the bayonet, pushing the
enemy back along the trenches. In their
holes the Germans cry, peering into the
impenetrable darkness, 'Help! Don't fire!
Bayonet them!' Hundreds of shouts an-
swer them, like a wave rolling in on us
from every hand.

"Oh, little brothers, their force is num-
berless. We are surrounded on three
sides. Would it not be better to surren-
der?" cries some one with a sob.

"Crack him over the head! Pull out
his tongue! Drive him to the Germans
with the bayonet!" are the growling com-
ments this evokes.

"A command rings out, vibrating like
a cord: 'Rear ranks, wheel, fire, fire!'"

"The crowd before us yells, moves, and
seems to stop. But behind them new
ranks groan and approach. Anew the
command is given, 'Fire, fire!'"

"Cries and groans answer the fusillade
and a hand-to-hand struggle along the
trenches ensues.

"German shouts are heard: 'Help!
Here, this way! Fall on their backs!'"

"But it is we who fall on their backs.
We pry them out and clear the trenches.

"In front of us all is quiet. On the
right we hear the Germans struggling,
growling, repeating the commands of the
officers: 'Vorwärts! Vorwärts!' But no-
body fires and nobody attacks our
trenches. We fire in the general direction
of the German voices, infrequent shots
far apart answer us. The commands of
'Vorwärts' have stopped. They are at the
foot of the trenches, but they do not storm
them. 'After them with the bayonet,' our
men cry, 'Finish them as we finished the
others.'"

"Halt, boys," calls the sharp, vibrating
voice of our commander. 'This may be
only another German trick. They don't
come on; we are firing and they do not

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answer. Shoot further and lower. Fire!

"New cries and groans come from the Germans, followed by some isolated shots, which fly high above us. After five or six rounds silence settles upon the trenches and continues unbroken. 'What can this mean?' wonder our men. 'Have we exterminated them all?'"

"'Excellency, permit me to go and feel around,' offers S., chief scout, already decorated with the Cross of St. George.

"'Wait, I am going to look into it myself.'

THE officer lights a little electric lamp, and prudently sticks his arm above the rampart. The light does not draw a single shot. We peer cautiously over and see, almost within reach of our hands, the Germans lying in ranks, piled on top of one another.

"'Excellency,' the soldiers marvel, 'they are all dead. They don't move, or are they pretending?'"

"The officer raises himself and directs the rays from his lamp on the heaps. We see that they are buried in the snow up to the waist, or to the neck, but none of them moves. The officer throws the light right and left, and shows us hundreds of Germans extended, their fallen rifles sticking up in the snow like planted things.

"'I don't understand,' he mutters.

"'Excellency, I am going to see,' says the chief scout.

"'Go on,' the officer consents, 'and you, boys, have your rifles ready and fire at anything suspicious without waiting for orders from me.'

"S. gets out of the trench and immediately disappears, swallowed by the soft snow up to the neck. He tries to get one leg out, but without success. He tries to lean on one hand, pushes it down into the snow, then pulls hard and swears. His hands are frightfully scratched; the blood tinges the snow with dark blotches.

"'It's the barbed wire defenses,' he cries. 'Help me, little brothers. Alone I can do nothing.'

"We catch him by the collar of his tunic, and with difficulty pull him out. His coat, trousers, boots are in shreds.

"'Thousand devils,' he swears. 'I have no legs left. They're scratched to pieces.'

"The officer understands: the trenches are defended by intrenchments of barbed wire. The snow had covered and piled high above them. The whole battalion we had seen had rushed forward to the help of those who had called and had got mixed up in the wires. The first over had sunk into the snow and disappeared. Those coming after had stepped on them, passed on, become entangled in the covered wires, and had fallen in turn under our hail of lead. Rank on rank, ignorant of what had happened and rushing on like wild animals, had shared the fate of their comrades. So perished a whole battalion."

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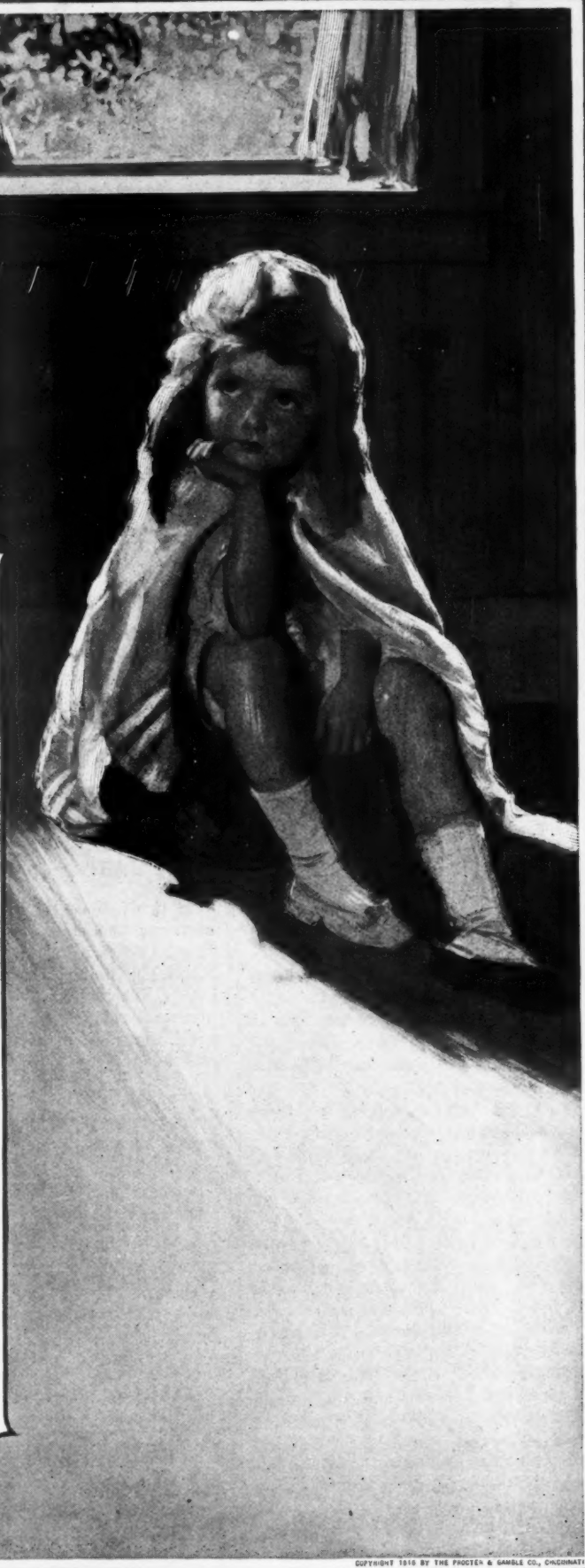
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POET LEADERS AND "MARTYRS" OF THE IRISH REBELLION

[What is called the May-day rebellion in Ireland was in reality a poet's revolution, says Padraic Colum, one of the Sinn Fein poets and playwrights of the Gaelic League, now in New York. Of Padraic Pearse, "president of the Irish Republic," MacDonagh, Connolly and others who have been executed for treason, Poet Colum talked intimately for the *Times*. Joyce Kilmer, one of our young poets, secured the story. Here are some flashes from it.]

A SLIGHTLY built man is Mr. Colum, with the air of a poet and a scholar. There was fervor in his voice and fire in his eyes as he talked of his dead friend, Thomas MacDonagh, of George Russell's plan for an Ireland free of poverty and oppression, and of all the dreams which made Sinn Fein a name to stir the hearts of Irishmen. [Sinn Fein is pronounced as if it were spelled Shin Fane, and means "ourselves,"]

"Not long ago," said Padraic Colum, as with bent head and hands clasped behind his back he paced up and down the floor of his apartment, "the *New Statesman*, a London weekly, asked what the Irish intellectuals were doing in regard to the war. . . .

"Well," said Mr. Colum, stopping in his walk and standing before me, "the *New Statesman* has its answer now! There is no one in the world who can ask that question again. The Irish intellectuals were preparing for revolution—the Irish intellectuals led the volunteers against the English, the Irish intellectuals went to battle for their country, and now in her dear cause many of the wisest, the most gifted and most honorable of them have died! . . .

IKNEW Pearse well. He was noted for his pedagogic work, but he was first of all an intense Christian idealist. He published a book of poems in the Irish language, and he edited an important anthology of poems in Irish. He wrote a Passion Play in Irish, which was produced four years ago Easter in Dublin. Another poetic drama of his which attracted a great deal of attention was his 'Iosagon' (Little Jesus), a morality play. He also wrote a pageant dealing with the exploits of Cuchulain. He used to say that ours was the first generation that had not striven in battle for Irish freedom. All his stories and plays were about saints.

"Pearse's school was something like that which Rabindranath Tagore conducts. The boys were taught a great deal of Irish history and literature, and they acted in the Irish plays which Pearse wrote. His school was called 'Saint Enda's,' after one of the most illustrious of the ancient Irish saints. By the way, I notice that some of the newspapers refer to Pearse as 'Peter Pearse,' and some as 'Patrick Pearse.' His first name was 'Padraic,' spelled in the Irish way, as mine is spelled.

"Thomas MacDonagh—my friend MacDonagh—was a poet and a scholar. He had published several books of poetry, and one important prose book called 'Thomas Campion and English Metrics.' He was Assistant Professor of English at the National University of Ireland. Like all the signers of the Declaration, MacDonagh was a young man—like all of them, that is, except James Connolly."

Padraic Colum took a book out of a case. "Here," he said, "is one of MacDonagh's poems. It might serve, I think, as his own epitaph. It is called

OF A POET CAPTAIN.

His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song,
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long.

His deed was a single word,
Called out alone
In a night when no echo stirred to laughter,
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill
The loud harps dumb,
And his deed the echoes fill
When the dawn is come.

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"James Connolly," Mr. Colum continued, "never wrote any poetry so far as I know. He was the only one of the leaders who was a revolutionist in the Continental sense of the word—a representative of the proletariat. And with the others he was a religious man."

"He was somewhat the same sort of man as James Larkin, was he not?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Colum, "he and Larkin stood together for the organizing of the workers and the directing of their battle. He was the editor of *The Irish Worker*, and he wrote a really standard book on historical economics called 'Labor in Irish History.'"

"Joseph Plunkett has published a book of verse which has a mystical religious inspiration, 'The Circle and the Sword.' Plunkett succeeded me as editor of *The Irish Review*. He was a very frail youth, but in spite of his ill health he has worked untiringly in the cause of Irish freedom. He is the son of Count Plunkett, who is the Curator of the National Museum in Dublin. The Count himself has written verse, and has published a book on Botticelli."

"It is to this family that the venerable Oliver Plunkett, Primate of Ireland and the last martyr for the cause of the Catholic religion in England, belongs. The process for his canonization is still being considered at Rome. The body of Archbishop Plunkett at the present time lies beneath an altar in the Abbey Church of Downside, near Bath, in England."

"And what about Sir Roger Casement?" I asked. "He isn't a poet, is he?"

"Oh, Sir Roger Casement has written verse, too," said Mr. Colum, "but he hasn't written very much verse. He has published very little—perhaps half a dozen of his poems appeared in *The Irish Review*. I think I have a sonnet of his among my papers."

Again he went to the desk, and returned with this strongly anti-imperialistic poem, the work of the adventurous Irishman who seems to have been the chief instigator of the Easter week revolution:

HAMILCAR BARCA.

Thou that didst mark from Heircte's spacious hill
The Roman spears, like mist, uprise each morn,
Yet held, with Hesper's shining point of scorn,
Thy sword unsheathed above Panormus still;
Thou that wert leagued with nought but thine own will,
Eurythmic vastness to that stronghold torn
From foes above, below, where, though forlorn,
Thou still hadst claws to cling and beak to kill—
Eagle of Eryx!—when the Aegatian shoal
Rolled westward all the hopes that Hanno wrecked,
With mighty wing, unwearying, didst thou seek
Far beyond the wolf's grim protocol,
Within the Iberian sunset faintly specked,
A rock where Punic faith should bide its vow.

"Is the Countess Markievicz a writer?" I asked.

"She is," Mr. Colum replied, "but her sister, Eva Gore Booth, is a better-known writer. Every one who knows modern Irish poetry knows that poem of Eva Gore Booth's that has the haunting refrain, 'The little waves of Breffany go stumbling through my heart.' The Countess, whose maiden name was Constance Gore Booth, has won more fame by her painting than by her writing. She married a Polish painter, who is now fighting in the Russian Army. Count Markievicz studied art in Paris, and then came to Ireland. For a long time he was socially affiliated with the Castle set in Dublin—with the representatives of the British Government. Then he and his wife came into the labor movement and the Nationalist movement."

"Count Markievicz wrote a number of Irish patriotic plays, in which his wife acted. One of them was called 'The Memory of the Dead.' The Gore Booths are a well-known Irish family, coming from County Sligo, the home of William Butler Yeats. Sir Jocelyn Gore Booth is a brother of the Countess."

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"So far, Mr. Boggs, you have misstated nearly every fact."

Boggs glared. Round eyes turned on Thomas. But for once he didn't seem to mind. Coldly and patiently as an analytic chemist in his laboratory, he took every one of Boggs' statements, held them up for a moment in a mental test-tube, let all the diners see their fallacy, and then proceeded to demolish them with a bewildering explosion of fact piled

upon fact. When it was over, Boggs' face was a study of chagrin.

Later on, when the women and Boggs had gone, the host rose solemnly and took Ainsworth by the hand.

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"Can you keep a secret?" asked Tom. "Well, a short time back I invested in a set of the latest encyclopædia. The one I had been using was five or six years old, and I found I didn't dare trust to it for the late information everybody needs just now. By the merest chance, I happened to have read up on just those subjects that Boggs was manhandling. I tell you what, a man ought to have some real facts if he wants to back up his opinions in this new, truth-seeking time we're living in, and I don't know any more agreeable way of getting facts than is offered by this new, up-to-date encyclopædia."

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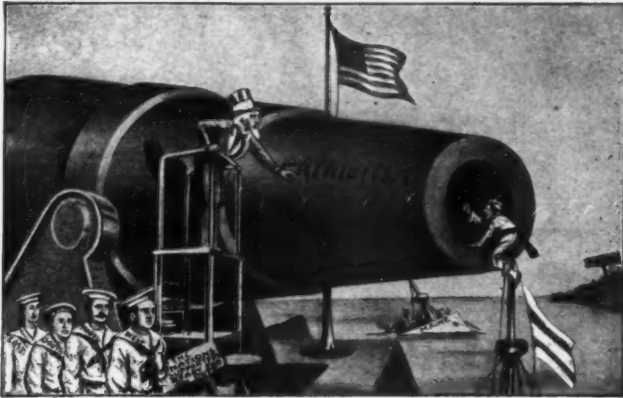
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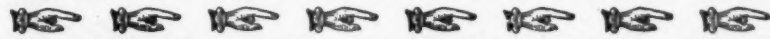
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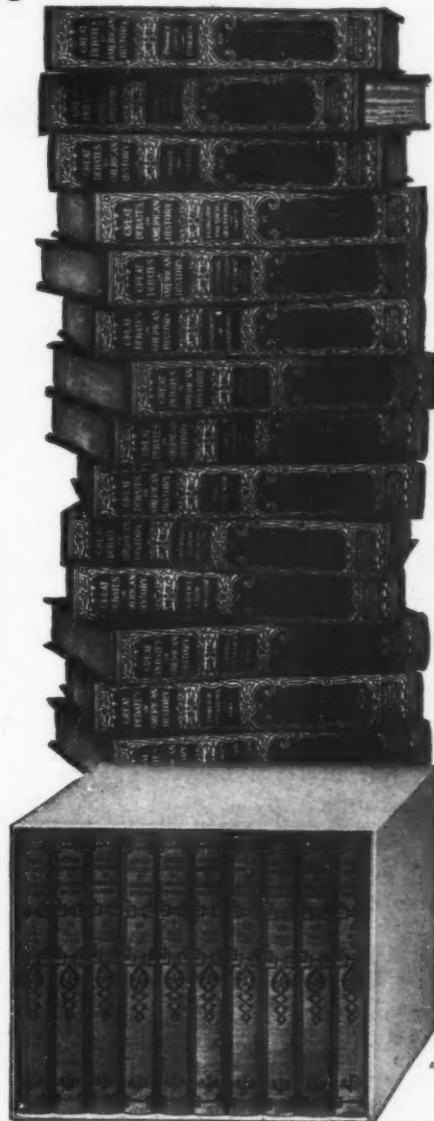
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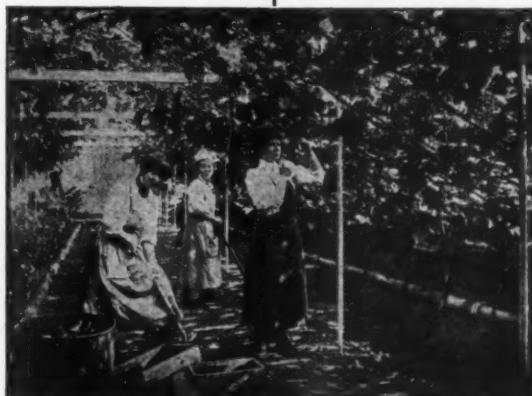
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